

BAREFOOT GEN

MERCHANTS OF DEATH

VOLUME EIGHT



Keiji
Nakazawa



Cartoonist Keiji Nakazawa was seven years old and living in Hiroshima in the early days of August 1945 when the city was destroyed by an atomic bomb dropped by the United States. Starting a few months before that event, his ten-volume saga *Barefoot Gen* shows life in Japan after years of war and privations, as seen through the eyes of seven-year-old Gen Nakaoka.

Volume Eight opens in 1950. Gen is now in middle school, where he meets both a progressive-minded schoolteacher at odds with his conservative superiors, and a brilliant but cynical classmate who challenges the teacher's — and Gen's — values at every turn. Gen also finds himself confronting the corrosive effects of drugs and the arms industry on postwar Hiroshima society. With the Korean War offering new business opportunities, a new generation of death merchants holds sway in Japan. Gen, his mentor, and peace-minded citizens are forced to struggle against red-baiting school officials, violent nationalists, and government censorship.

"...some of the best comics ever done. Nakazawa, I'm sure, will be considered one of the great comic artists of this century, because he tells the truth in a plain, straightforward way, filled with real human feelings."

-R. Crumb, cartoonist

"Gen effectively bears witness to one of the central horrors of our time. This vivid and harrowing story will burn a radioactive crater in your memory that will never let you forget it. Gen is one of those very few comix that actually pulls off the essential magic trick... those little marks on paper come to fully realized life."

-Art Spiegelman, cartoonist,
Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for *Maus*

"Nakazawa's graphic presentation of what it was like to survive the atomic bombing of Hiroshima should be required reading for all citizens, beginning with the President. Perhaps then we might gain the maturity to stop such madness."

-Hunter & Amory Lovins
Friends of the Earth

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*Part 8 of a
ten-part series

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NAKAZAWA

LAST GASP

BAREFOOT GEN

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VOLUME EIGHT



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BAREFOOT GEN

VOLUME EIGHT: MERCHANTS OF DEATH

KEIJI NAKAZAWA

Translated by Project Gen



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Dear Gen

Nina Mikhailovna Vasilenko
Kiev, Ukraine

I love these books, and I love their author, who tells his story so plainly and draws it with such artistry. The story unfolds like a movie as it portrays the childhood of young Gen, striding on his little feet through the chaos of wartime, the atomic hell of Hiroshima, and the hardships that followed. My heart ached for him, yet I could not stop reading his story, one volume after another.

Dear Gen, dear little boy, my little Gen. What fear you felt, what horrors you saw, what unspeakable cruelties! There is no war more terrible than nuclear war. May you live forever, and may the earth enjoy peace forever! Dear Gen! Young warrior of peace! May you walk across many nations and continents, and may your journey be safe! Dear Gen, the Ukraine welcomes you!

(Nina is a poet and retired schoolteacher from a village in the Ukraine not far from Chernobyl. She lost her husband to radiation-related cancer after the nuclear disaster there. Through an exchange of letters between Japanese and Ukrainian citizens Nina became acquainted with Project Gen. She visited Hiroshima and later translated *Barefoot Gen* into Ukrainian. Her poem about Hiroshima appears in Volume 7 of *Barefoot Gen*.)

Barefoot Gen

Nina Mikhailovna Vasilenko

Barefoot Gen travels the world
From country to country, from house to house
Where cranes fly to their nests in the valley
Where the sun shines in a blue sky

A happy-go-lucky little fellow
Who survived the hell of Hiroshima
He would never forget all he saw
Through a child's eyes

The pain and injury, the violent death of those dearest to him
Pierced this little boy's heart
Gasping for breath, he ran through the flames and ashes
Barefoot

Voices of opera and frames of film
Tell Nakazawa-san's story
Barefoot Gen travels the world
Like seeds of grain
He sows seeds of peace

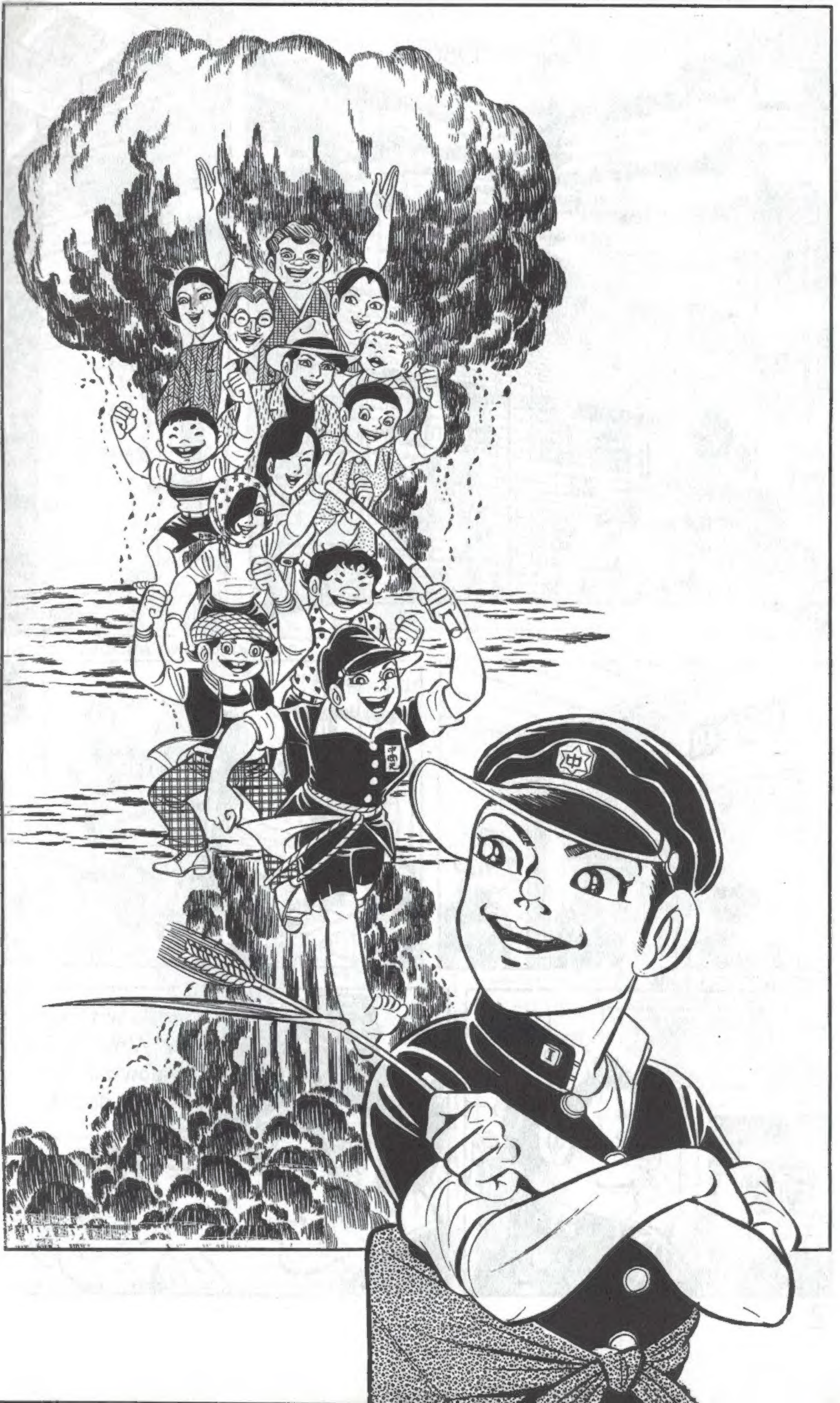
Growing tall like a sturdy stalk of wheat
Laden with ears of fruit
A guardian of peace
Barefoot Gen travels the world
And we walk with him

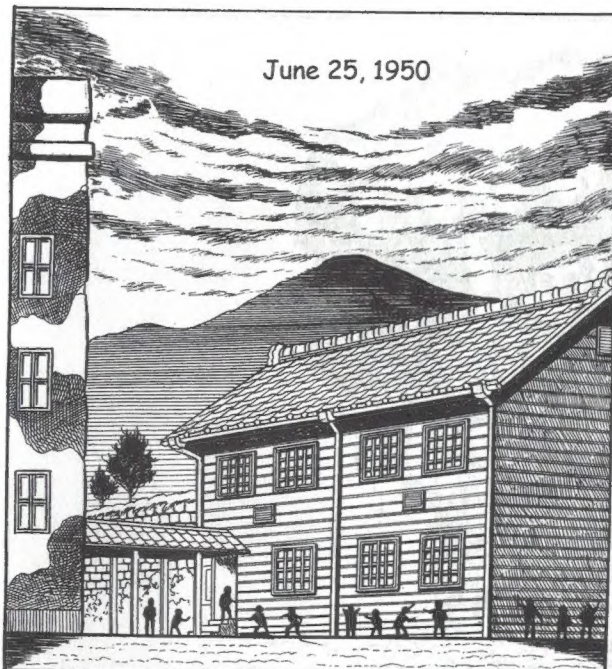
Gen speaks many languages
"The earth must have peace," he says
No more deaths in Hiroshima
No more tears in Baghdad
We don't need war!

Melt down the bombs, the guns, the rocket launchers
Turn them into toys!
"Please, everyone, live in peace!"
That is the plea of Gen, a boy of Hiroshima

BAREFOOT GEN

MERCHANTS OF DEATH





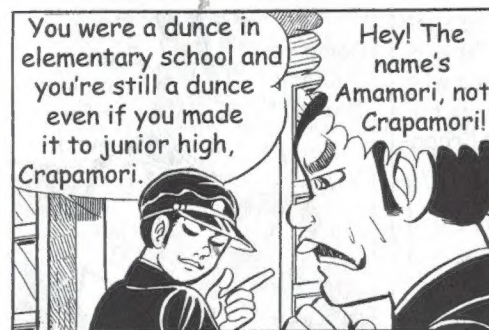
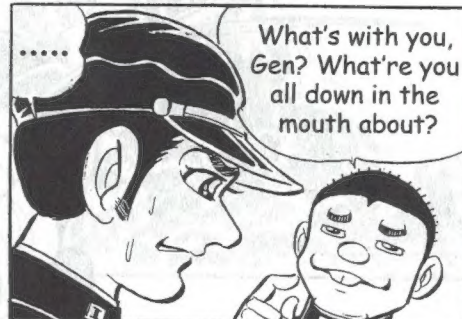
June 25, 1950

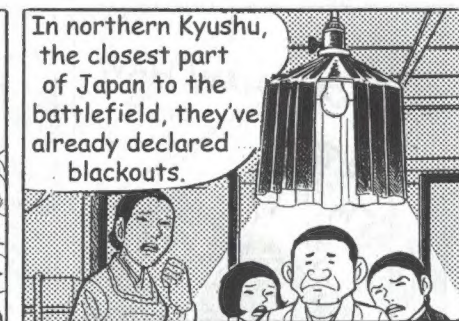
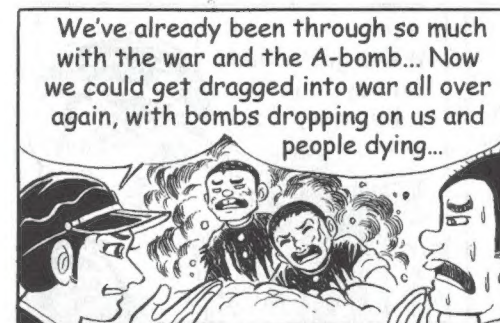


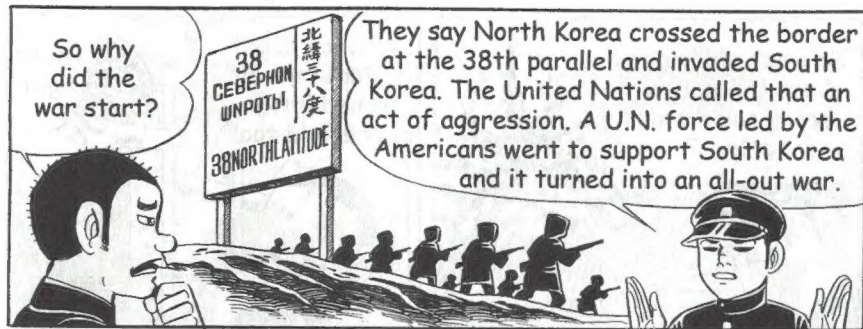
Sign: Namikawa Middle School



Sign: Grade 1 Class A







So why did the war start?

They say North Korea crossed the border at the 38th parallel and invaded South Korea. The United Nations called that an act of aggression. A U.N. force led by the Americans went to support South Korea and it turned into an all-out war.



I wonder why people go to war...

Me too. Wars never come to any good.



We've gotta find a way to stop this war, too.



HAW HAW HAW



HA HA HA HA HA



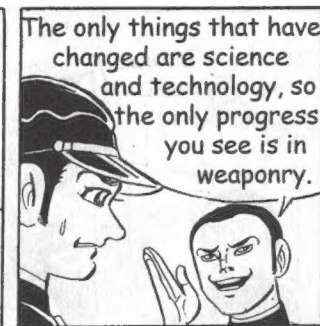
What's so funny, Aihara?

Snick... Are you both morons? There's no way you're ever going to get rid of war.



Do you think anything has changed in the history of war since ancient Roman times?

People have always tried to force their beliefs on others, so they take turns invading and being invaded. People don't change for the better.



The only things that have changed are science and technology, so the only progress you see is in weaponry.



It's like a game, and I enjoy watching it. So it's fine with me if people keep having wars.

I don't give a damn what happens to Korea.

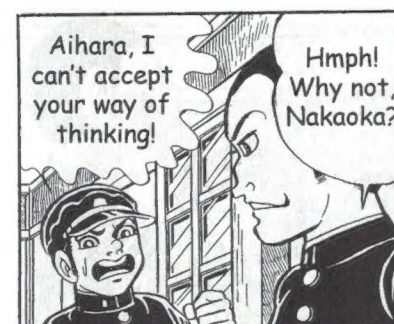


I don't even care if Japan gets dragged into another war.

Everybody can die for all I care! Serves 'em right!



Wh-what're you saying?! That's horrible!



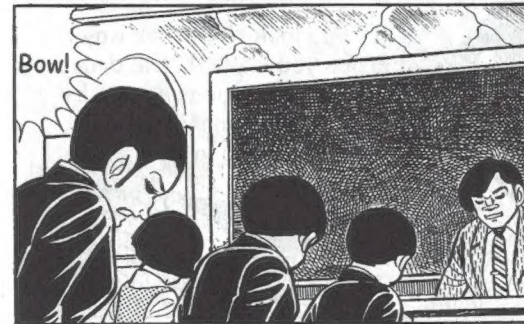
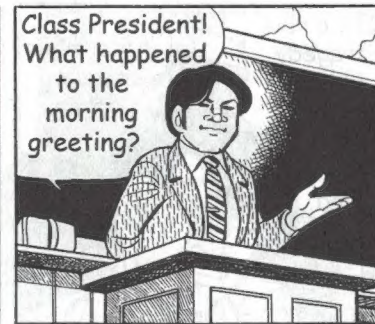
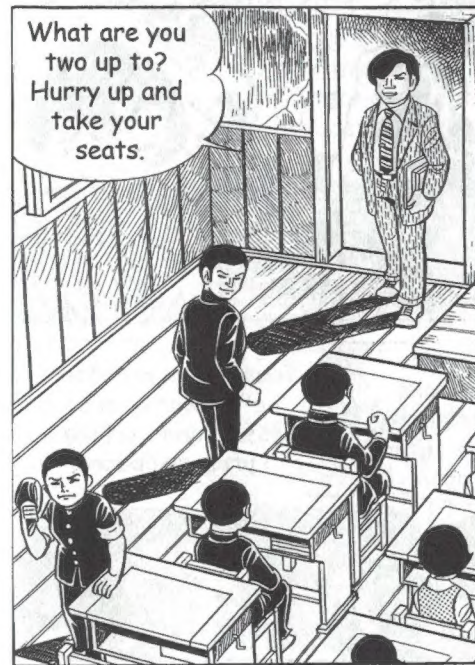
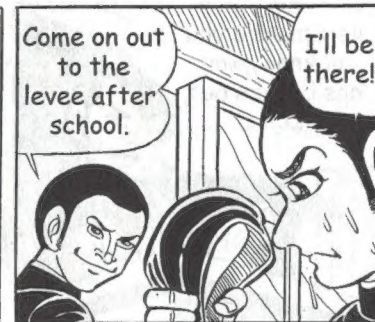
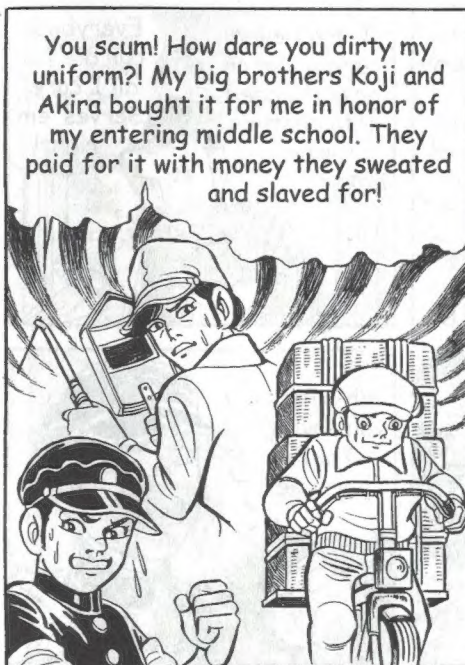
Aihara, I can't accept your way of thinking!

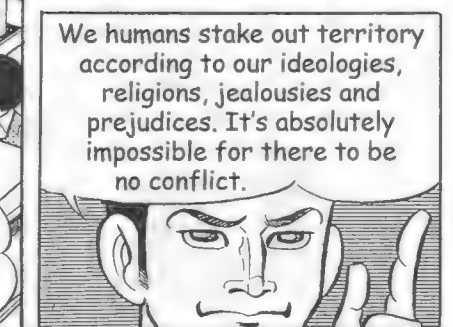
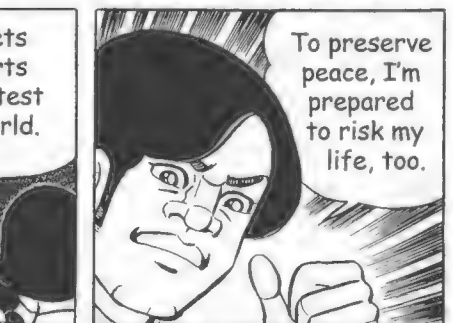
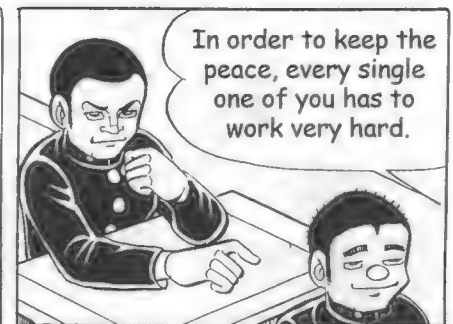
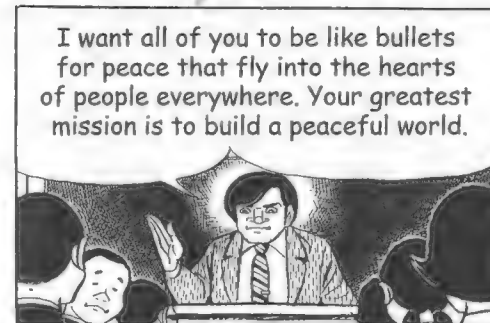
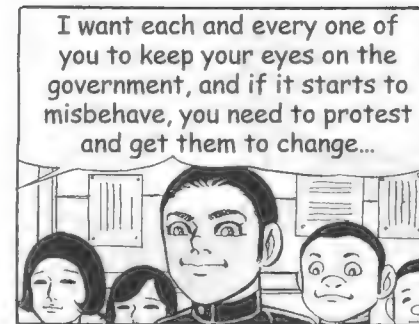
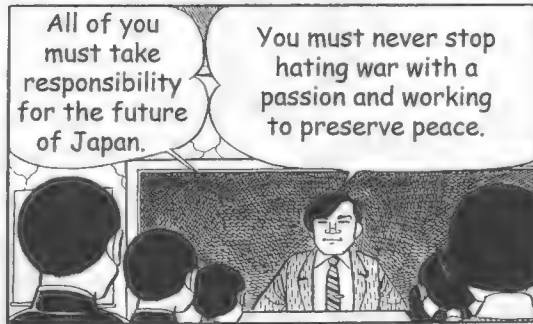
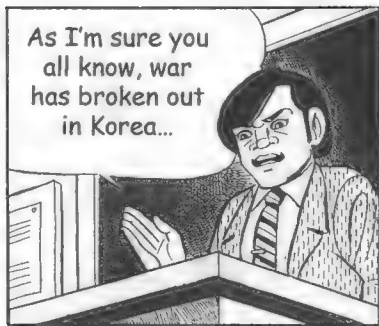
Hmph! Why not, Nakaoka?

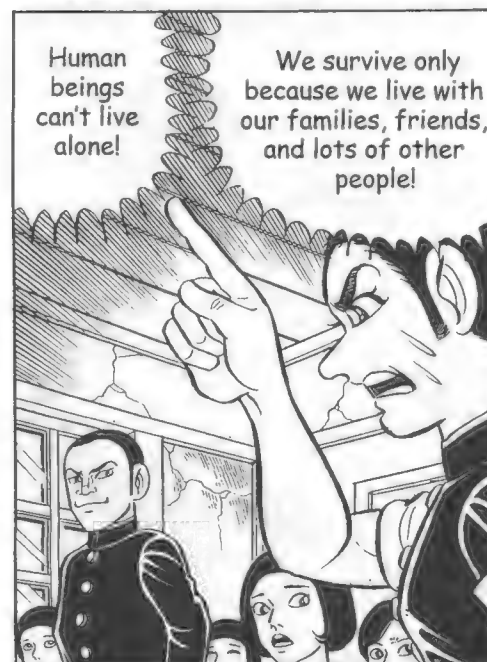
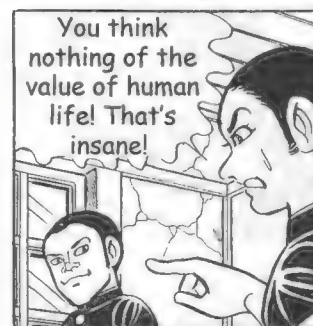
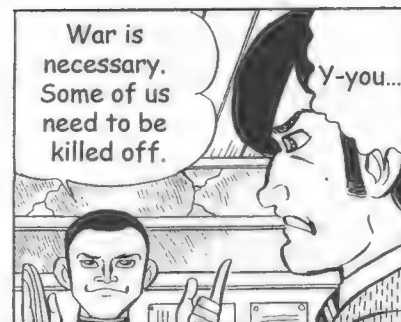
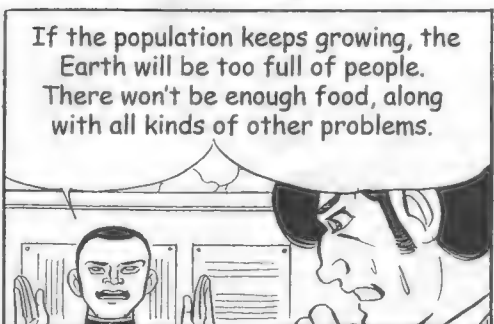
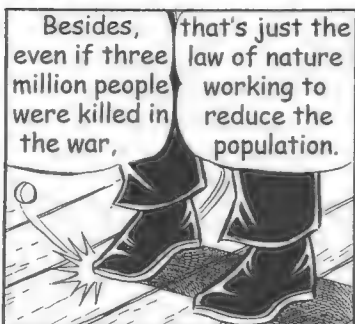
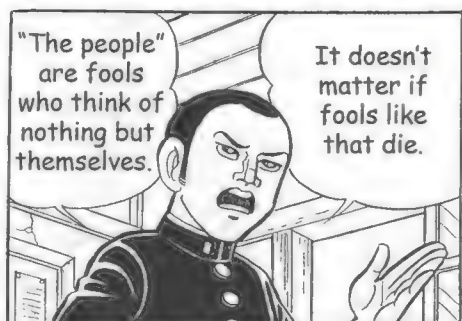
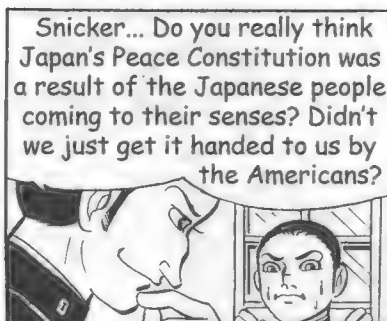
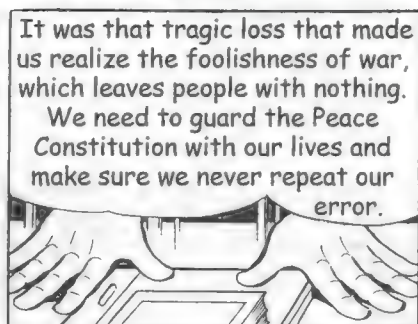
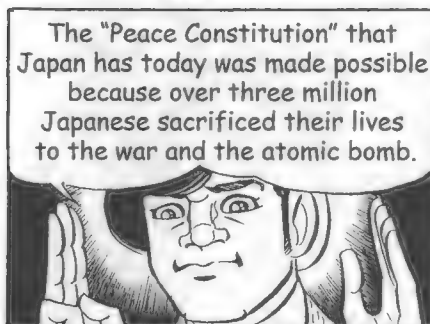
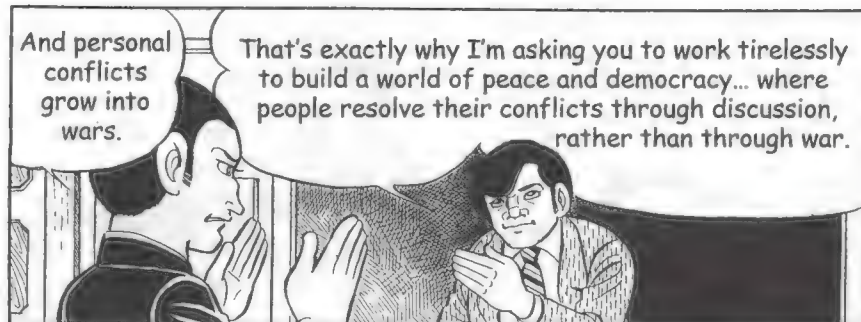


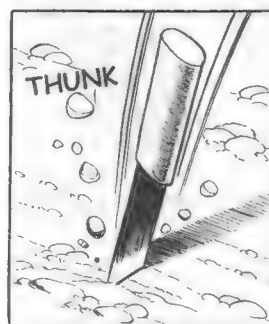
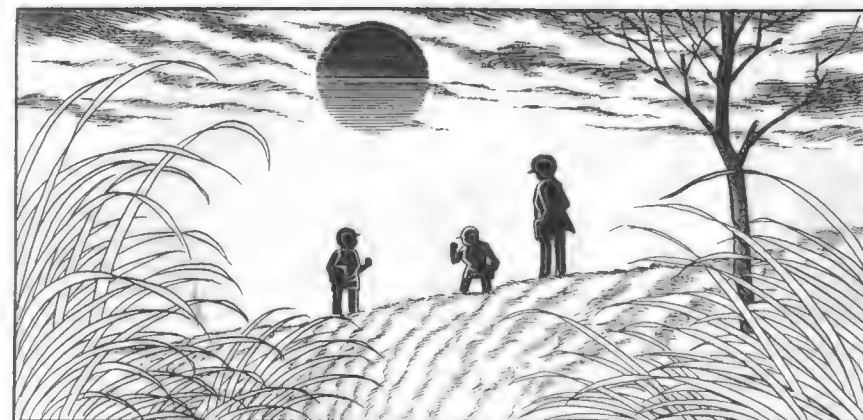
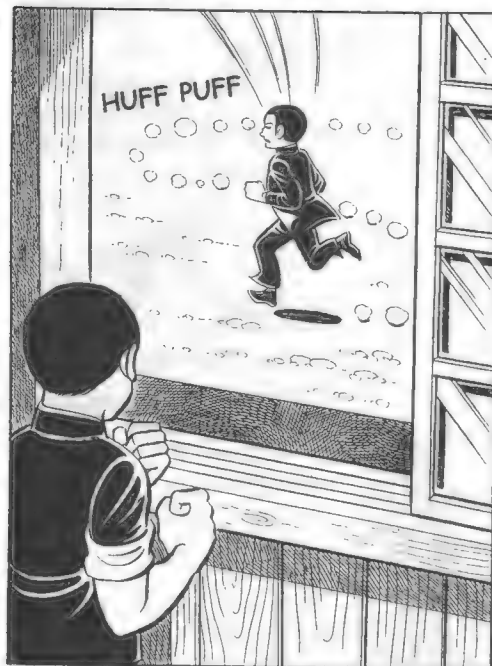
Don't you understand how important peace is?!

Hah! Don't talk like a preschool brat.













How about it, ma'am? You like it, doncha? I bet you'd like to have it!



Step right up! Step right up! Hey! Don't touch the merchandise, you'll get it dirty.



Okay, here we go! Just go ahead and say what you'll pay for it.

First one to speak up is the winner!



Whaddaya say, ma'am?

500 yen.

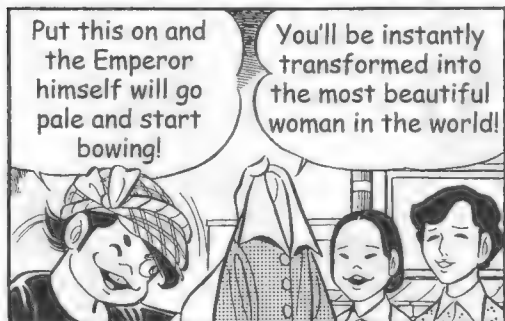


You must be joking, lady! If this was 500 yen, I'd buy it myself.



Maybe the war affected your mind, or at least your eyesight!

This is top quality material here.



Put this on and the Emperor himself will go pale and start bowing!

You'll be instantly transformed into the most beautiful woman in the world!



Come on! Let's hear a better price!

BAM



600 yen.

Pah! How pathetic!



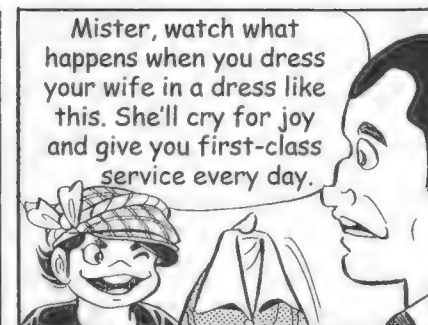
This is 1950, the birth year of our very own baseball team, the Hiroshima Carp!

It's also the year they started making 1,000 yen bills with Prince Shotoku's face on 'em. So why don't you celebrate by buying it for a 1,000 yen bill?



How about 800 yen?

We have another bid!



Mister, watch what happens when you dress your wife in a dress like this. She'll cry for joy and give you first-class service every day.



Oooo, I'm so happy, darling!

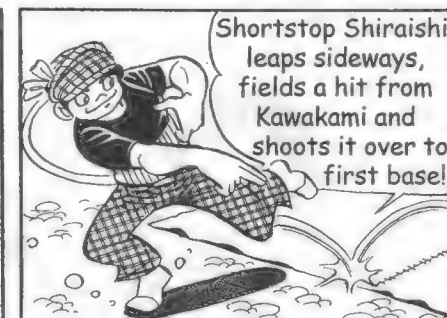
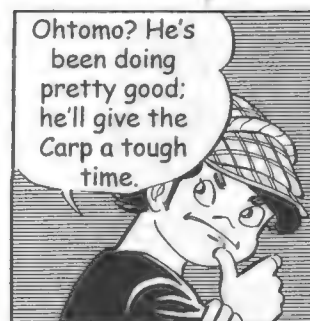
You're such a sweetheart, I love you sooo!



You'll get kissed so much every day -- MWAA! -- it'll make your face swell up!

Ha ha!

Ha ha!





Go Carp!
Win, Carp!

Come on, Carp!

So you're a Carp fan, too.



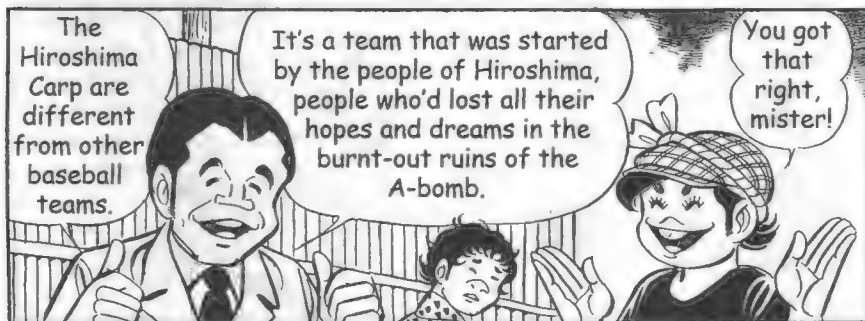
So am I. When they lose, it bothers me so much, I can't sleep.

You, too, mister?



I even got a stomach ulcer because of it.

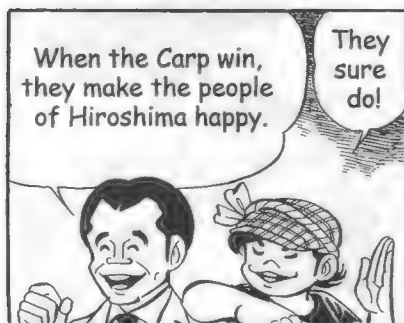
Really? No kidding?



The Hiroshima Carp are different from other baseball teams.

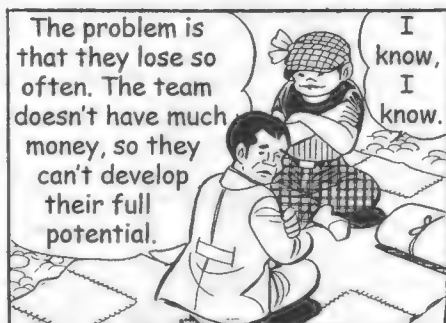
It's a team that was started by the people of Hiroshima, people who'd lost all their hopes and dreams in the burnt-out ruins of the A-bomb.

You got that right, mister!



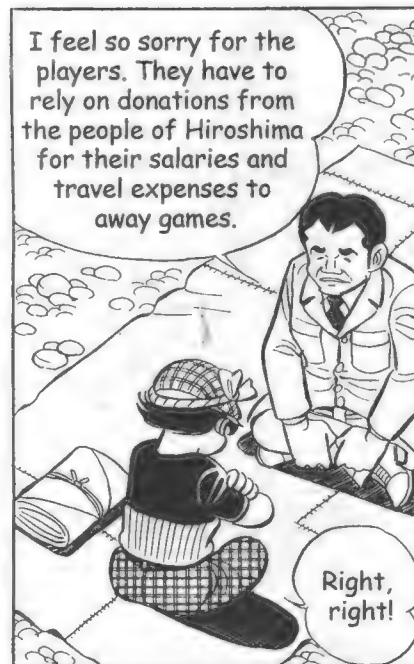
When the Carp win, they make the people of Hiroshima happy.

They sure do!



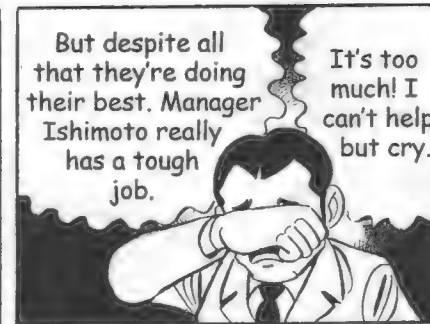
The problem is that they lose so often. The team doesn't have much money, so they can't develop their full potential.

I know, I know.



I feel so sorry for the players. They have to rely on donations from the people of Hiroshima for their salaries and travel expenses to away games.

Right, right!



But despite all that they're doing their best. Manager Ishimoto really has a tough job.

It's too much! I can't help but cry.



We have to cheer 'em on and help them win, no matter what!

Yeah!



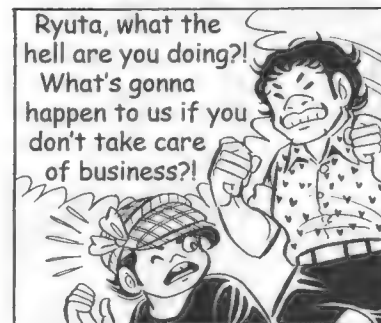
I like you, mister! I'm gonna give you this dress for free. Take it.

Y-you're really giving it to me for free?

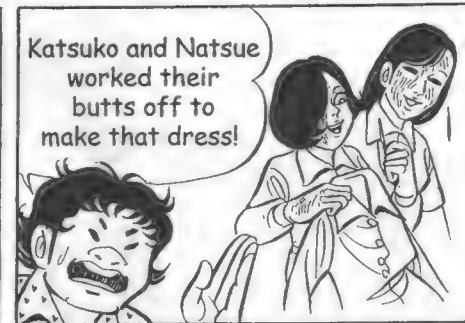


Yeah. It's on the house! Hearing how much you love the Carp makes me happy!

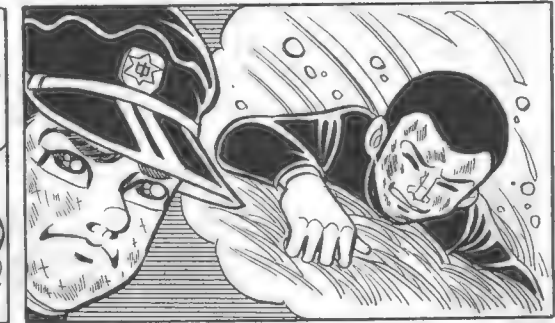
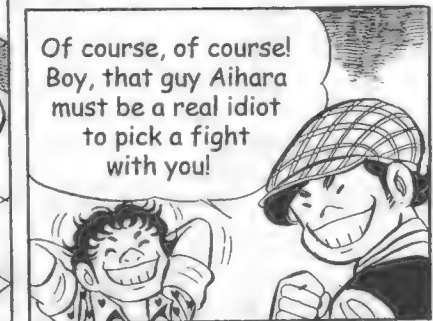
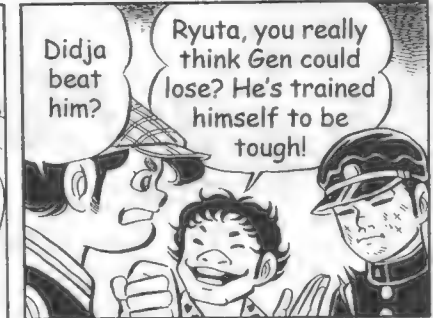
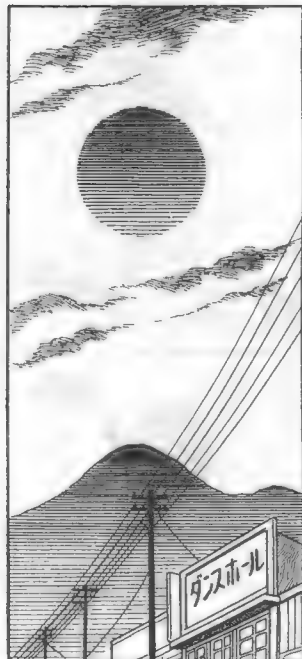
Thank you.

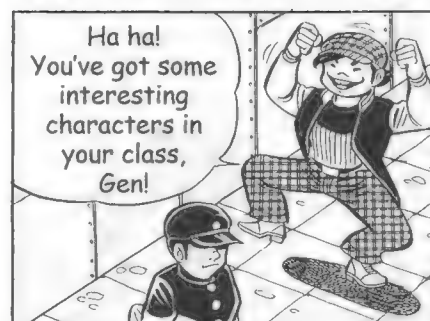
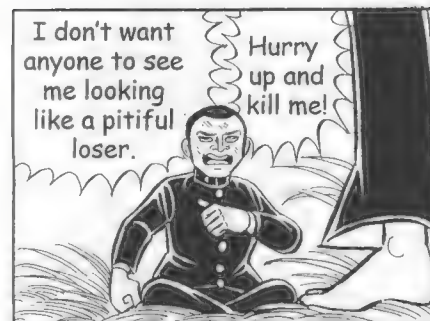
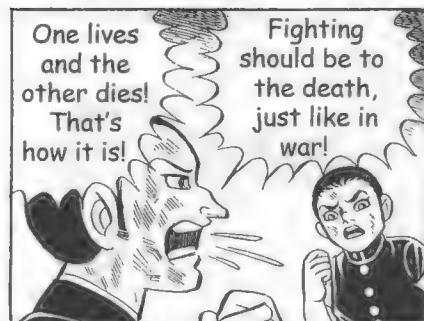
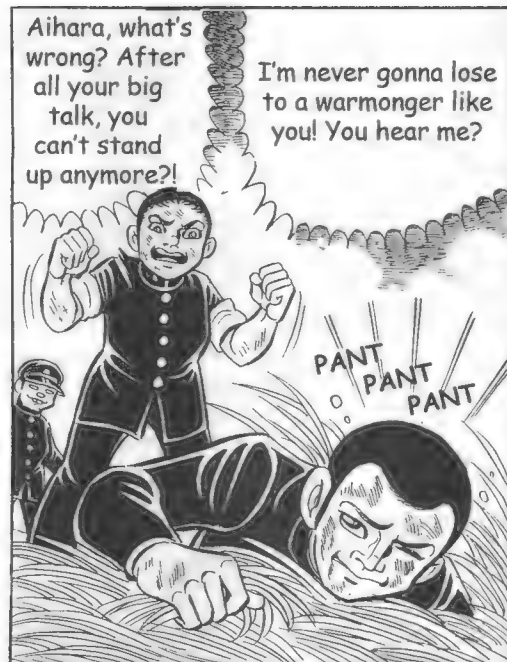


Ryuta, what the hell are you doing? What's gonna happen to us if you don't take care of business?!



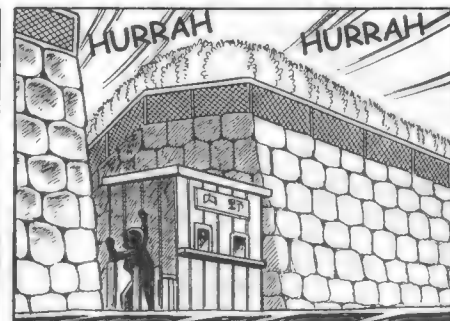
Katsuko and Natsue worked their butts off to make that dress!



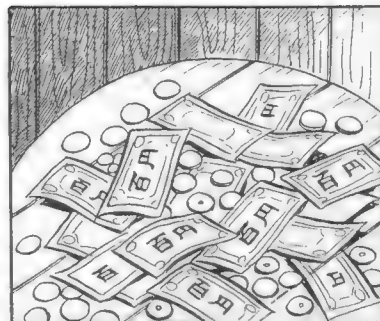




Signs: Carp vs. Giants Morinaga Caramels



Sign: Infield



Bills: 100 yen

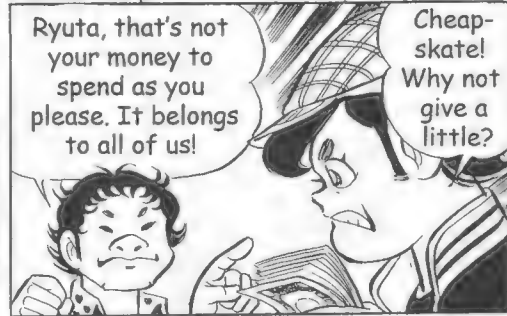


They haven't collected a whole lotta donations.

Sign: Donations -- Support the Hiroshima Carp



Awright! I'll contribute to the cause!



Ryuta, that's not your money to spend as you please. It belongs to all of us!

Cheap-skate! Why not give a little?



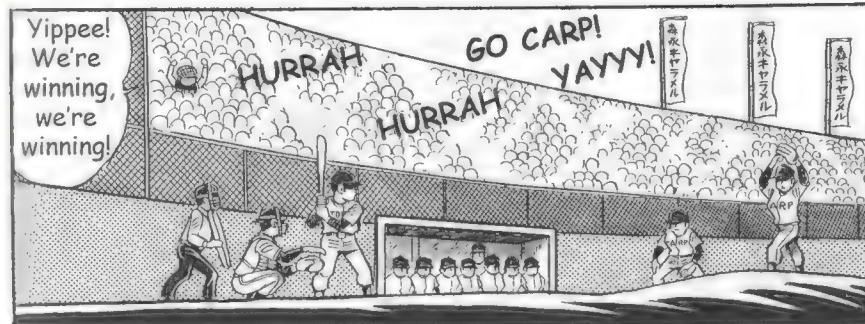
We're saving so we can make a dress shop, remember? Don't waste our money!

Fine, fine, I hear you!



You don't mind if I give 10 yen, do you?

Well, okay.

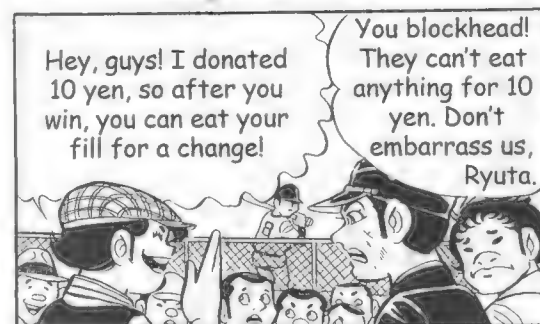


Yippee! We're winning, we're winning!

HURRAH

HURRAH

GO CARP! YAYYY!



Hey, guys! I donated 10 yen, so after you win, you can eat your fill for a change!

You blockhead! They can't eat anything for 10 yen. Don't embarrass us, Ryuta.

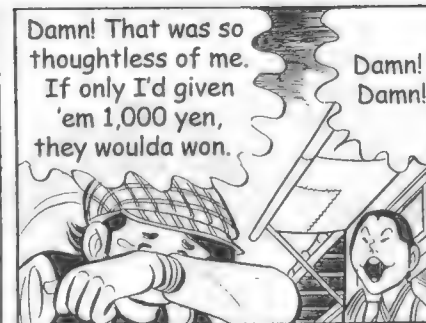
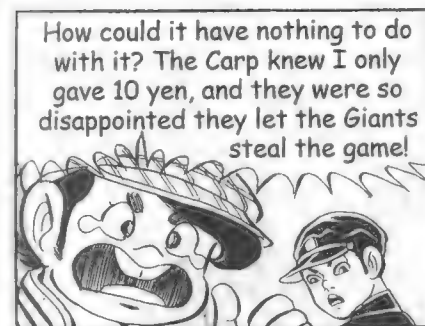
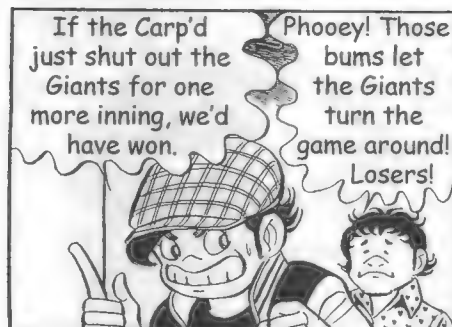


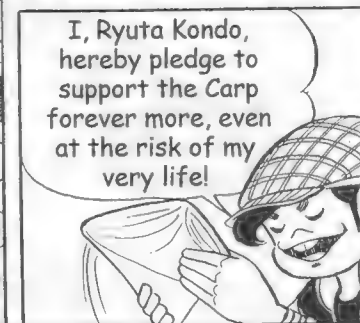
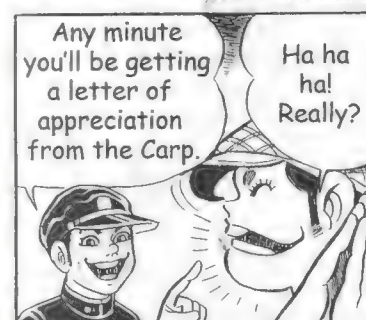
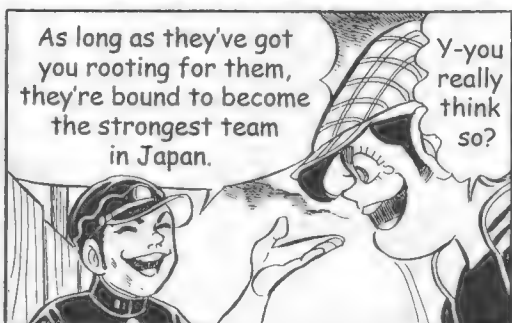
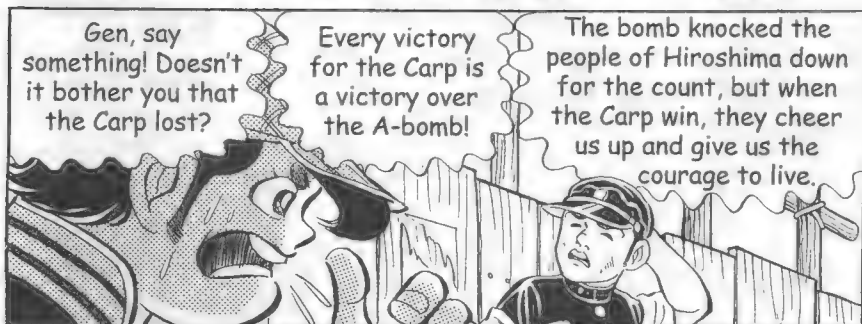
Huh?!



Th-that's Aihara over there.

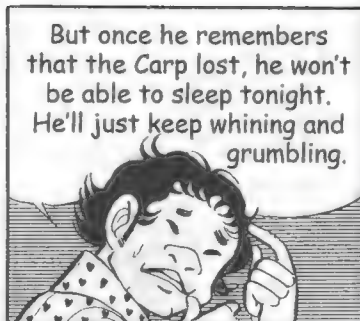
I didn't know he liked baseball...







The minute someone praises the Carp, his whole mood changes!



But once he remembers that the Carp lost, he won't be able to sleep tonight. He'll just keep whining and grumbling.



Why do you s'pose he turned into such a Carp maniac?

HURRAH FOR THE CARP!
HURRAH FOR THE CARP!

Don't worry about it, Musubi. It gives him something to get excited about, something to live for...



We're still being knocked around by the bomb, and every day is a chore to get through. It's enough to make you choke and die.

NOOO! NOOO!
THE CARP CAN'T LOSE!



NO WAR!
NO WAR!
NO WAR!



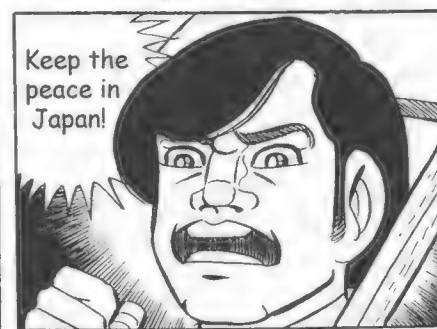
Gasp!

Signs: NO WAR!! Fight for peace and national independence!
No more atomic bombs! Keep the peace!



Don't let America make Japan its military base!

原爆許すな!
No more war!



Keep the peace in Japan!



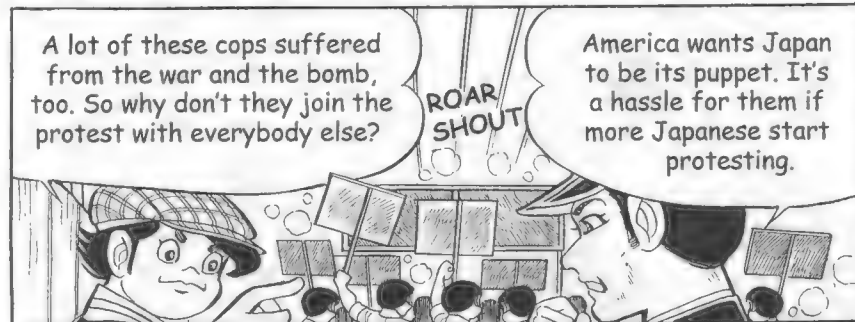
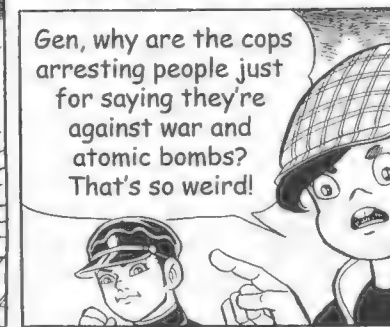
Hey, Mr. Ohta!

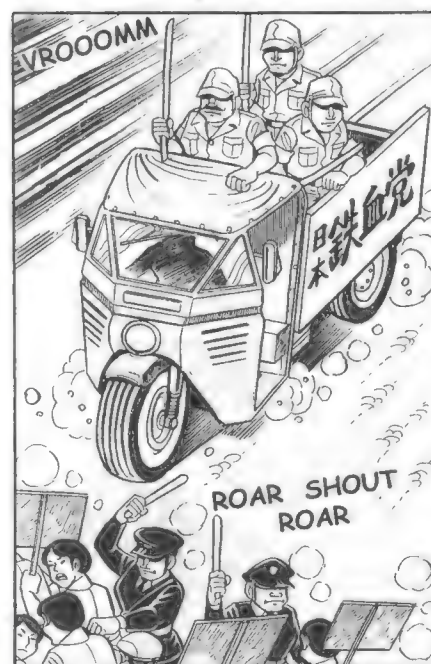
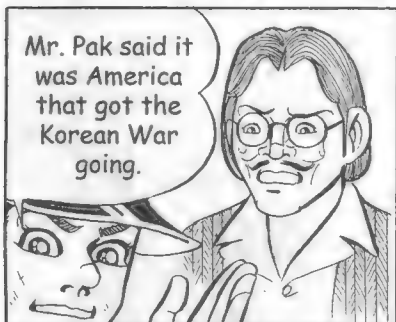
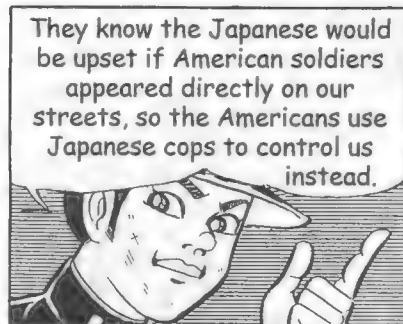
Oh, is that you, Nakaoka?



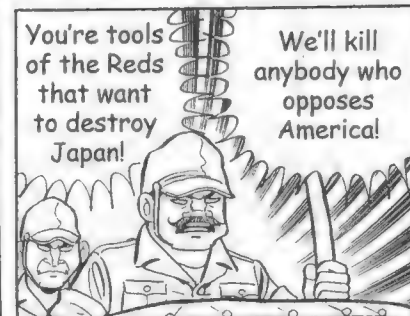
I decided that if we're going to prevent war,

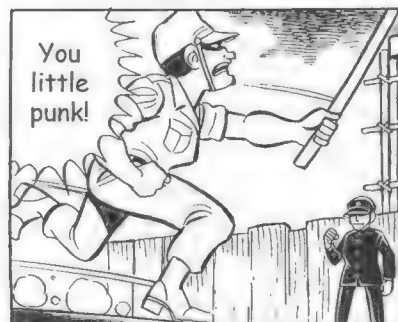
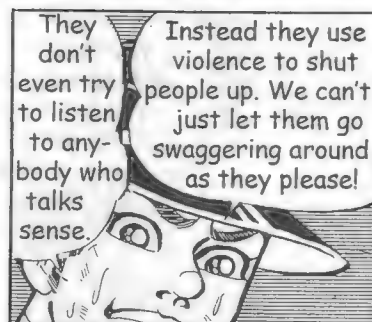
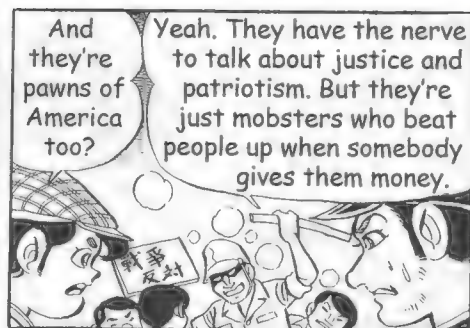
we can't sit around silently anymore.

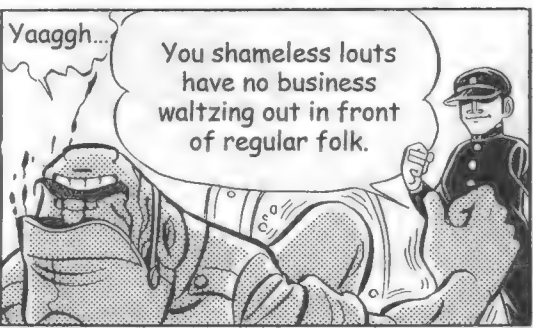
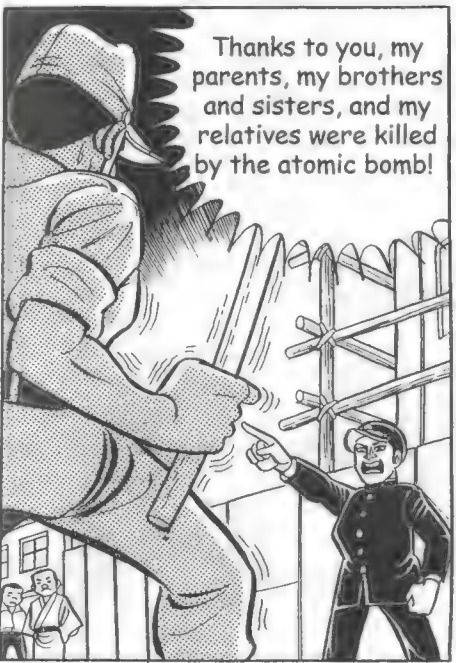
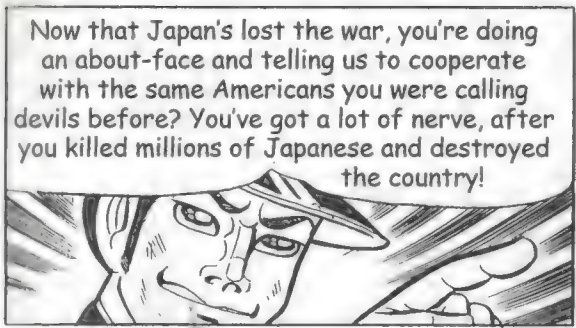




Truck: Japan Blood-and-Iron Party









Bas-
tards...

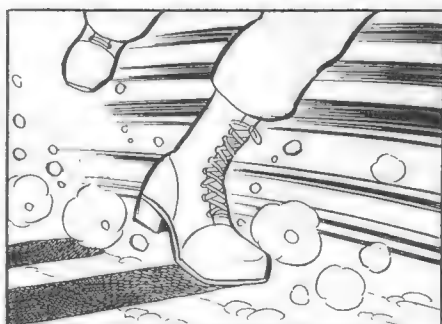


So Aihara was
orphaned by
the A-bomb
too...!



Groan...
Y-you
snot-
nosed
brat...

How dare
you make
a fool of
me?!



WHAM!

Unh!



DRIP

DRIP



Aihara!



Aihara!



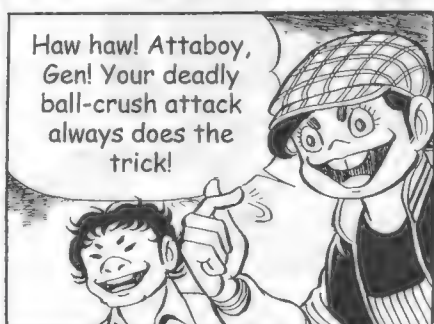
Whaddaya
think you're
doing, you
scumbag!

CRUNCH

Y
E
O
W!



Ai-
yi-
yi!



Haw haw! Attaboy,
Gen! Your deadly
ball-crush attack
always does the
trick!



Aihara!
Hang
in
there!



Aihara!
Aihara!

Groan...



Th-this is
serious. He's
bleeding
really
bad.

If we don't
get him to a
hospital quick,
he could die,
Gen!



N-nooo...
Don't
do it...

I-I won't let
you take me
to a hospital.
I won't.



What're you
talking about?
You're such
a weirdo.

Get a
hold of
yourself,
Ai-
hara.



Whimper...
Help me!
It hurts
so bad!

My
balls...
My
balls...



Snickers...
Aw, does
it hurt?

Oww...
I-it
sure
does...



Oh, we call 'em Golden Balls,
but they ain't shiny or round...
They hide in the dark an'
don't make a sound...
Hup, hup, hey-ho!



CRUNCH

You've sure
got a lotta
nerve,
don't you!



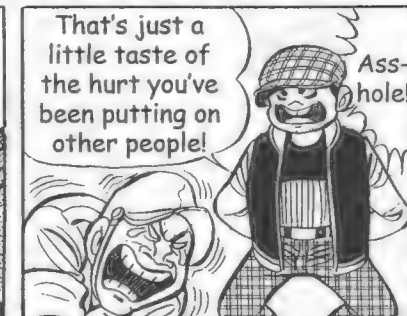
Y
E
O
W
W
!

P-please,
take me
to a
hospital!



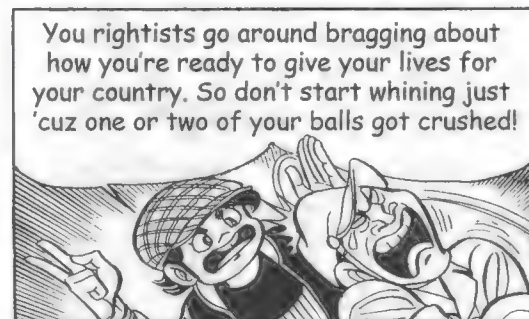
AIEEEE!
HELPP!

Snickers!



That's just a
little taste of
the hurt you've
been putting on
other people!

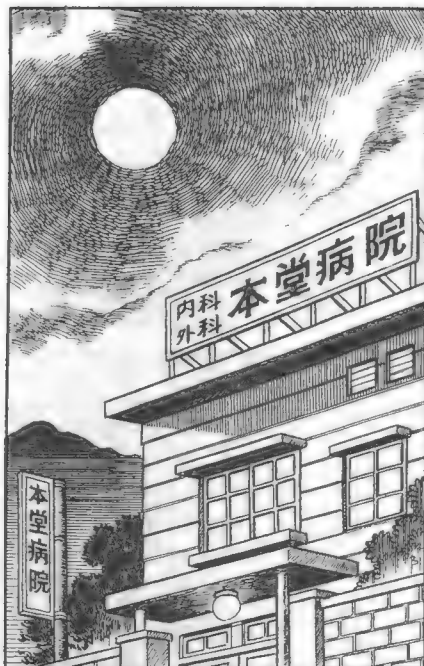
Ass-
hole!



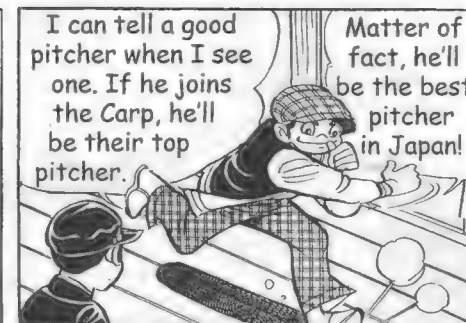
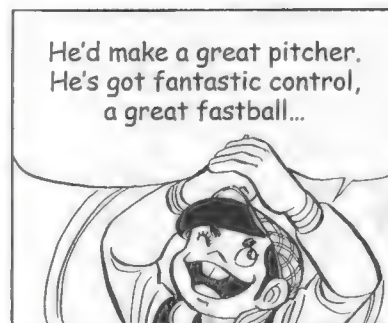
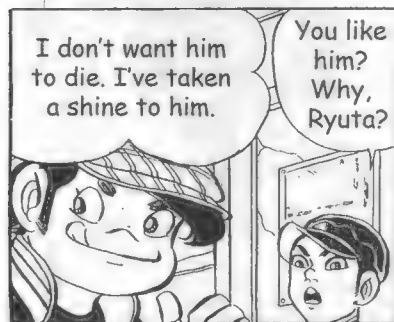
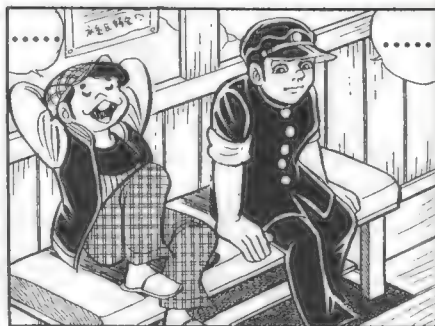
You rightists go around bragging about
how you're ready to give your lives for
your country. So don't start whining just
'cuz one or two of your balls got crushed!

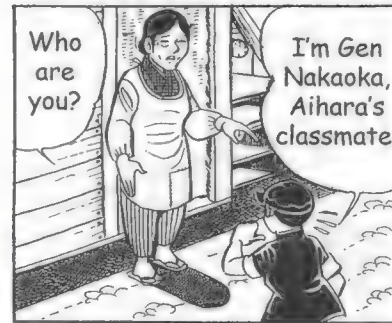
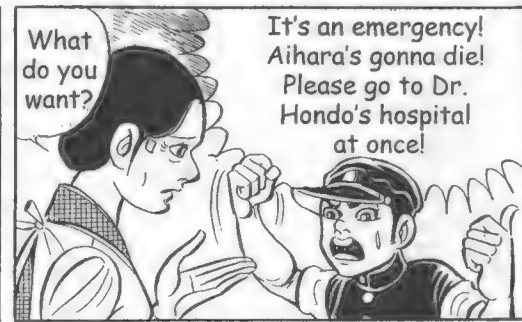
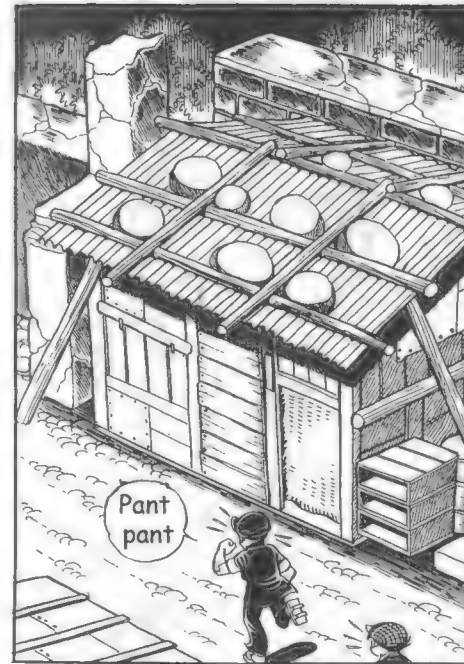
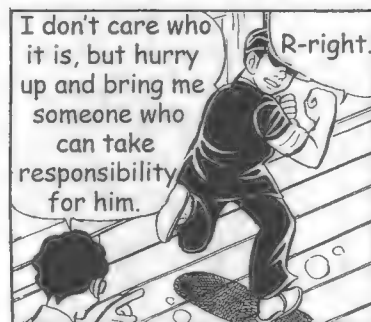
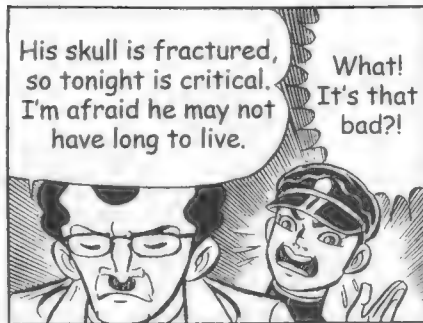


Haw haw!
I told
him! I
told him
good!



Sign: Hondo Hospital -- Internal Medicine & Surgery







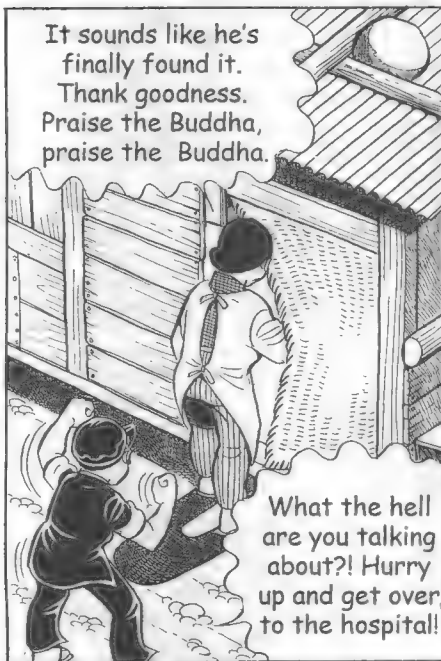
Don't do anything,
just let him die.
That's the best
thing to do.

W-what
are you
saying?!



He...
Katsuo...

He's been
going
around
looking
for a
place
to die.



It sounds like he's
finally found it.
Thank goodness.
Praise the Buddha,
praise the Buddha.

What the hell
are you talking
about?! Hurry
up and get over
to the hospital!



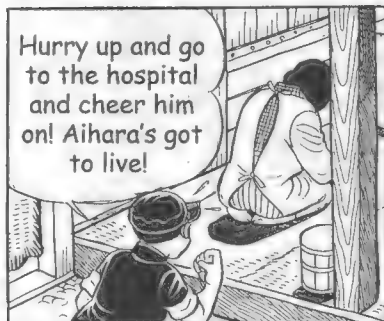
I'm not
going.

Even if I went,
there would be
nothing for me
to do...

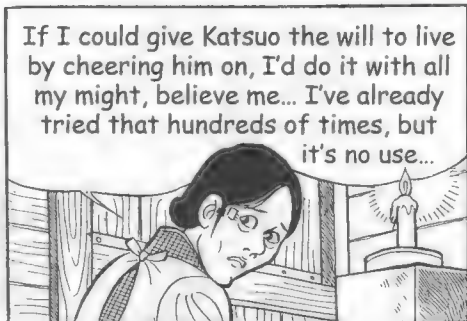


How can you
say such
horrible
things, you
old bag!

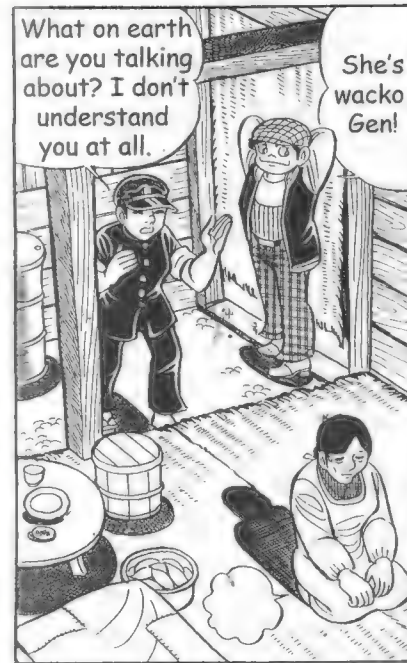
Aihara's
suffering as we
speak! He's in
terrible pain!



Hurry up and go
to the hospital
and cheer him
on! Aihara's got
to live!



If I could give Katsuo the will to live
by cheering him on, I'd do it with all
my might, believe me... I've already
tried that hundreds of times, but
it's no use...



What on earth
are you talking
about? I don't
understand
you at all.

She's
wacko,
Gen!



Katsuo and I
both lost our
families and all
our relatives
to the bomb.

We met
in the
burned-
out ruins
of the
city.



I was wandering aimlessly,
with nowhere to go. I was
like an empty shell. I
had no more will to live.

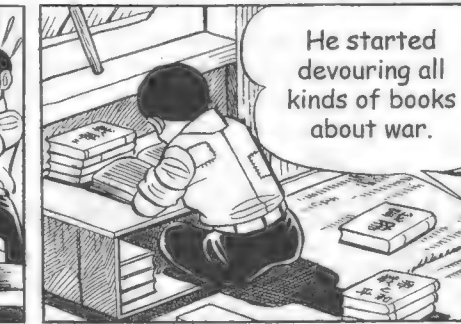
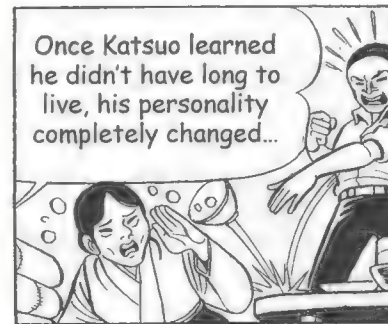
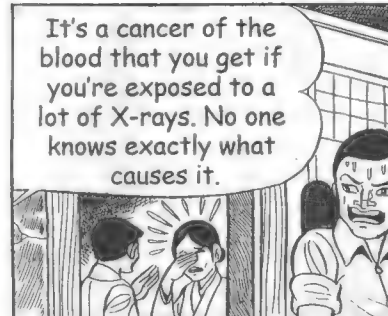
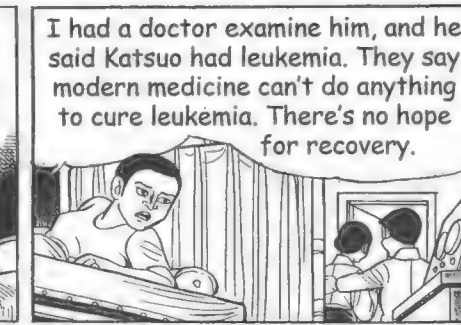
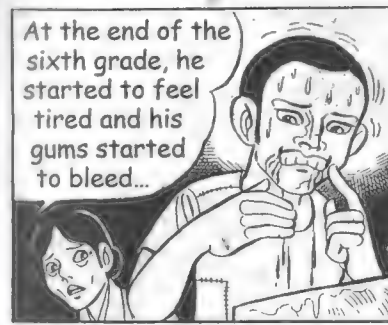
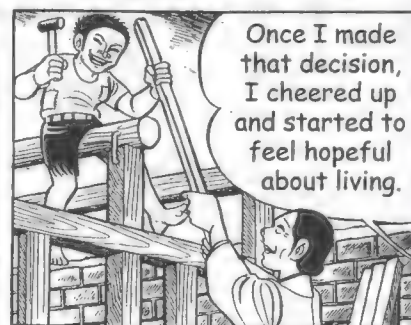
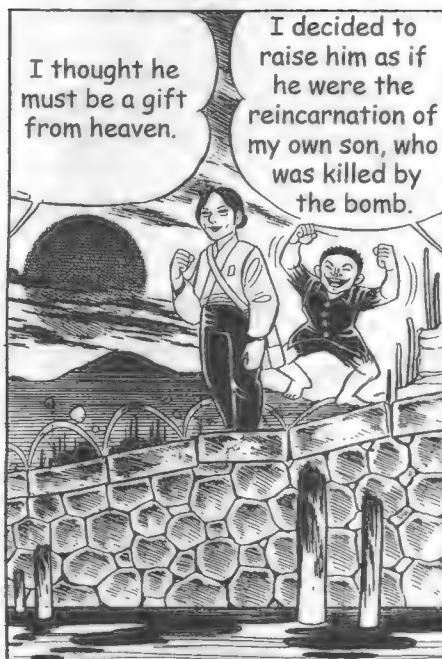
Then that
boy started
following me
everywhere
I went.

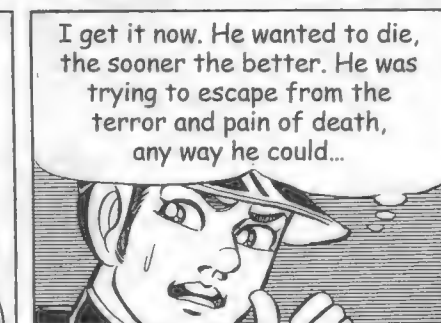
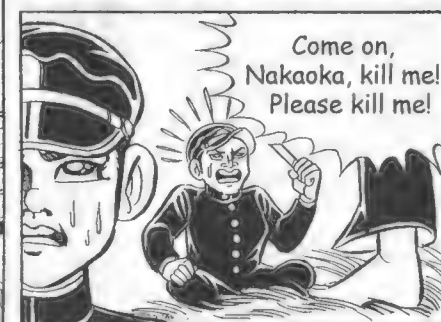
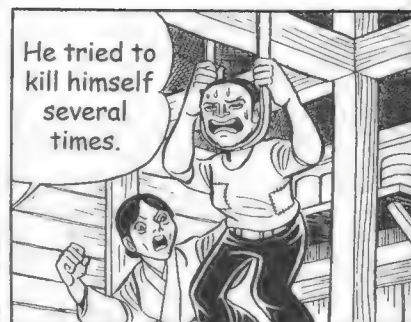
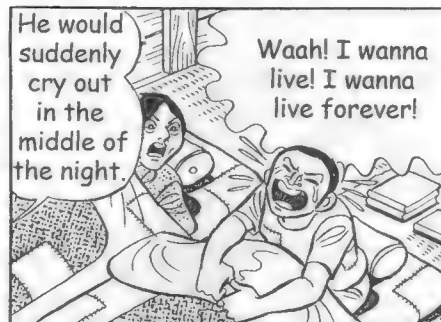


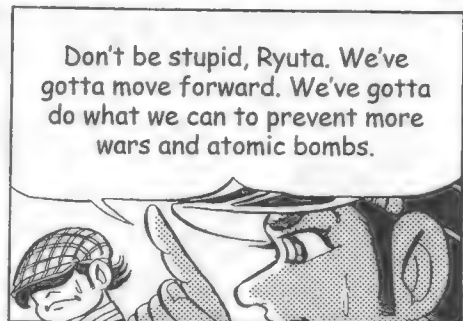
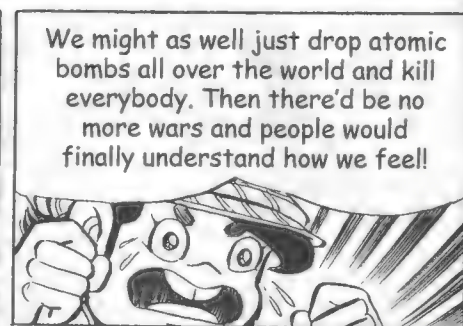
He was such a
nuisance, I got angry
and tried to chase
him away, but he just
kept hanging around.

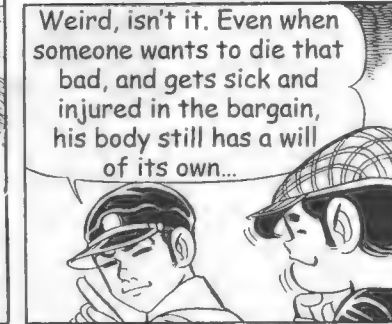
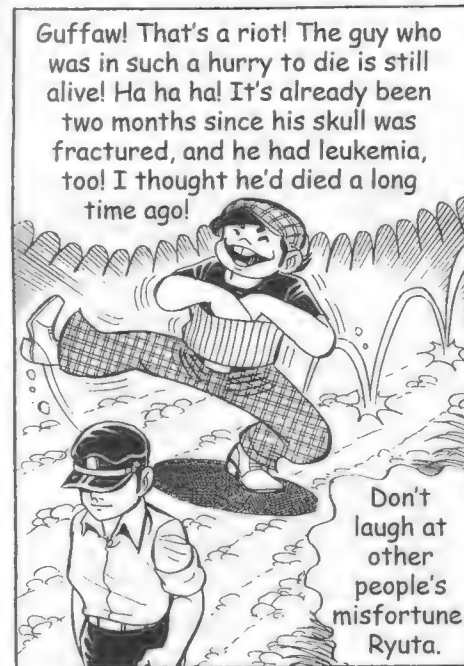
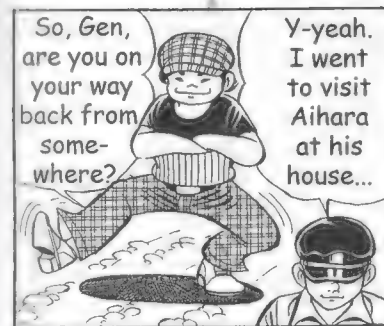
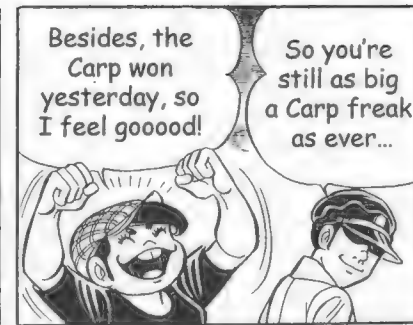
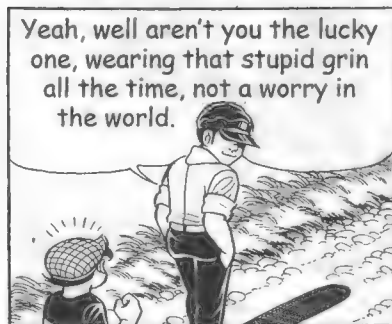


Finally I gave
up and asked
him why he
was following
me...



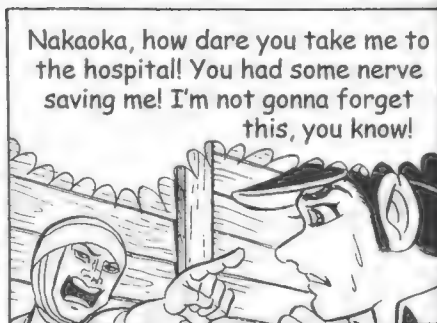




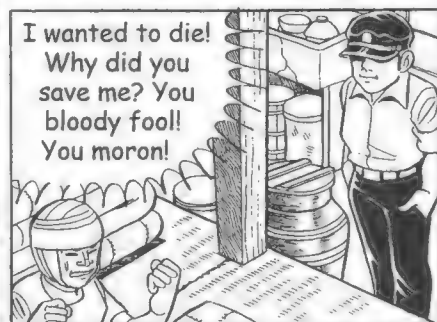




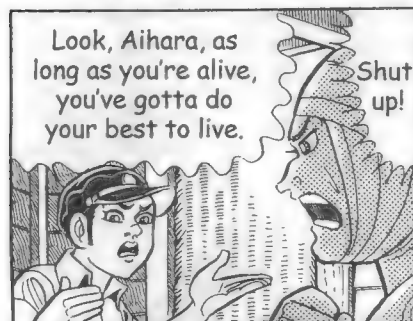
Aihara got really mad when I went to visit him.



Nakaoka, how dare you take me to the hospital! You had some nerve saving me! I'm not gonna forget this, you know!

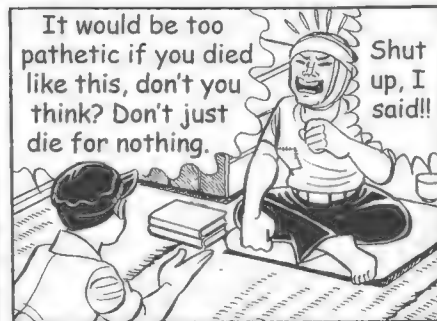


I wanted to die! Why did you save me? You bloody fool! You moron!



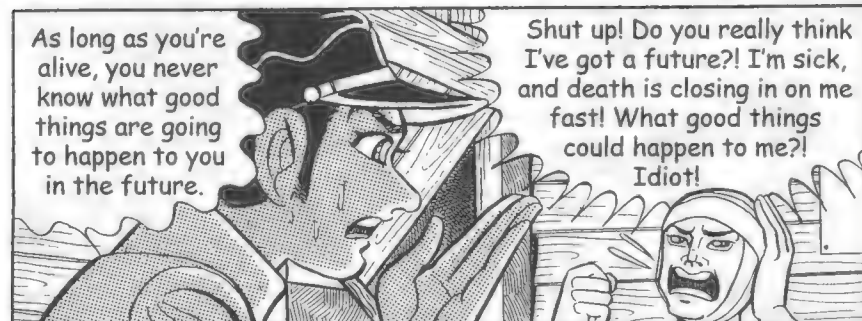
Look, Aihara, as long as you're alive, you've gotta do your best to live.

Shut up!



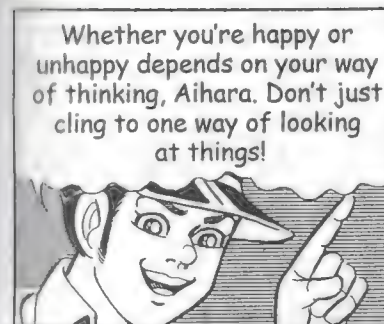
It would be too pathetic if you died like this, don't you think? Don't just die for nothing.

Shut up, I said!!

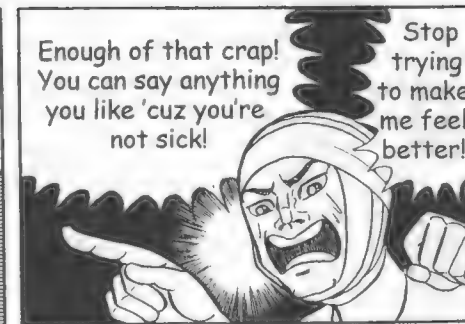


As long as you're alive, you never know what good things are going to happen to you in the future.

Shut up! Do you really think I've got a future?! I'm sick, and death is closing in on me fast! What good things could happen to me?! Idiot!



Whether you're happy or unhappy depends on your way of thinking, Aihara. Don't just cling to one way of looking at things!



Enough of that crap! You can say anything you like 'cuz you're not sick!

Stop trying to make me feel better!



Get out of here, asshole! Get out!



Leave him be, Gen. He wants to die, so let him die.



I can't leave him be. Aihara's one of us, isn't he?

One of us? What makes you say that?



The war and the bomb put him in the miserable situation he's in now. He's just like us...

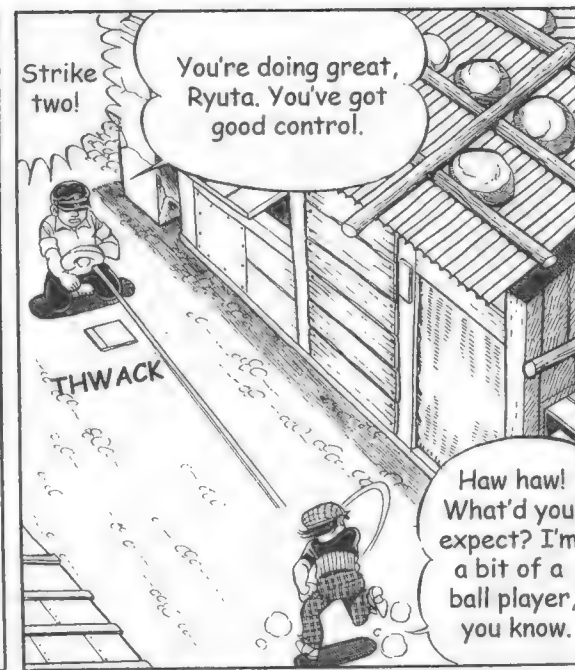
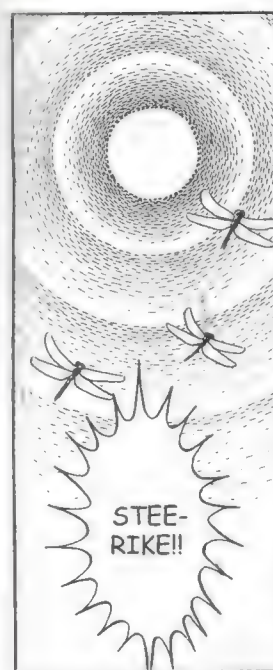
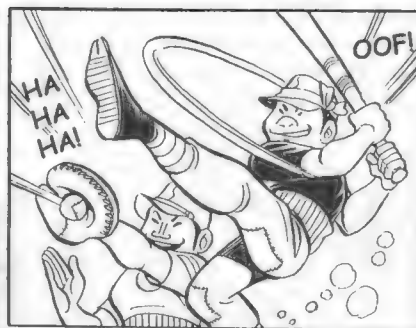
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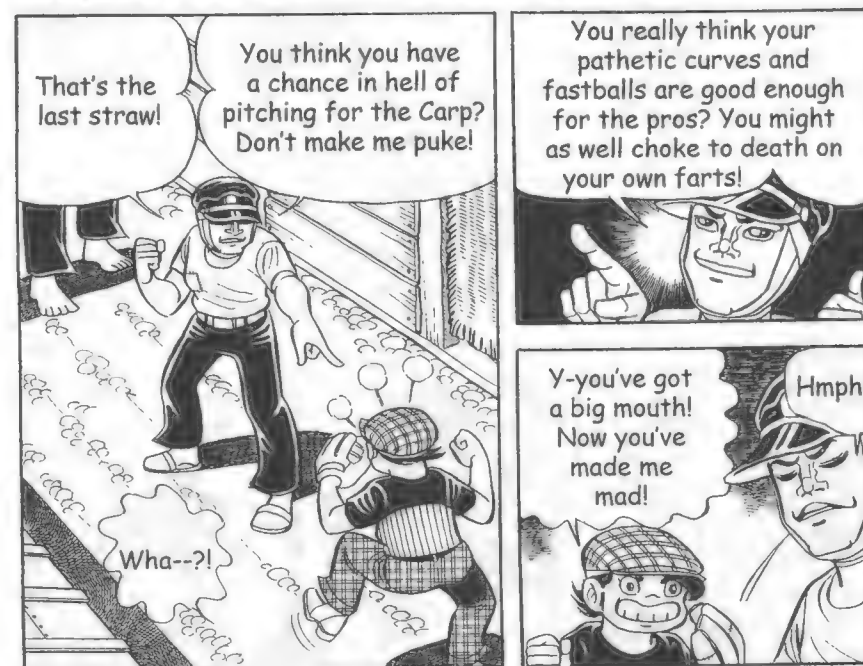
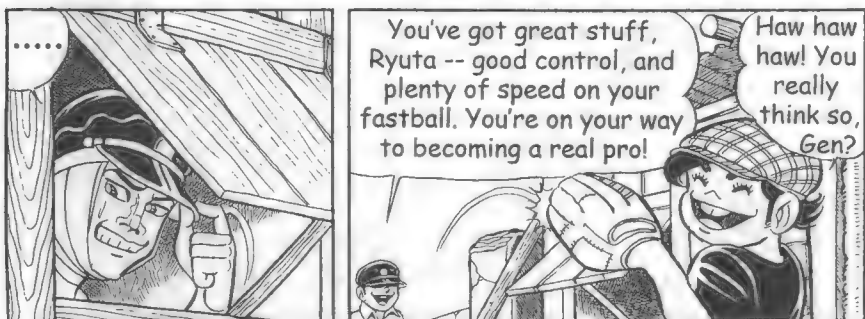
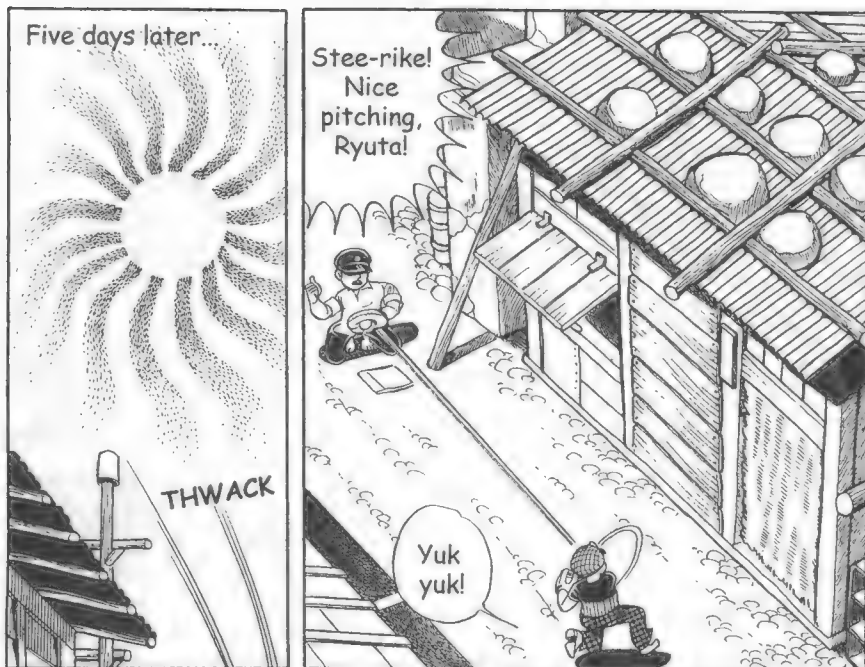


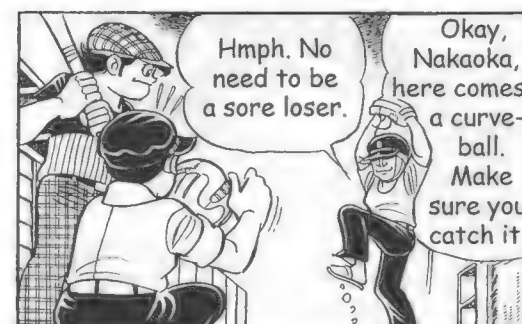
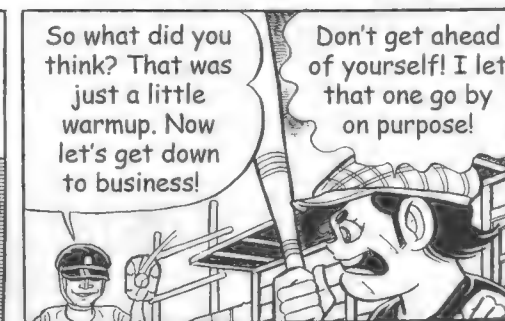
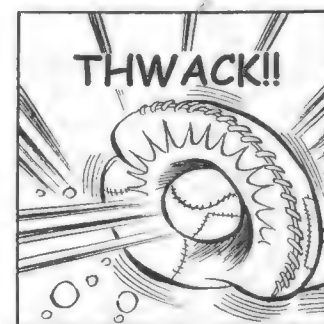
Ryuta, isn't there some way we can get Aihara excited about living?

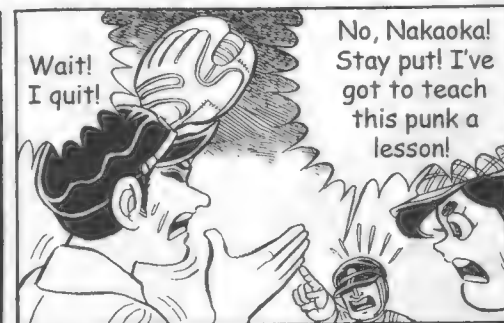
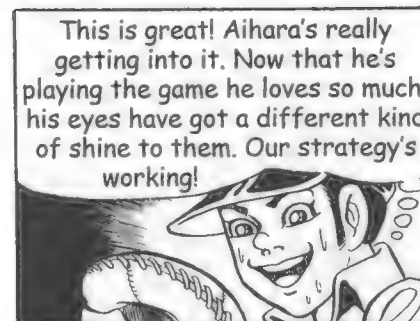
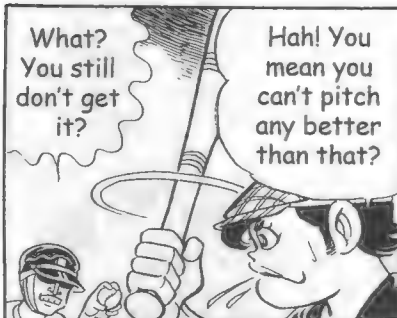
Excited about living? Hmm.

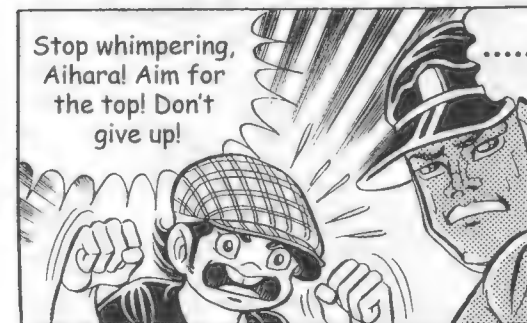
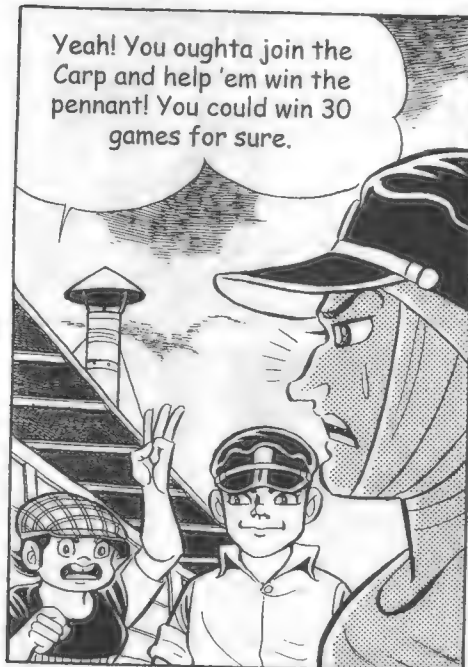
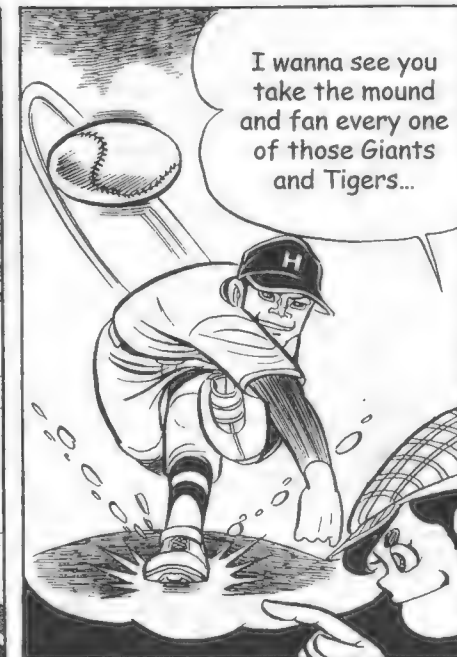
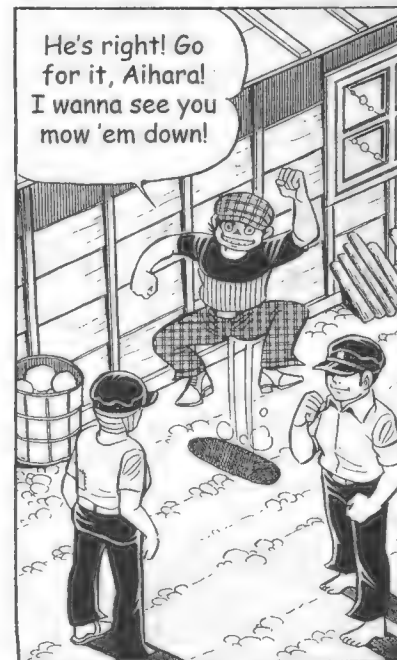
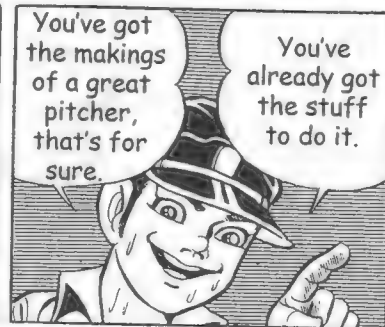
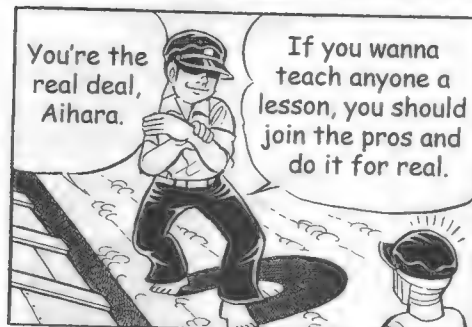
That's a tough one. I'm no good at thinking about tough problems, unless it's how to steal food...

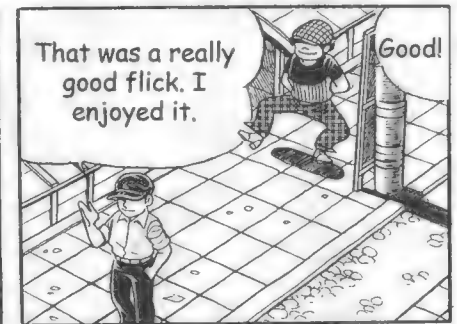
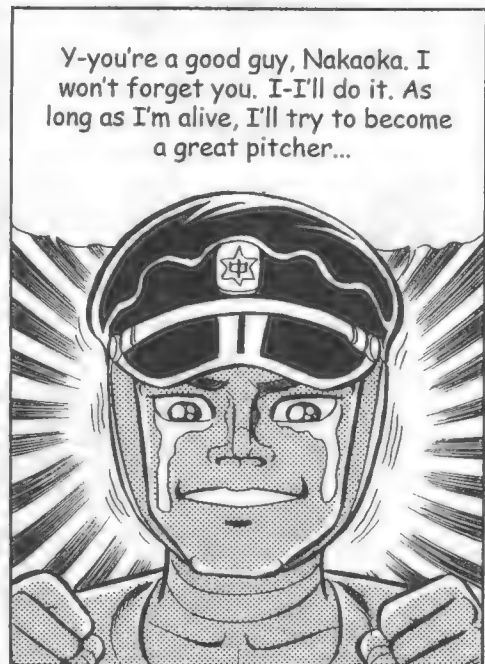
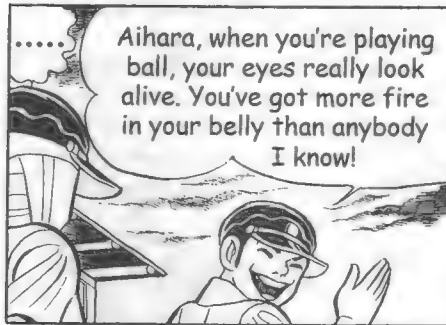


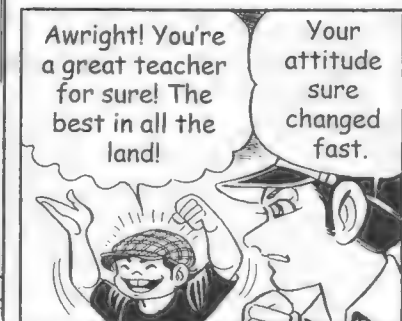
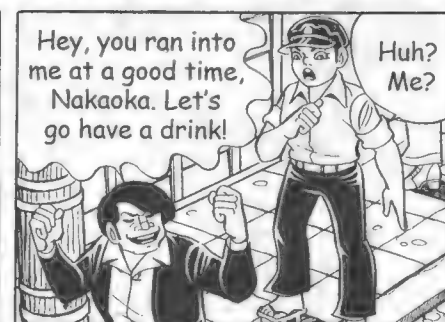
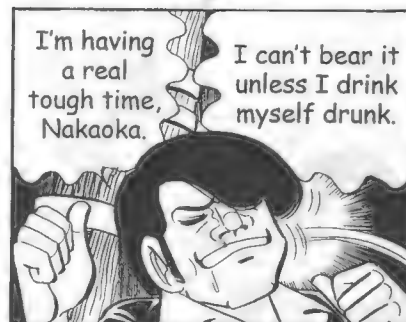
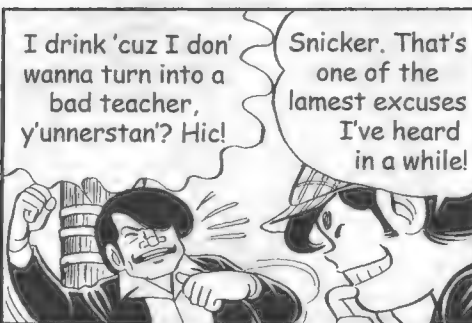
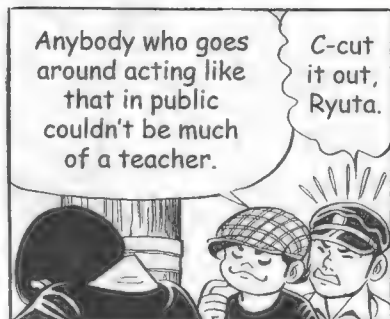














Hic! Hey barkeep, we're outta sake! Keep 'em comin'!

Yeah, yeah. Set 'em up, drink 'em down! What's yours is mine, what's mine is mine!



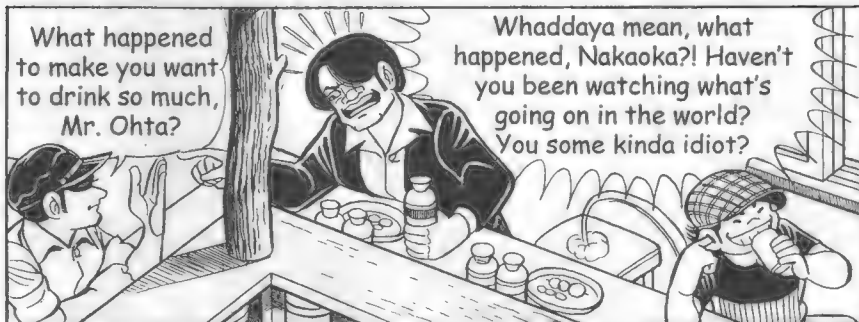
You've had enough, Mr. Ohta.

Oh, are you gonna preach to me now, Nakaoka? Don't try to teach your teacher!



C'mon, you drink too!

No, thanks.

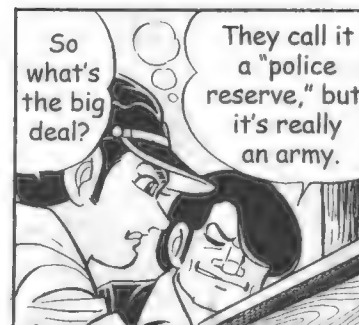


What happened to make you want to drink so much, Mr. Ohta?

Whaddaya mean, what happened, Nakaoka?! Haven't you been watching what's going on in the world? You some kinda idiot?

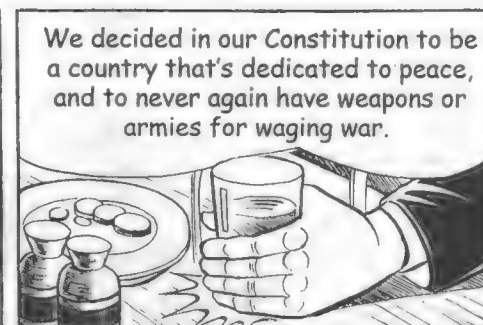


I can't stand it! On August 10 the government set up a National Police Reserve by order of General MacArthur...

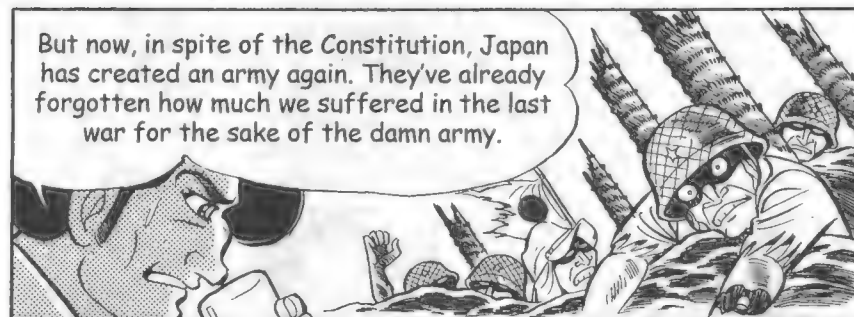


So what's the big deal?

They call it a "police reserve," but it's really an army.



We decided in our Constitution to be a country that's dedicated to peace, and to never again have weapons or armies for waging war.



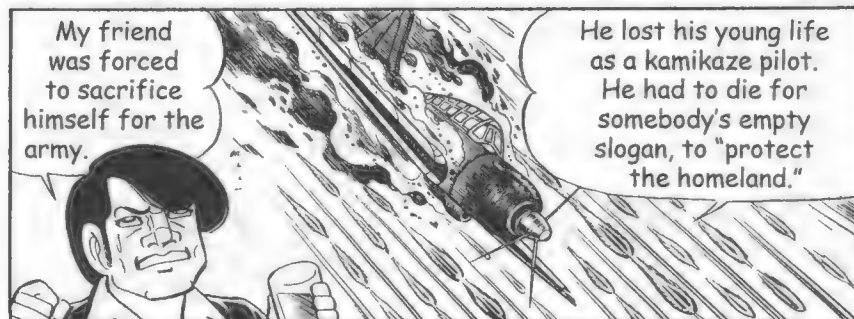
But now, in spite of the Constitution, Japan has created an army again. They've already forgotten how much we suffered in the last war for the sake of the damn army.



Now we're gonna see those vampires come crawling out of their caves, only too happy to suck our blood in the name of the army again.

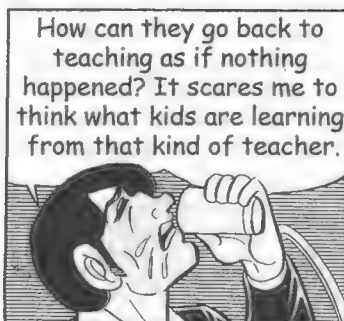
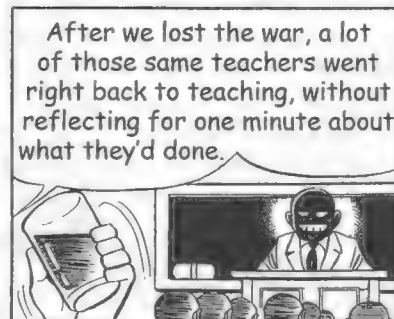
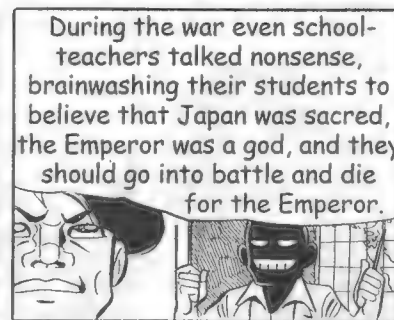
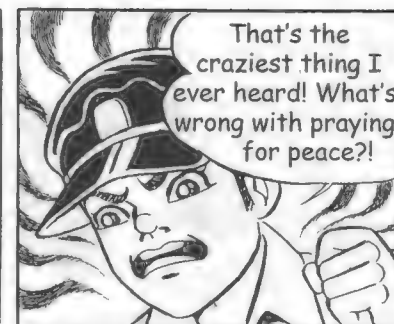
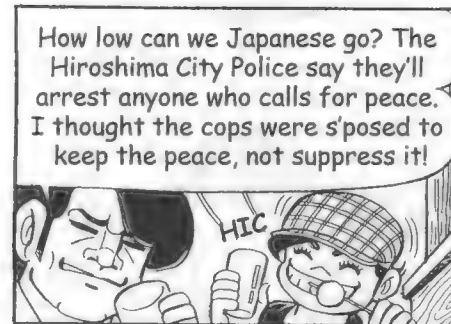
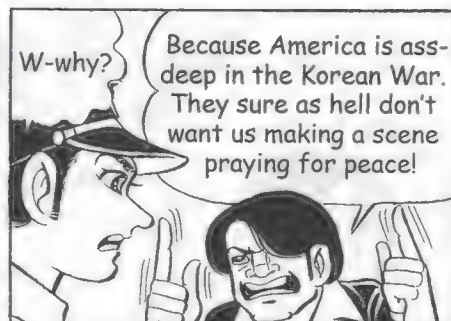
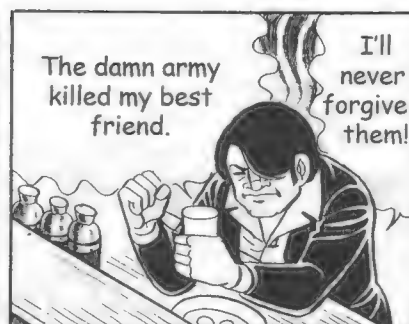
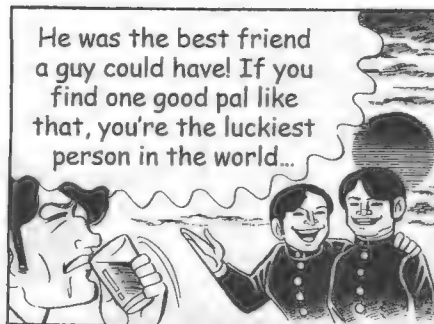


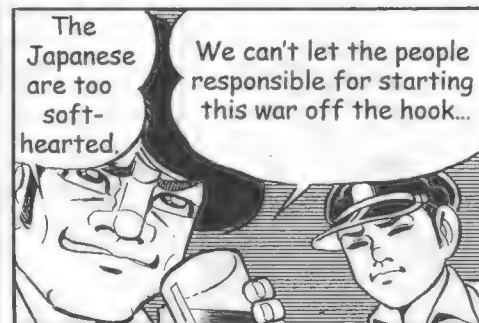
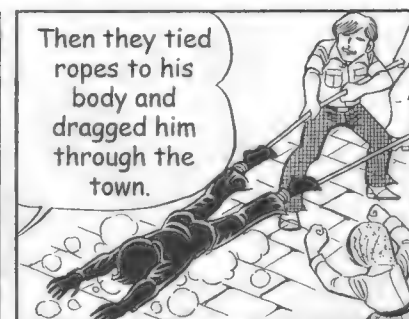
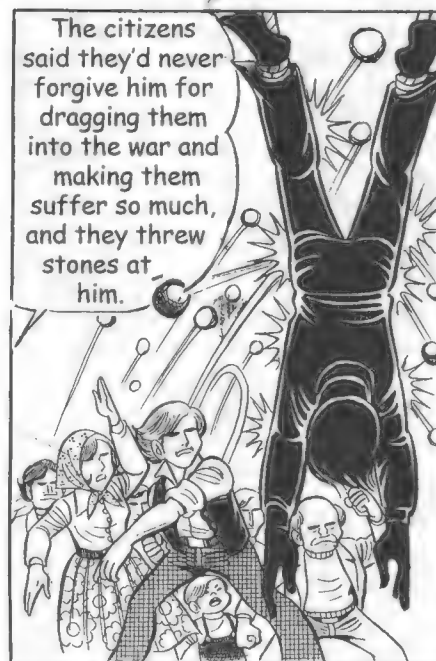
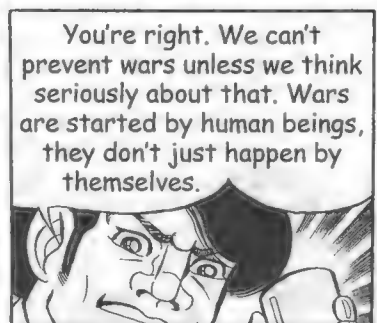
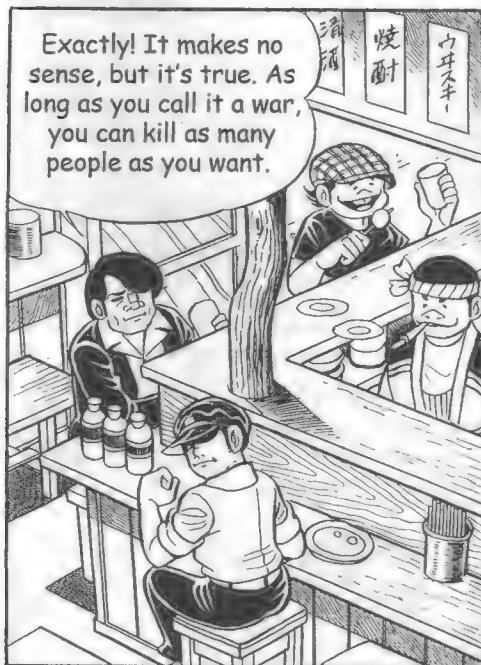
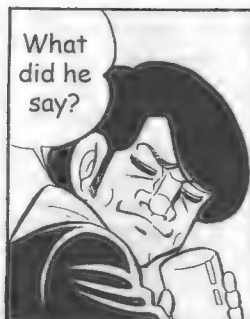
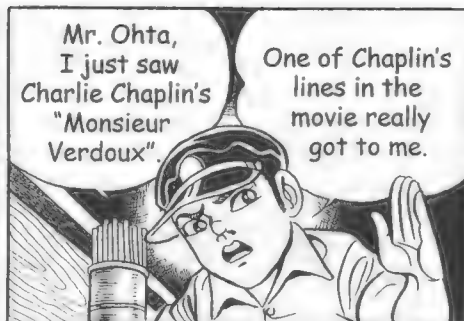
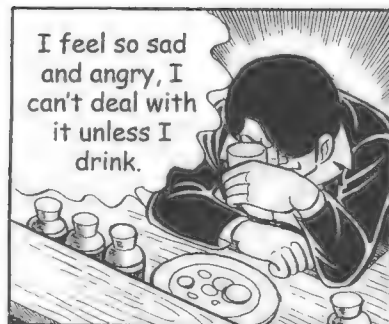
I swore an oath to my best friend that I'd fight to rid Japan of even the faintest whiff of war...

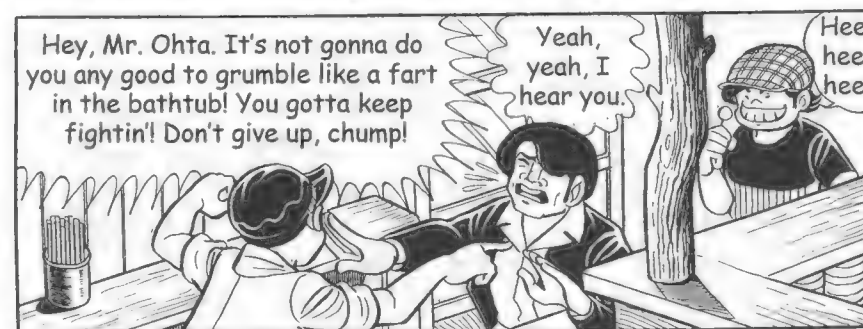
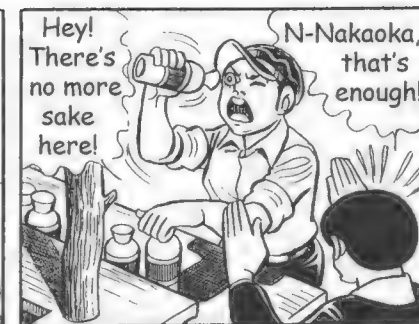
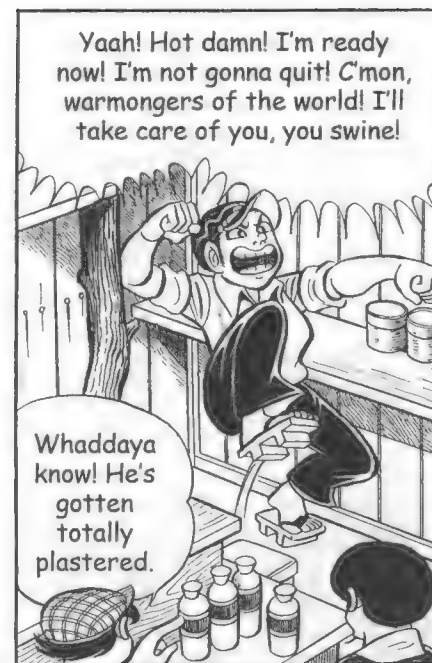
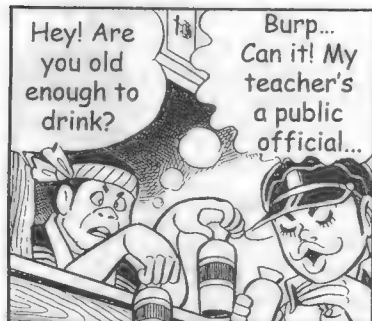


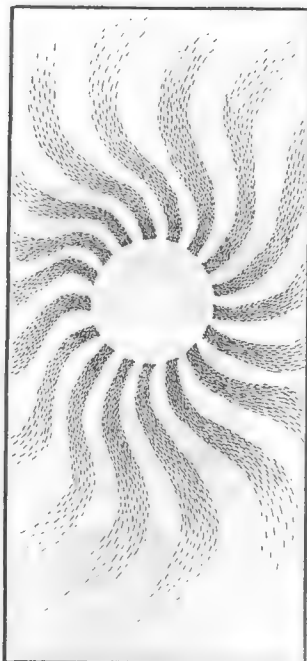
My friend was forced to sacrifice himself for the army.

He lost his young life as a kamikaze pilot. He had to die for somebody's empty slogan, to "protect the homeland."

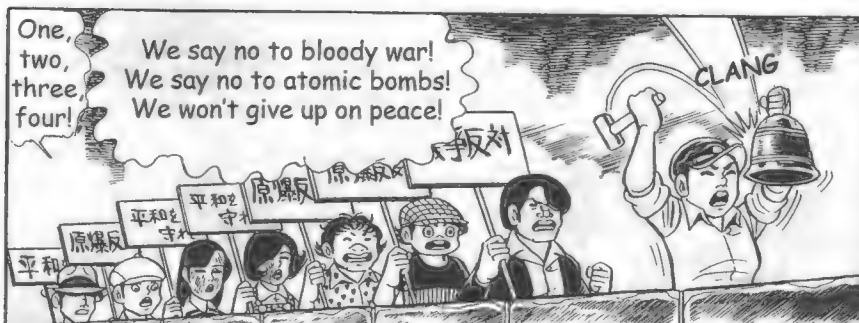
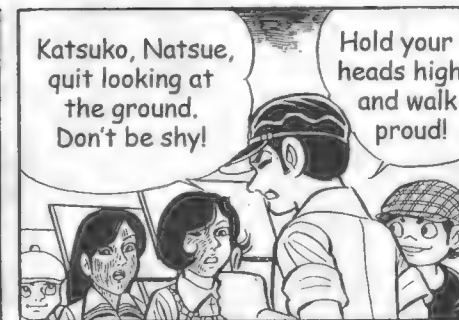
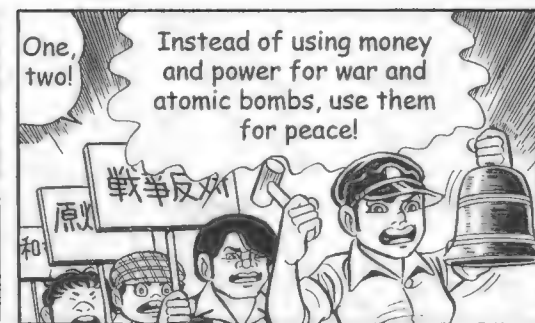
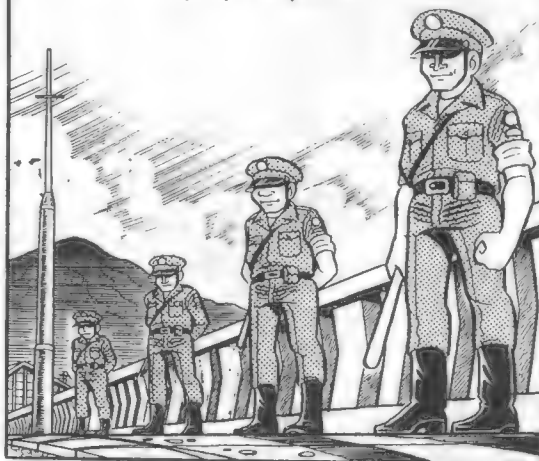


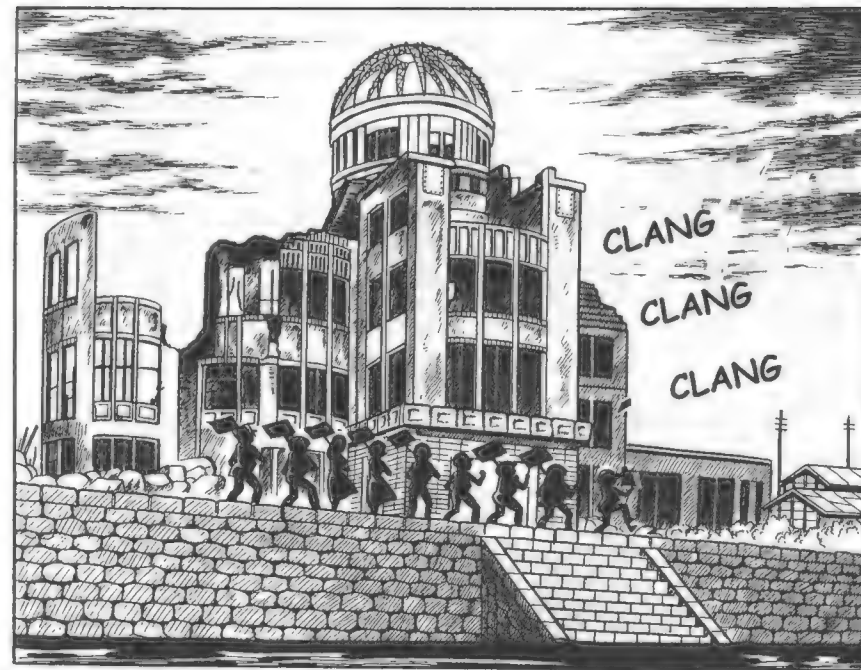
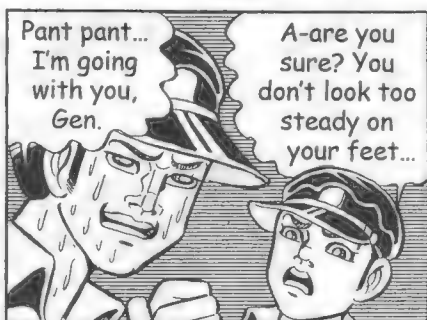


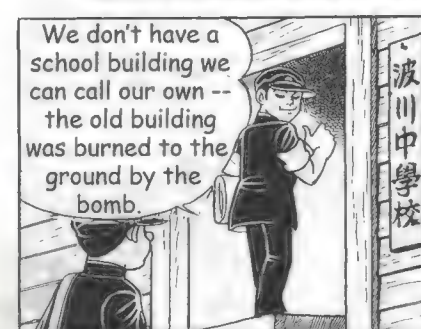
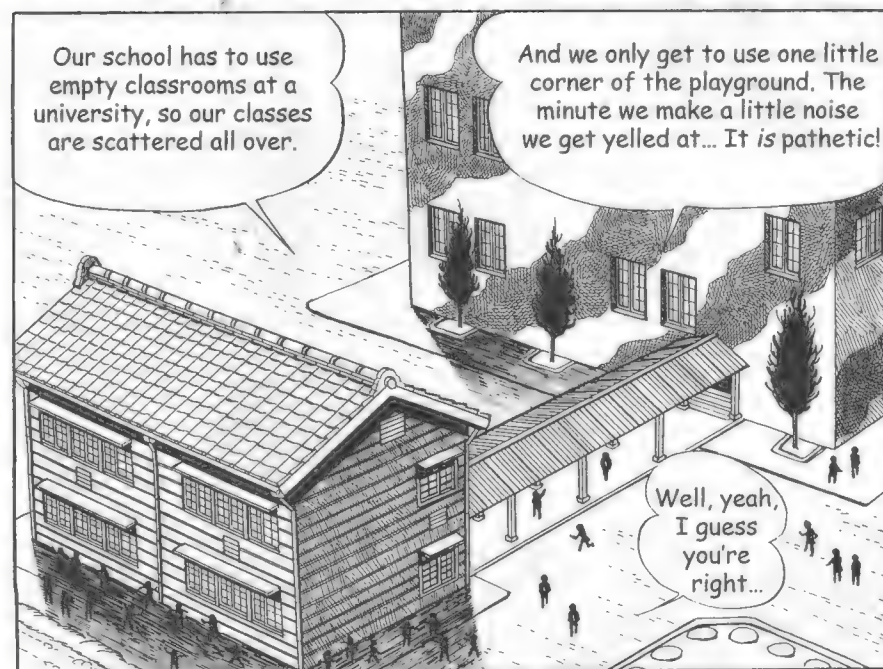
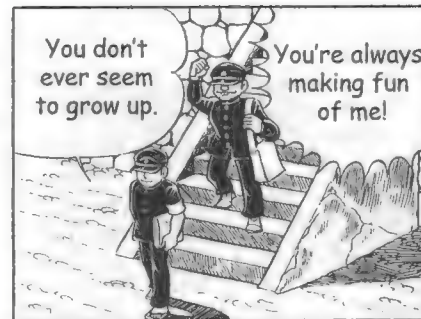
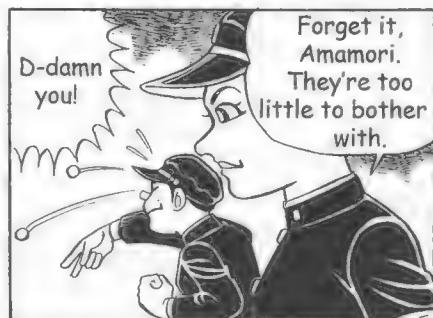
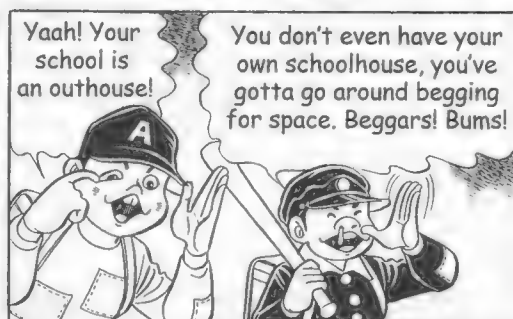
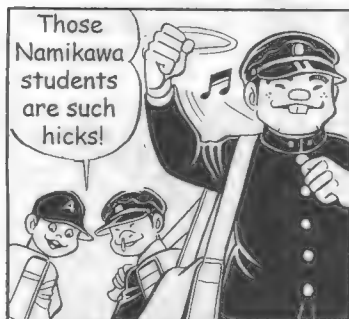
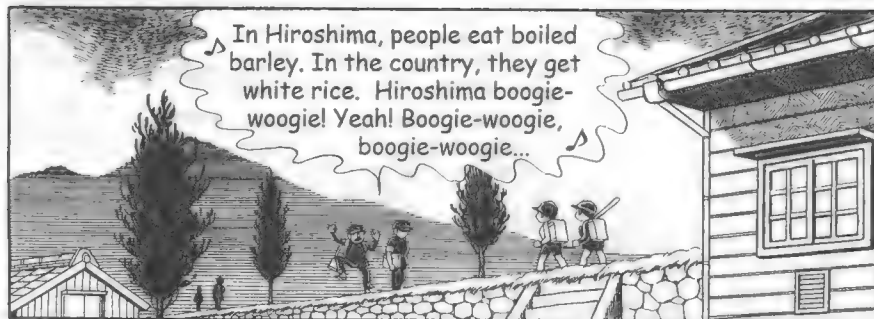




August 6, 1950... five years from the day the atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima... Some 3,000 police officers were deployed in and around the city to enforce a ban on the rallies where citizens planned to pray for peace.

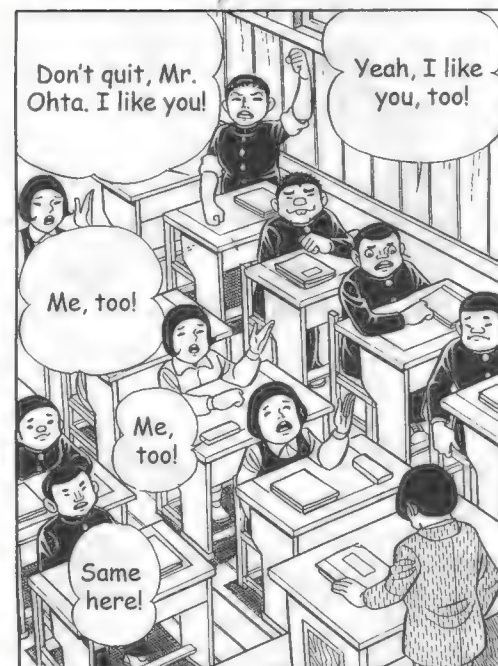
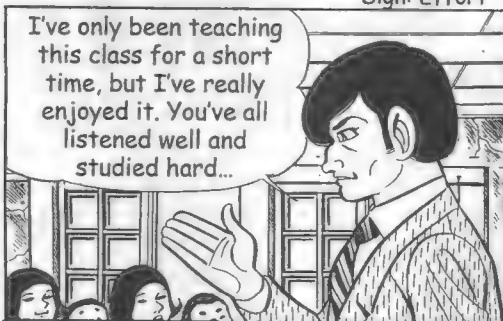


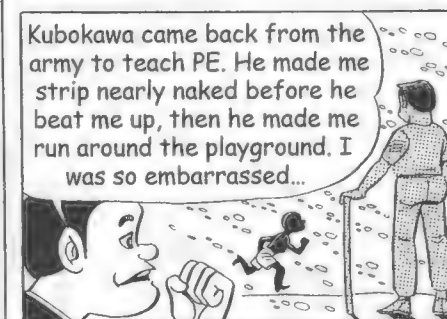
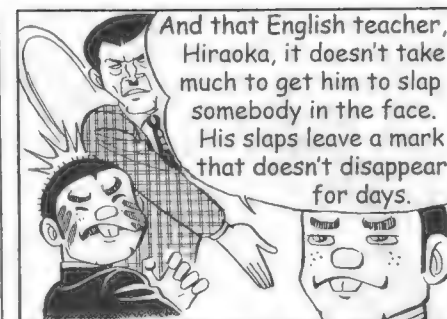
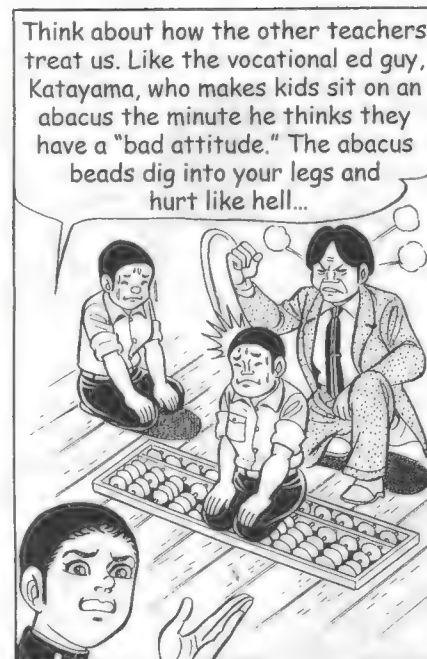


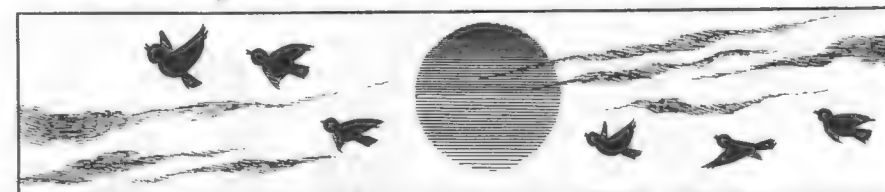
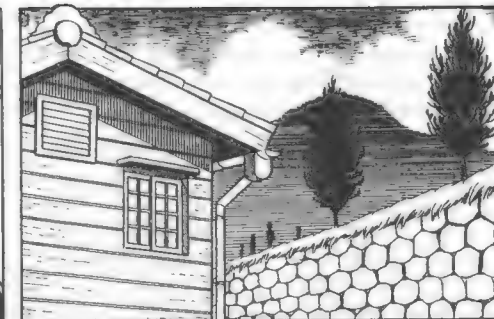
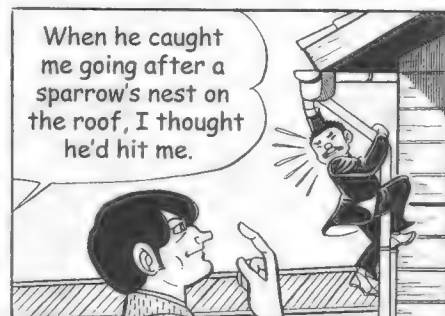
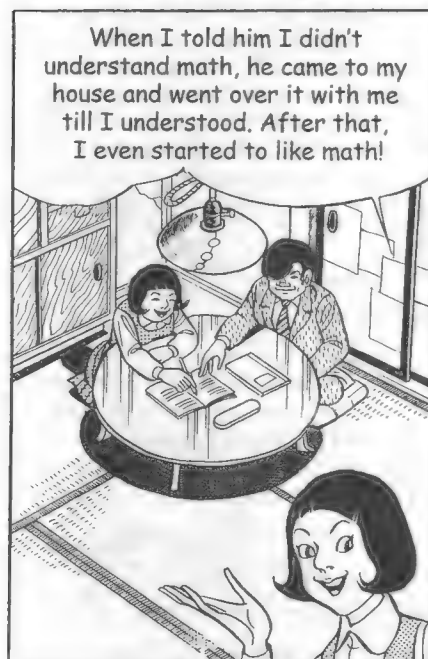
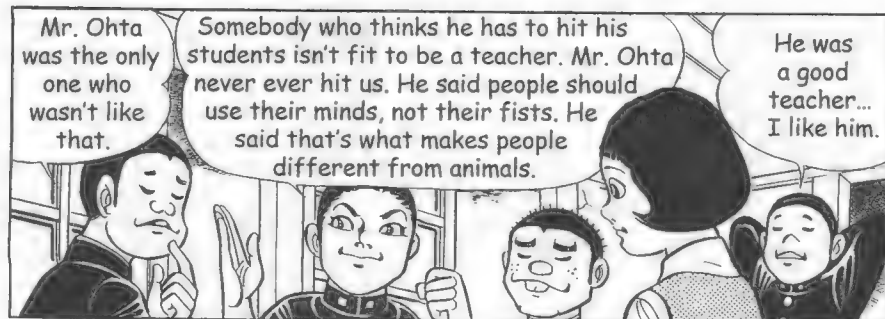




Sign: Effort



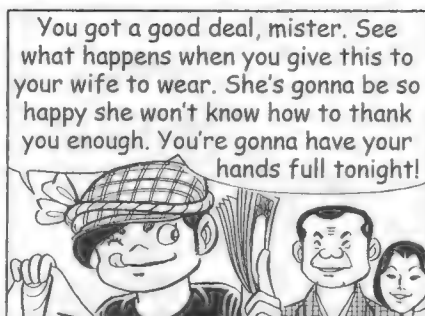






I like your style, mister!
The Hiroshima Carp won
yesterday, so I'll give you
200 yen off, and you can
have it for 800!

Really?



You got a good deal, mister. See
what happens when you give this to
your wife to wear. She's gonna be so
happy she won't know how to thank
you enough. You're gonna have your
hands full tonight!

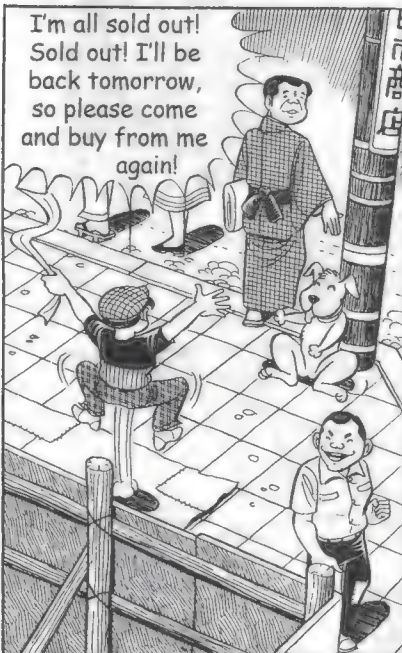


You smile and
I smile! With
laughter comes
luck!

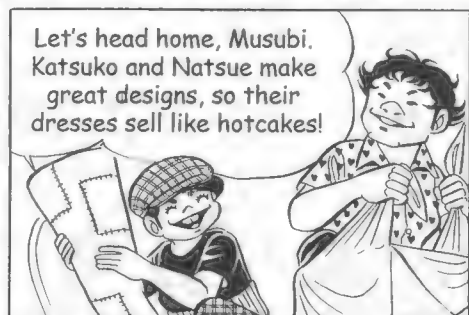
Congratulations, Japan!
The whole world's laughing
with us! Congratulations,
friend! You're the best-
looking man on earth!



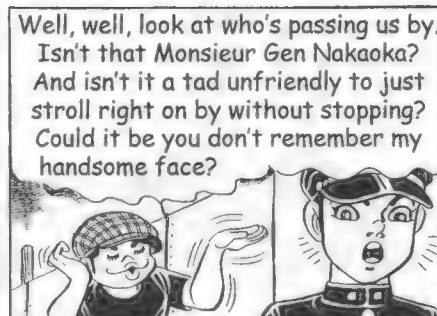
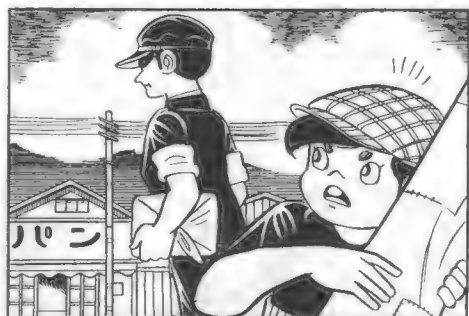
Snicker!
You sure
can talk
up a
storm,
Ryuta.



I'm all sold out!
Sold out! I'll be
back tomorrow,
so please come
and buy from me
again!



Let's head home, Musubi.
Katsuko and Natsue make
great designs, so their
dresses sell like hotcakes!



Well, well, look at who's passing us by.
Isn't that Monsieur Gen Nakaoka?
And isn't it a tad unfriendly to just
stroll right on by without stopping?
Could it be you don't remember my
handsome face?



Hey, Ryuta!
So this is
where you're
selling your
stuff today?

Oh, dear, dear me!
How wretched to
be forgotten this
way. I couldn't
quite hear you,
Monsieur Gen!

Hyuk!



Hey, what's
with the glum
face, Gen? You
look like the
dog ate your
dinner.



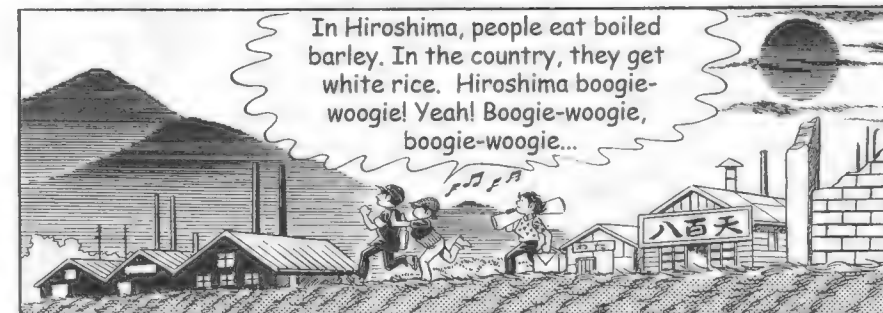
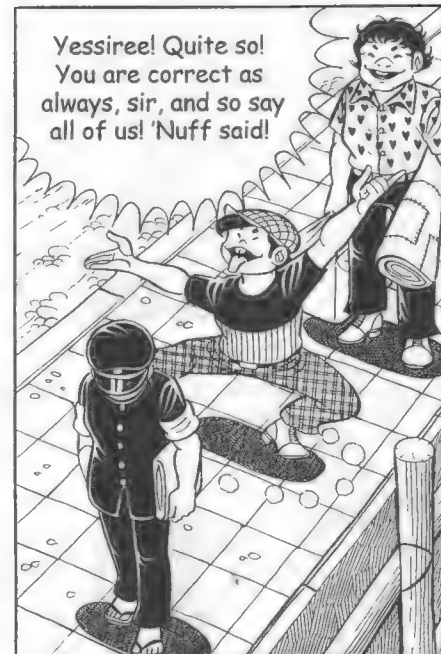
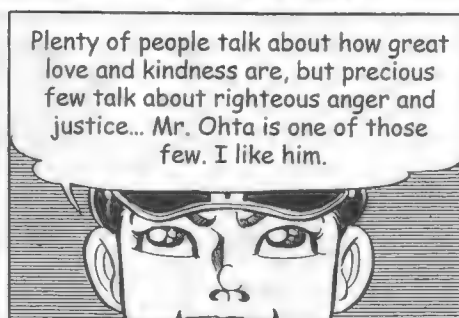
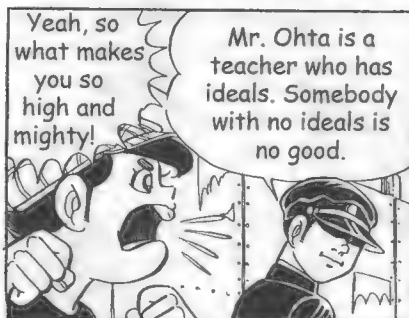
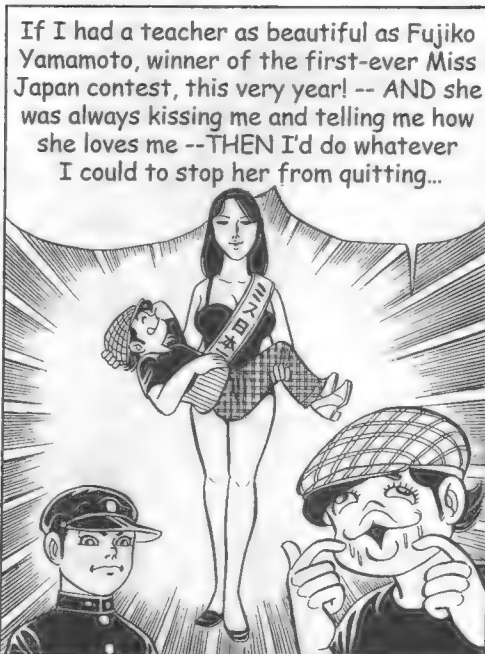
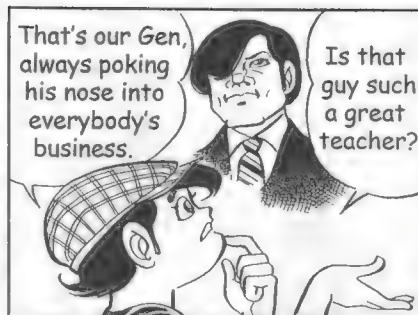
Yeah, well... our
favorite teacher
is quitting. I feel
terrible...

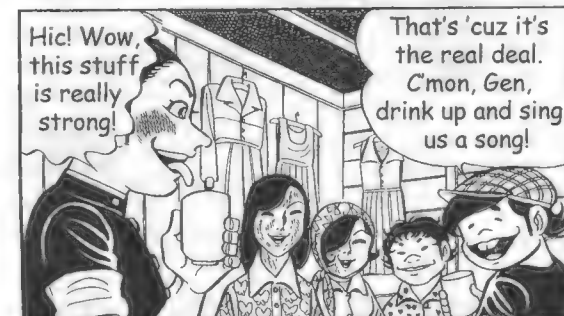
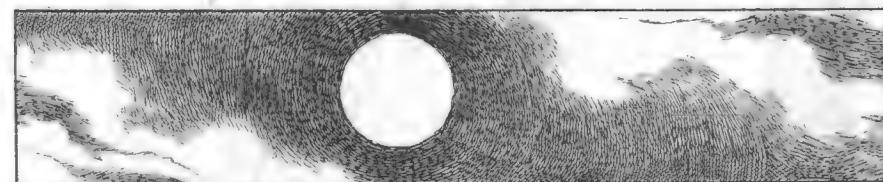
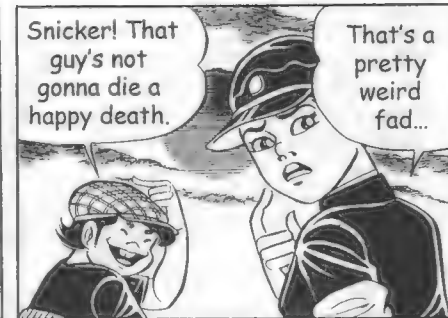
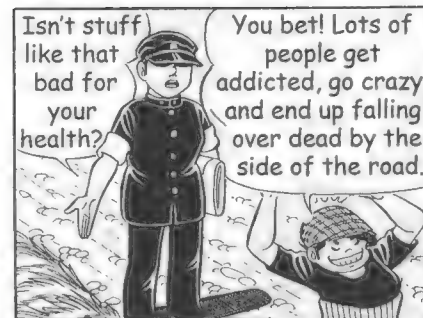
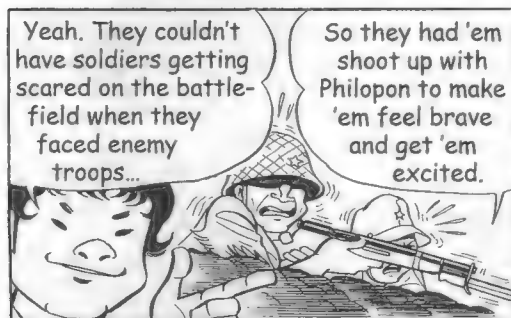
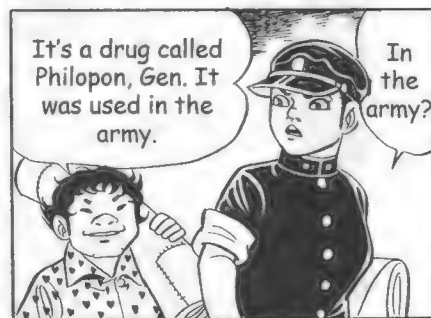
Your
teacher?

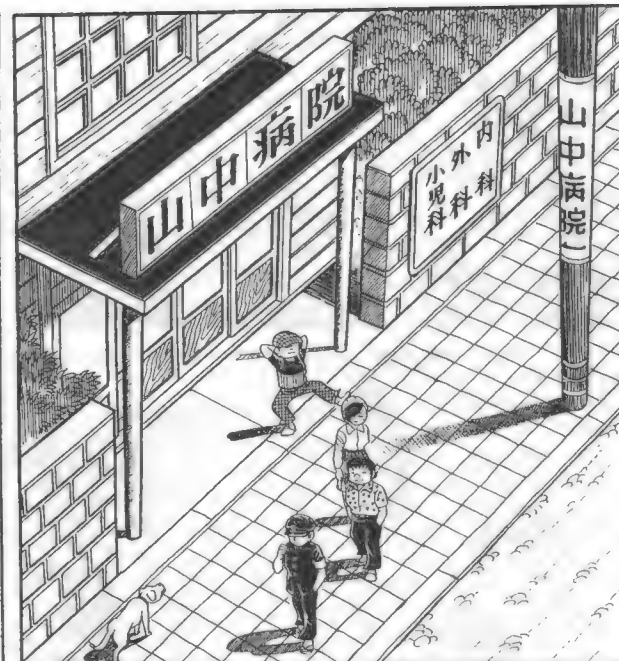
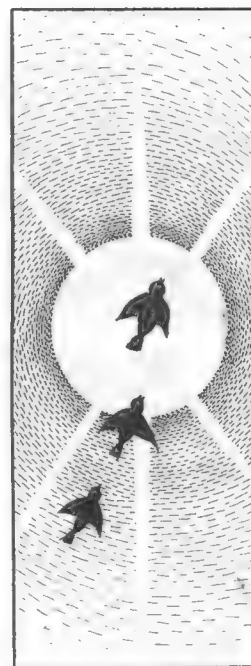
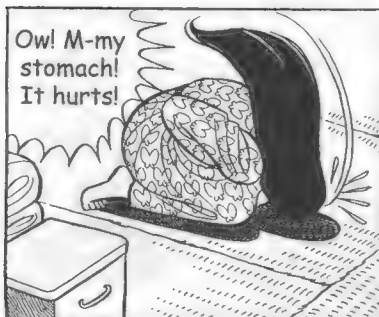
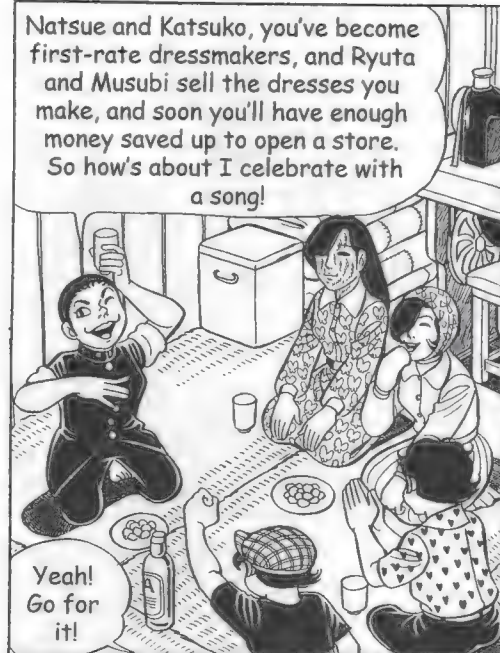


Oh, that Ohta guy. The
one who got drunk and
was all mad that they
were setting up a new
army.

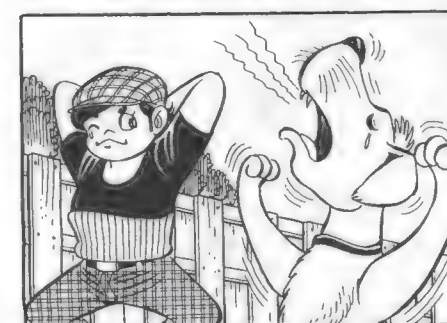
Yeah,
that's
the
one.

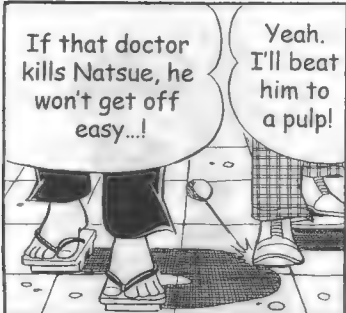
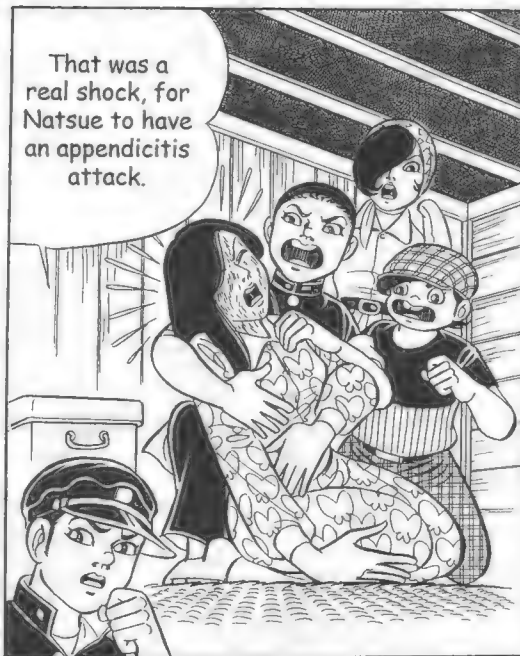
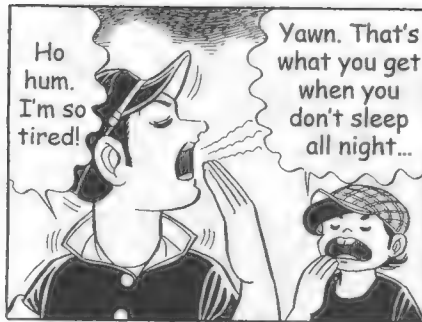




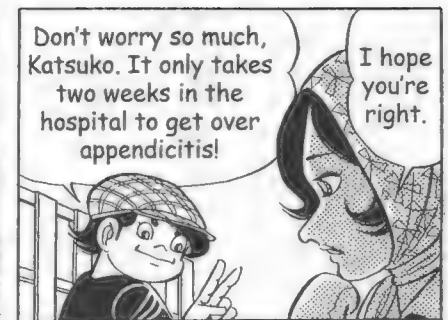


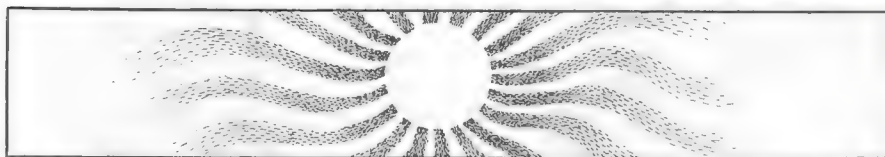
Sign: Yamanaka Hospital



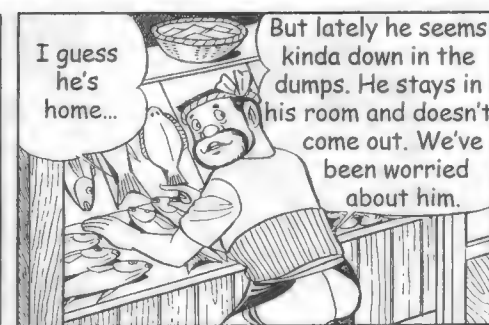
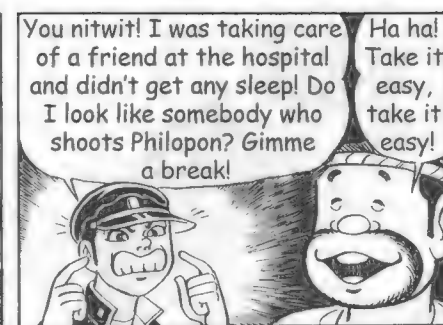
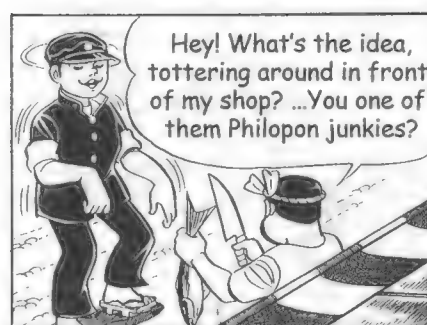


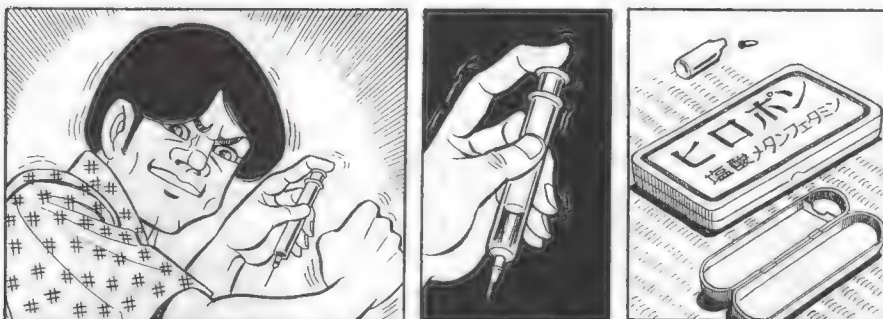
Sign: Red Robin Dress Shop





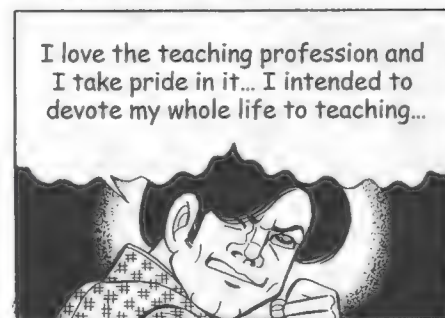
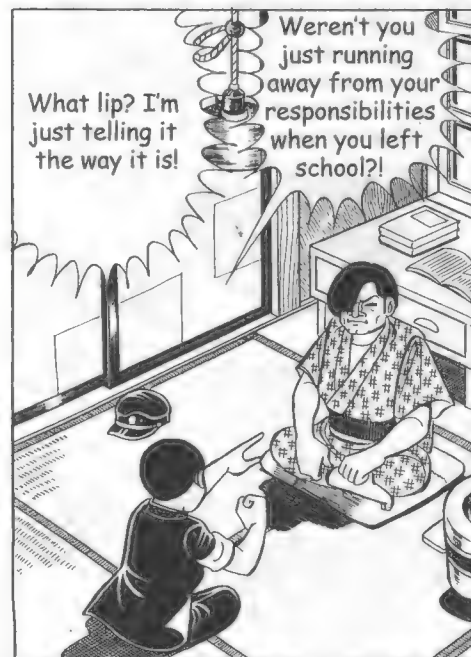
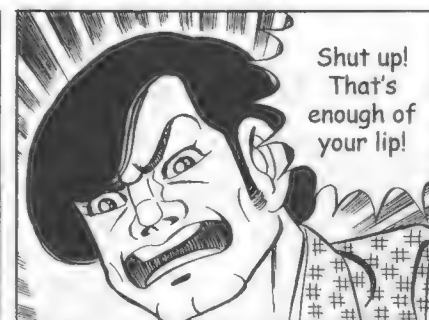
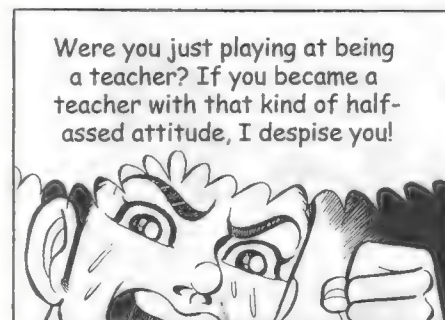
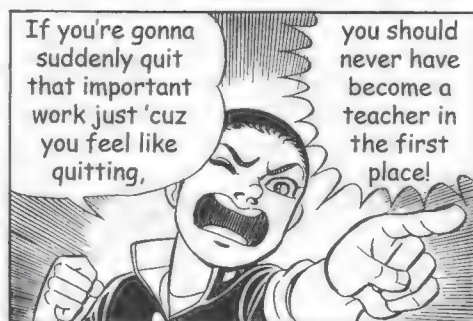
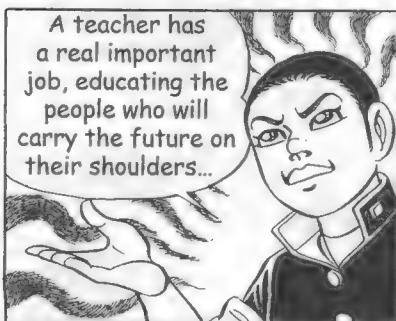
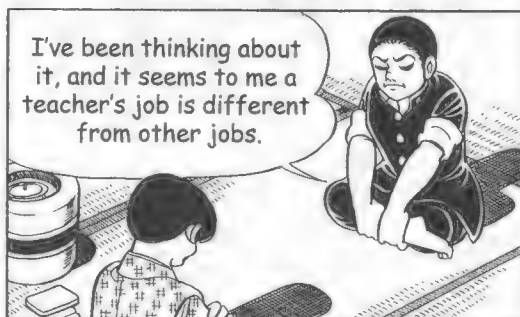
Sign: Fresh Fish

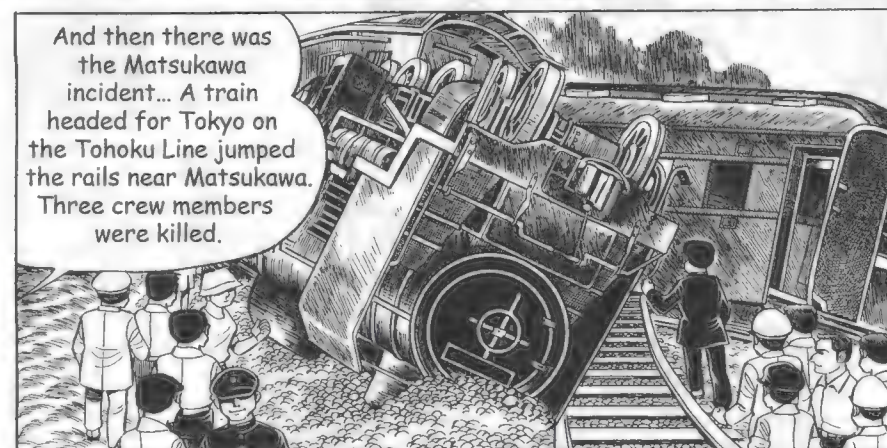
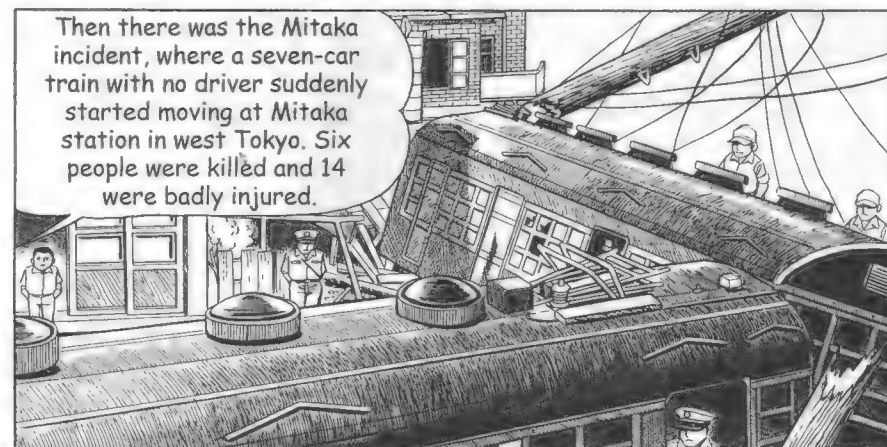
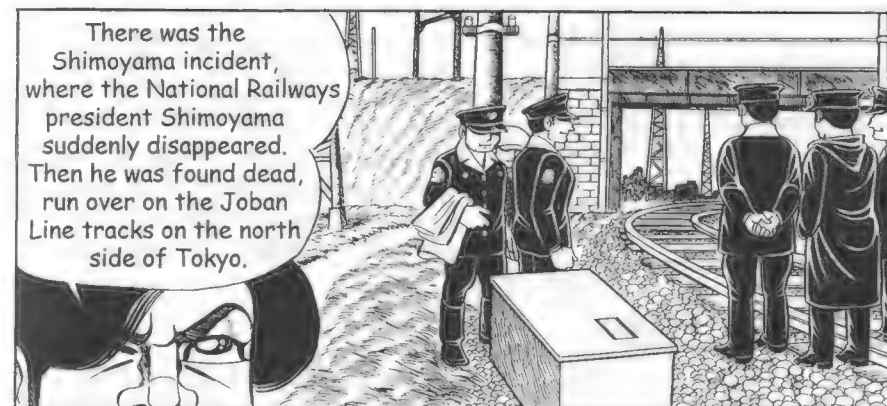
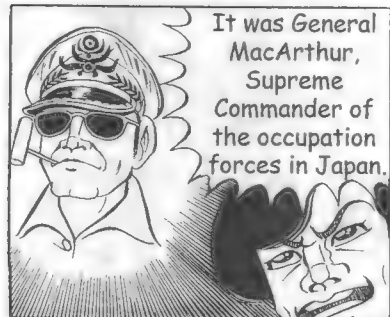
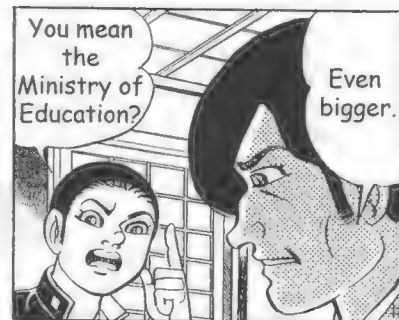
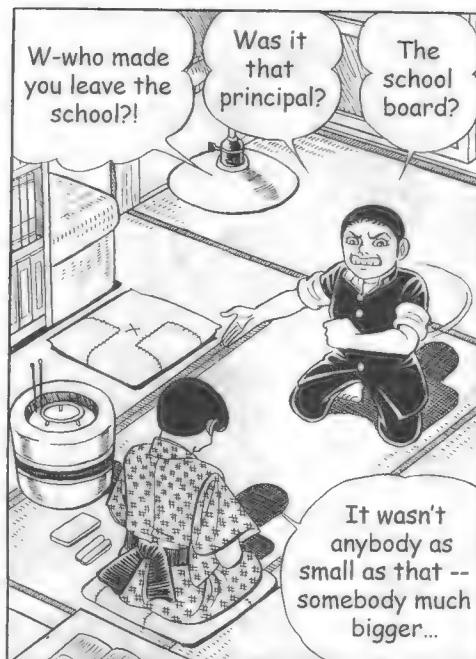


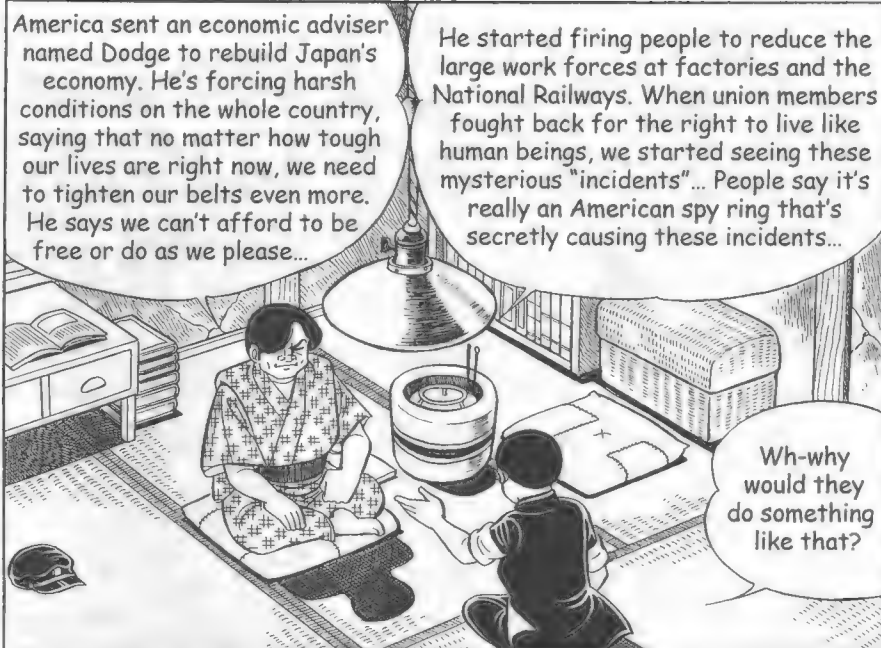


Box: PHILOPON Methamphetamine Hydrochloride









America sent an economic adviser named Dodge to rebuild Japan's economy. He's forcing harsh conditions on the whole country, saying that no matter how tough our lives are right now, we need to tighten our belts even more. He says we can't afford to be free or do as we please...

He started firing people to reduce the large work forces at factories and the National Railways. When union members fought back for the right to live like human beings, we started seeing these mysterious "incidents"... People say it's really an American spy ring that's secretly causing these incidents...

Wh-why would they do something like that?



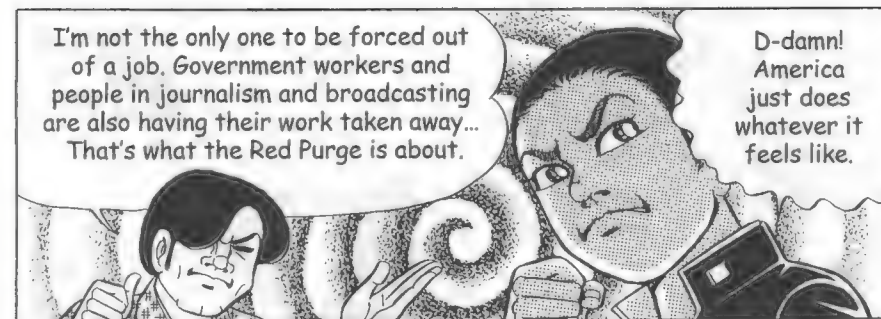
They want the Japanese people to think that labor union activists are all evil Commie Reds who commit sabotage and murder.

America doesn't want too many Japanese to start demanding their proper human rights. That would make it too hard for America to control Japan in ways that suit its own needs...



So for them, people like me who attend peace marches and are active in the labor union are a nuisance.

That's why they made you quit teaching...?!



I'm not the only one to be forced out of a job. Government workers and people in journalism and broadcasting are also having their work taken away... That's what the Red Purge is about.

D-damn! America just does whatever it feels like.

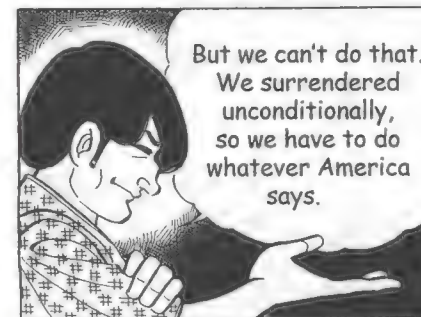


Why would it be so terrible to let Japanese decide for ourselves what's best for Japan?



I had no idea things were like that in Japan even now...

Gen, politics affects everybody. We can't just turn our backs and pretend it has nothing to do with us.

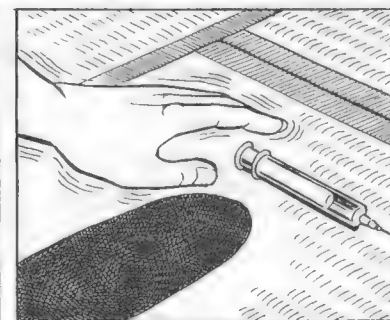
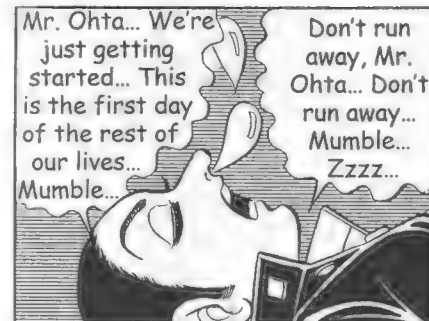


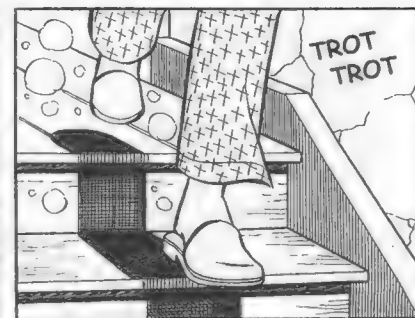
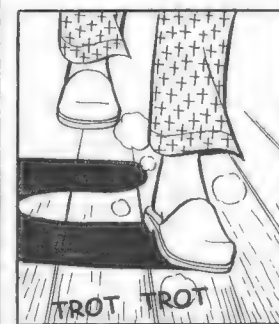
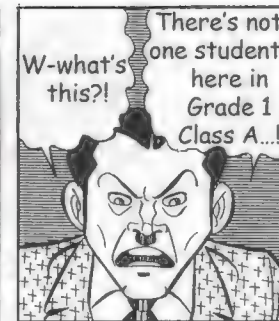
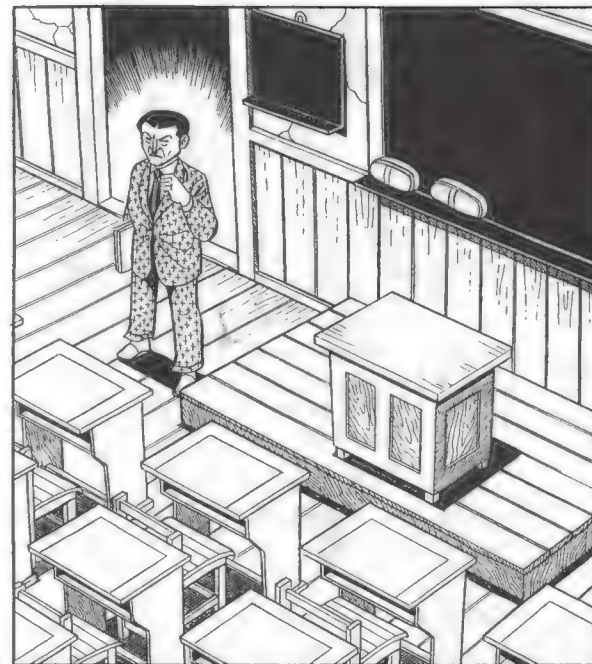
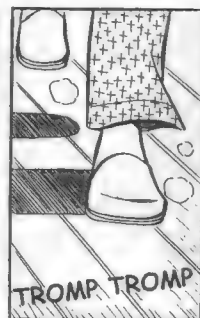
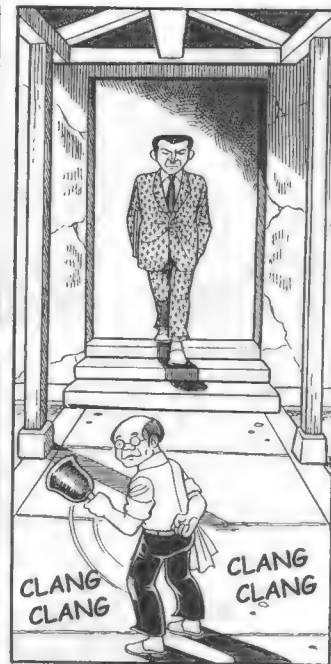
But we can't do that. We surrendered unconditionally, so we have to do whatever America says.



Yawn... Guess I still have a whole lot to learn...

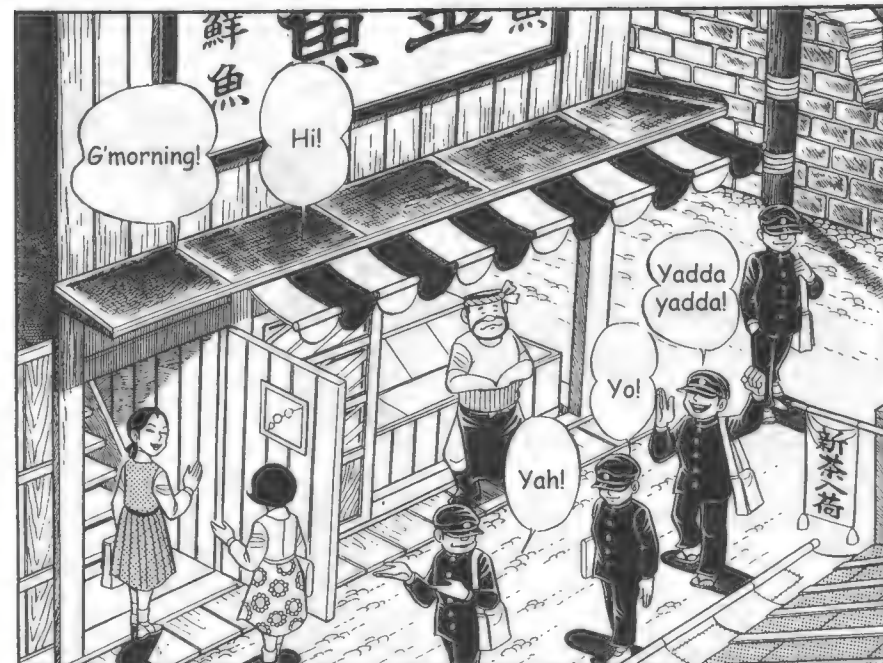
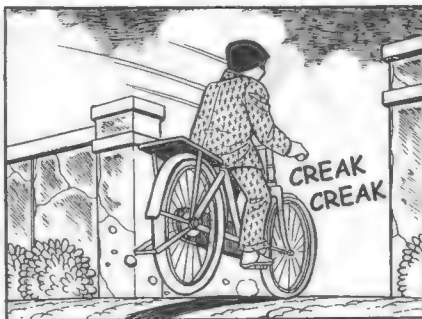
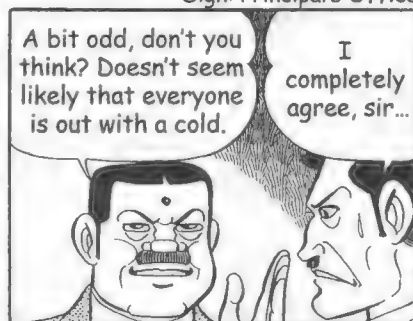




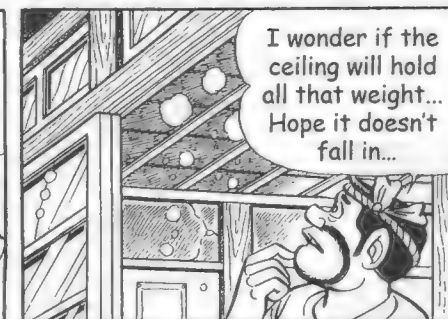
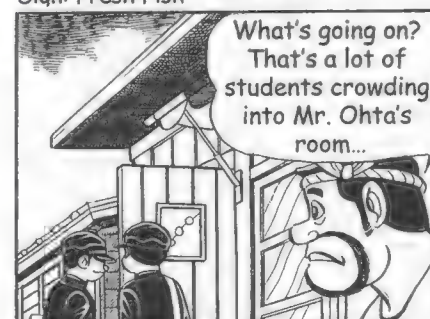




Sign: Principal's Office



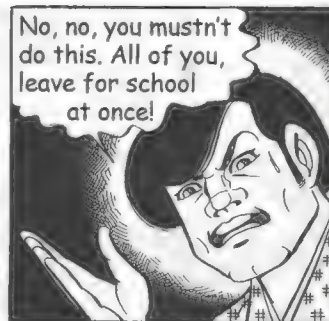
Sign: Fresh Fish



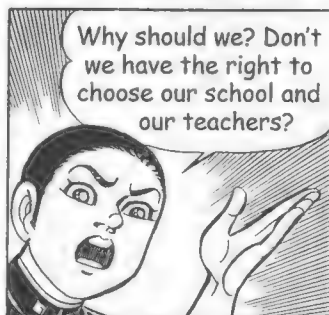


Okay, Mr. Ohta, you can start our lesson now.

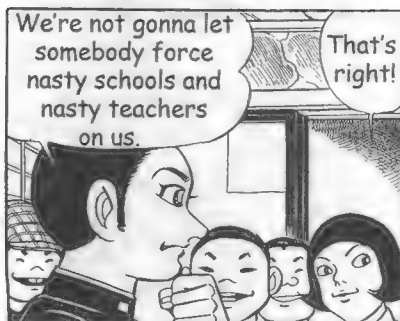
Starting today, this is our school. We all decided.



No, no, you mustn't do this. All of you, leave for school at once!

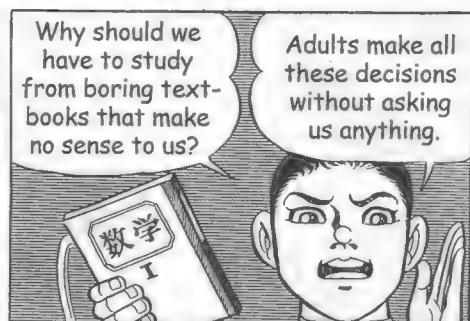


Why should we? Don't we have the right to choose our school and our teachers?



We're not gonna let somebody force nasty schools and nasty teachers on us.

That's right!



Why should we have to study from boring text-books that make no sense to us?

Adults make all these decisions without asking us anything.

Title: Mathematics I

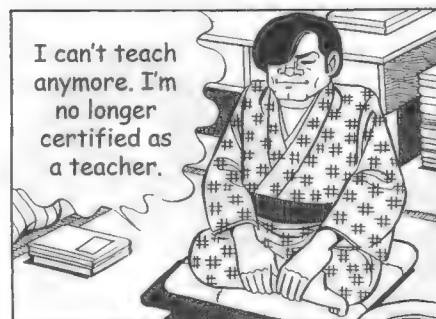


Listening to your lectures is way more fun, and we even learn something!

Yeah!

He's right, Mr. Ohta.

Please hurry up and start the lesson, Mr. Ohta!



I can't teach anymore. I'm no longer certified as a teacher.



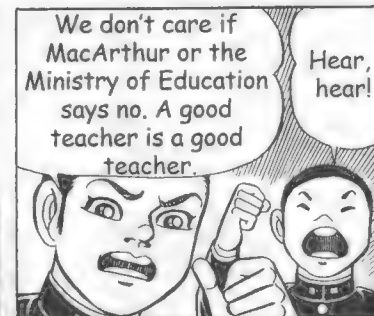
So what? Mr. Ohta, you think we care if you're certified or not?



As far as we're concerned, you're a real teacher. So we're asking you to teach us.

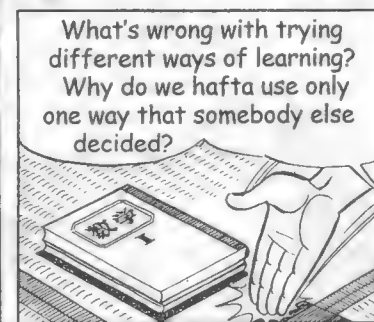
Yeah!

Damn right!



We don't care if MacArthur or the Ministry of Education says no. A good teacher is a good teacher.

Hear, hear!

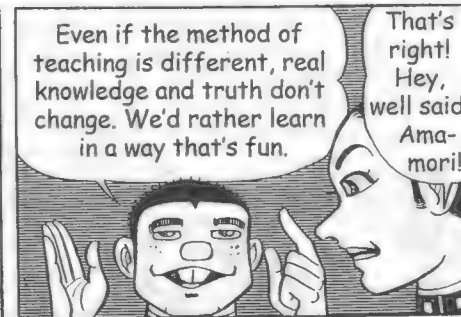


What's wrong with trying different ways of learning? Why do we hafta use only one way that somebody else decided?



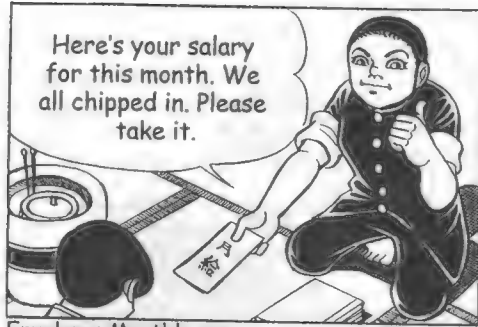
Yeah. I always thought that was weird.

Me, too.

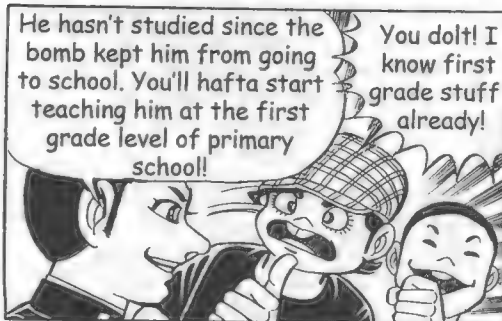
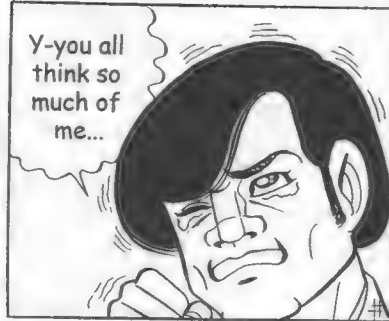


Even if the method of teaching is different, real knowledge and truth don't change. We'd rather learn in a way that's fun.

That's right! Hey, well said, Ama-mori!



Envelope: Monthly pay



You dolt! I know first grade stuff already!



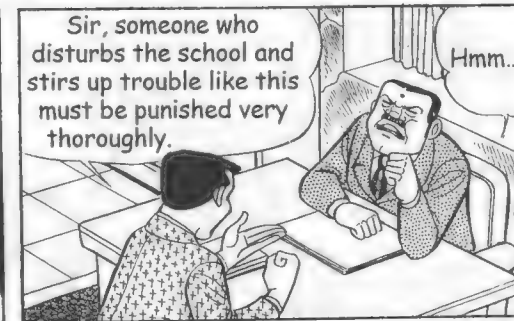
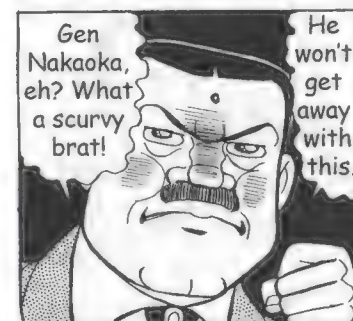
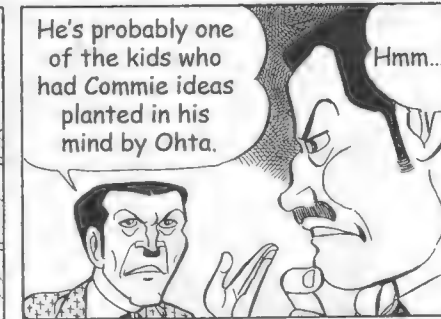
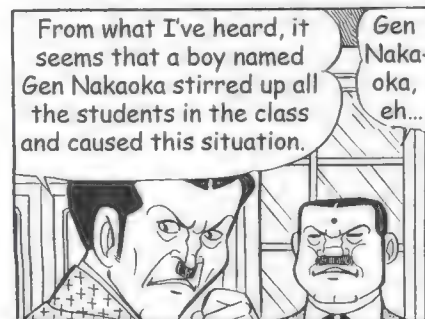
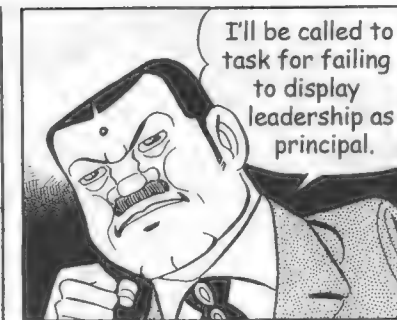
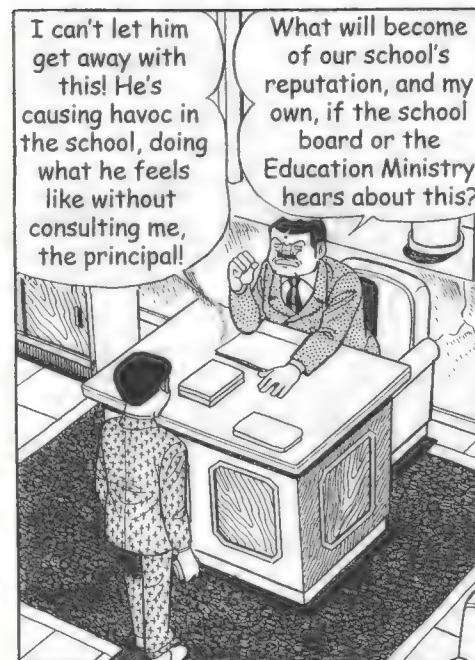
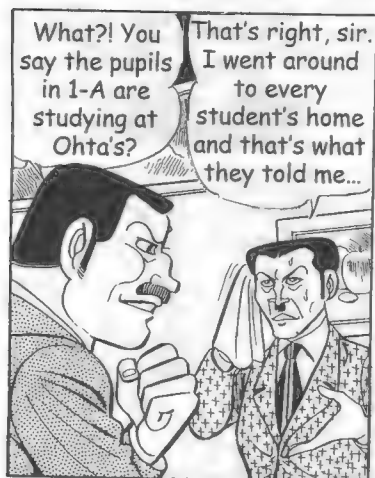
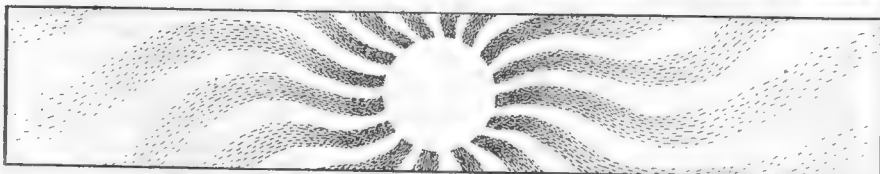
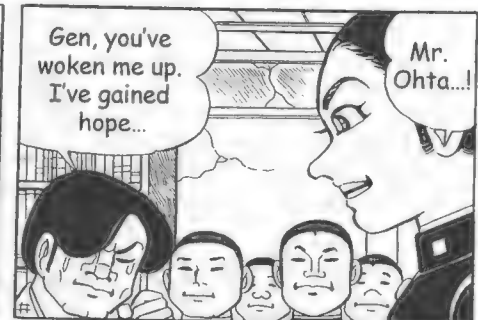
Cradled by the green Chugoku Mountains, the pure waters of the Ohta River carried earth and sand downstream, forming sand bars that divided it into seven rivers flowing into the Inland Sea. By and by, this became the glorious city of Hiroshima!

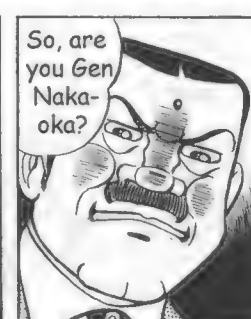
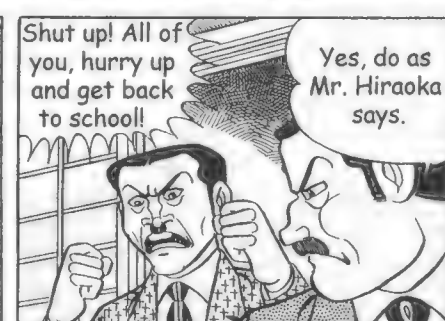
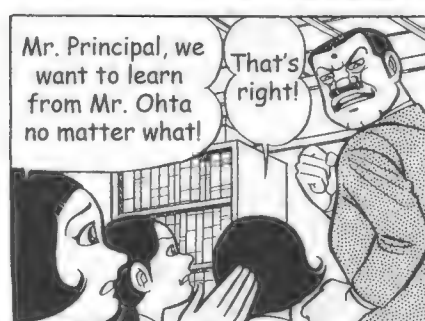
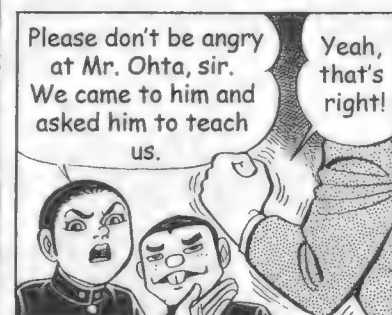
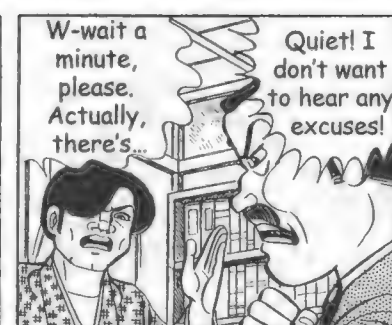
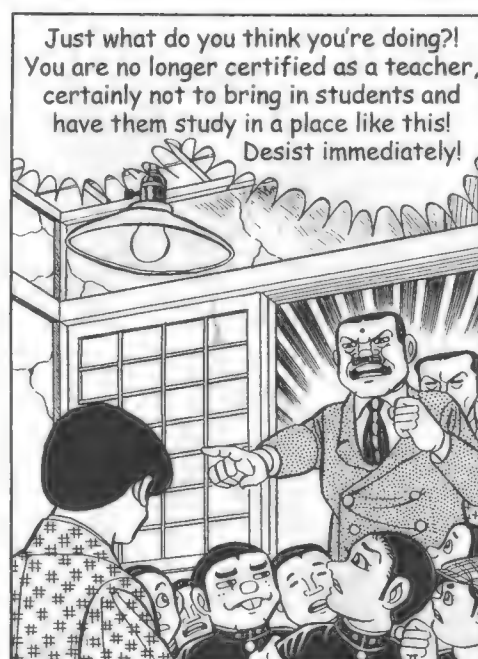
I popped out of my Mama in the Hatchobori district of Hiroshima, and had my first bath in one of the seven rivers. My parents adored me; they were always cooing, "Ryuta, Ryuta!"

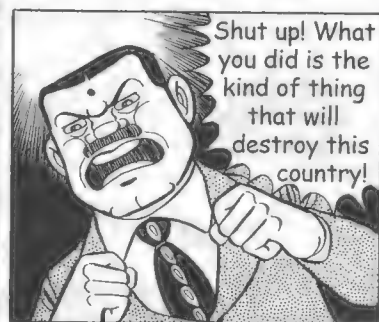


Then the bomb flashed and went bang! In that instant I dropped from heaven to hell. Ah, but today, brave Ryuta Kondo is heading out yet again, undaunted by the wind and snow...

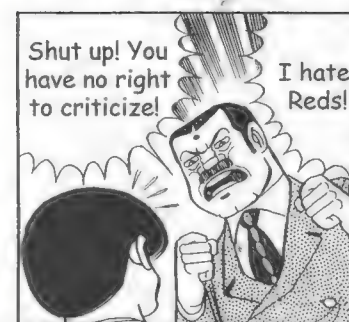
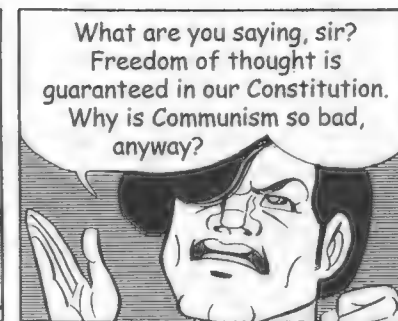








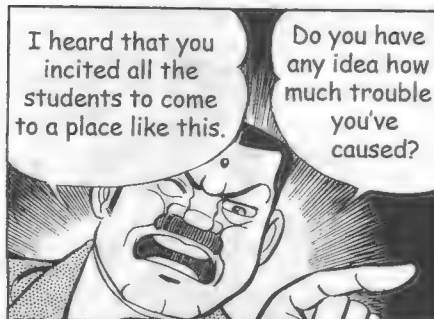
They're nasty people who mess up the world, always disobeying rules and rebelling!



I hate Reds!



We're just doing what we need to improve ourselves!



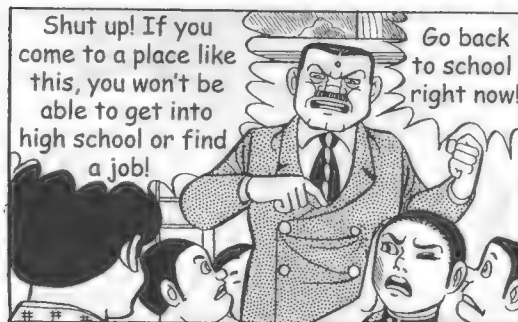
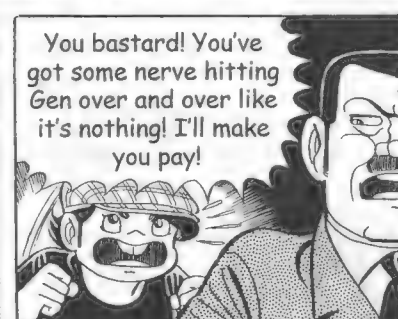
Do you have any idea how much trouble you've caused?



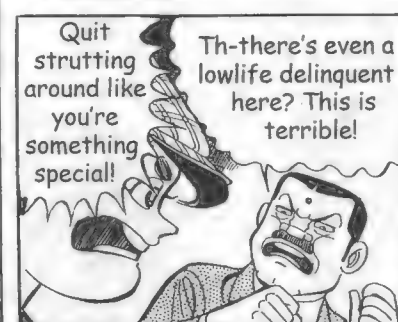
No, he didn't. We thought of it ourselves!



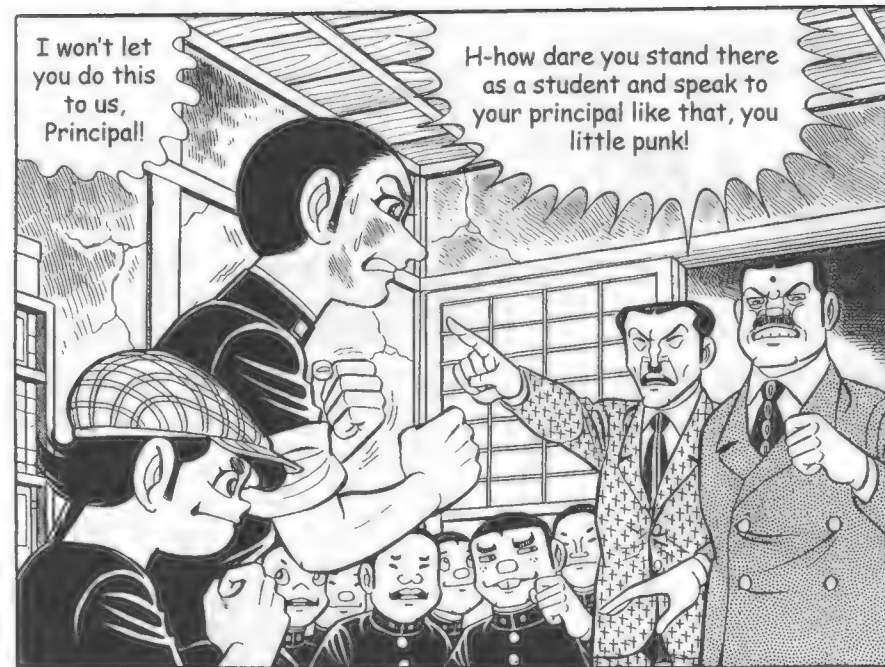
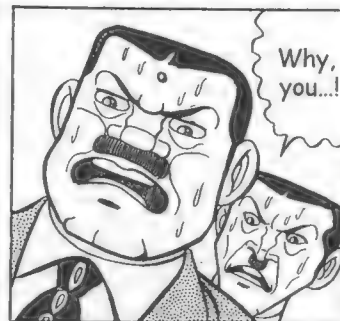
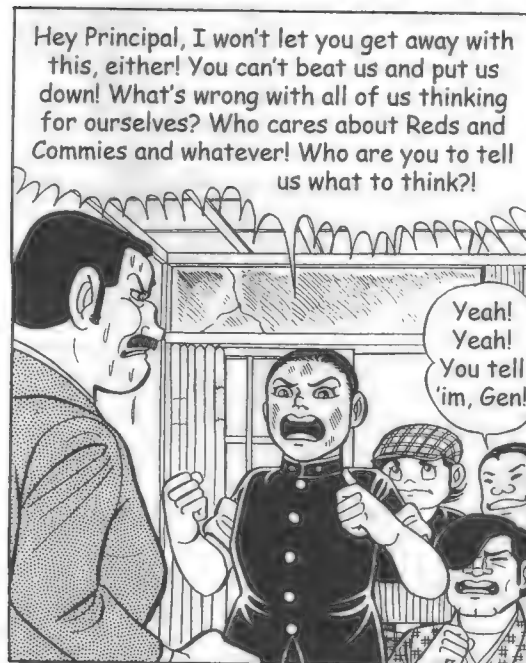
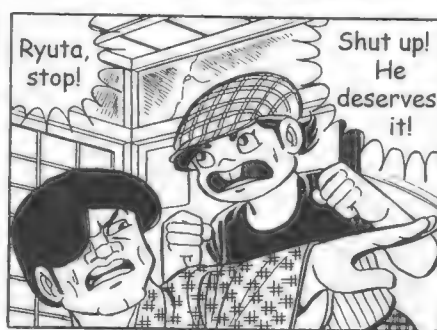
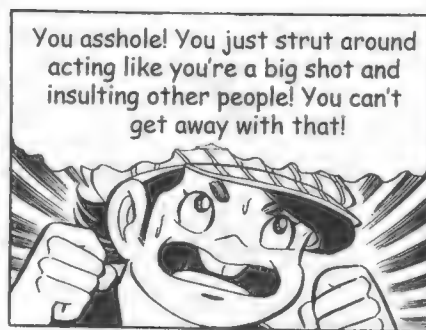
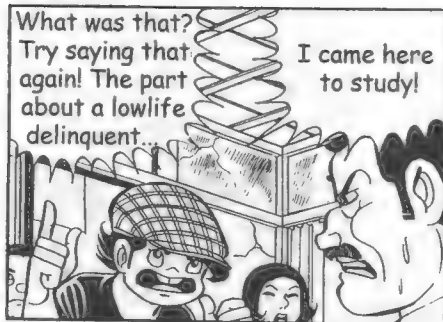
That's because they're always complaining and demanding their rights!

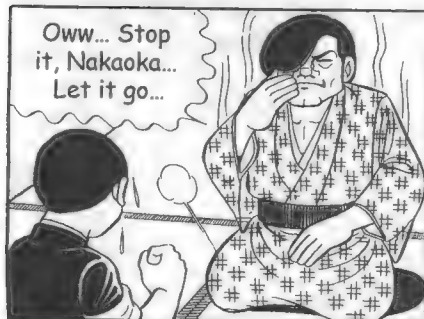
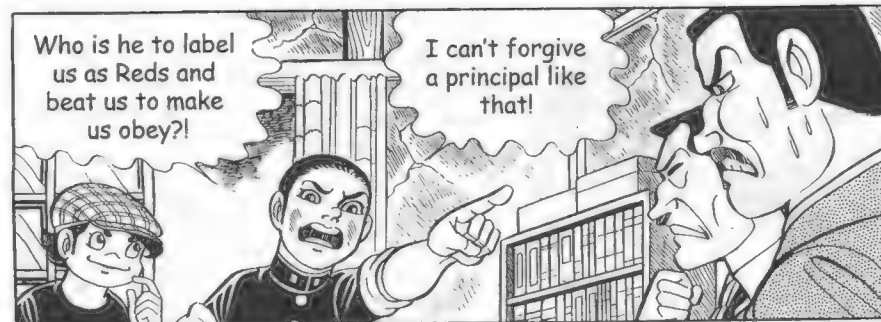


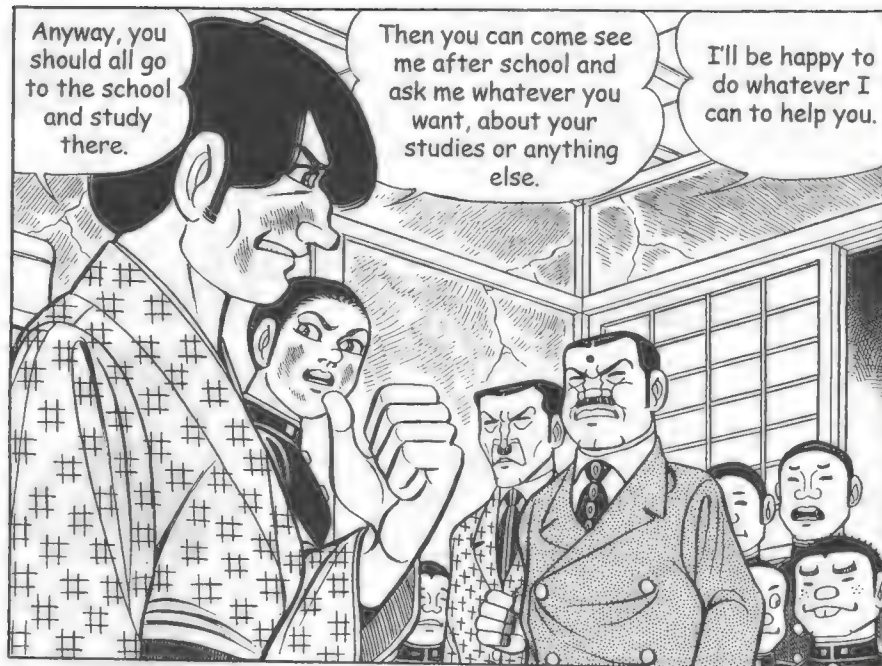
Go back to school right now!



Th-there's even a lowlife delinquent here? This is terrible!







Anyway, you should all go to the school and study there.

Then you can come see me after school and ask me whatever you want, about your studies or anything else.

I'll be happy to do whatever I can to help you.



Do you understand?

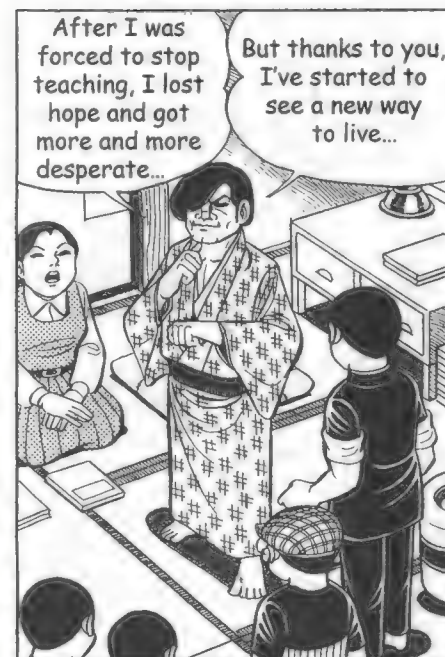
I'll never forget your kind feelings toward me as long as I live. Thank you so much.



Nakaoka, your punch woke me up...



W-what do you mean?



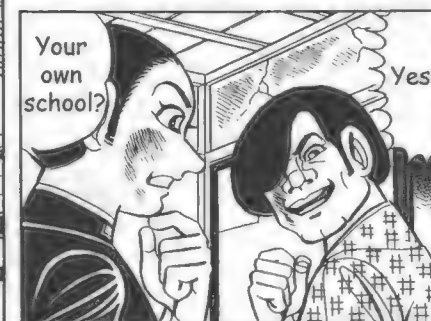
After I was forced to stop teaching, I lost hope and got more and more desperate...

But thanks to you, I've started to see a new way to live...



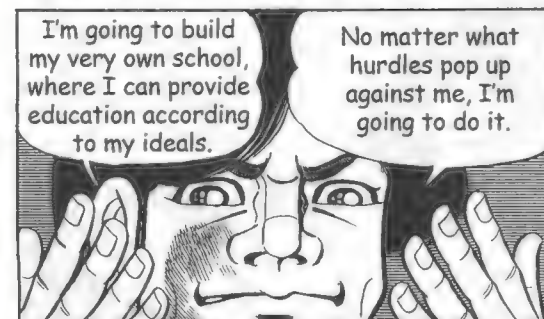
I've found hope!

I'm going to start my own school!



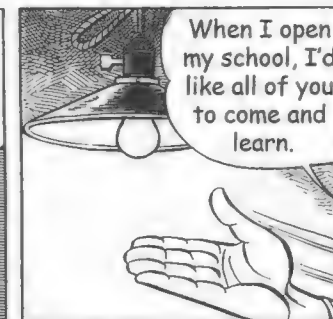
Your own school?

Yes!



I'm going to build my very own school, where I can provide education according to my ideals.

No matter what hurdles pop up against me, I'm going to do it.



When I open my school, I'd like all of you to come and learn.



Wow, that's great! I'd be happy to go to your school, Mr. Ohta!

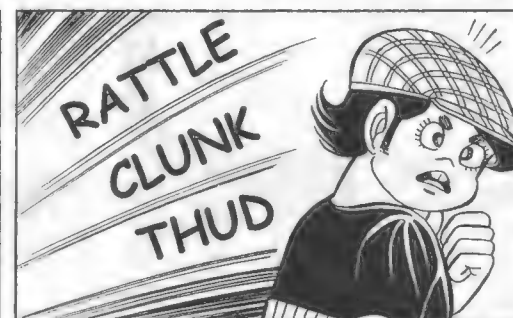
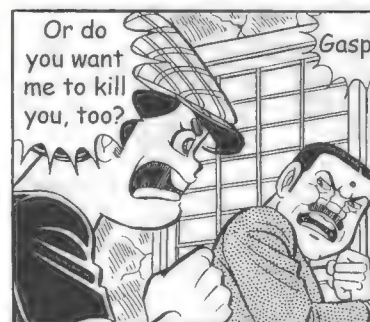
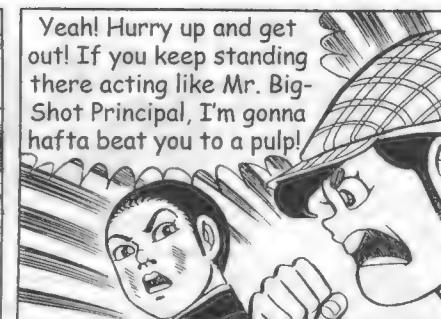
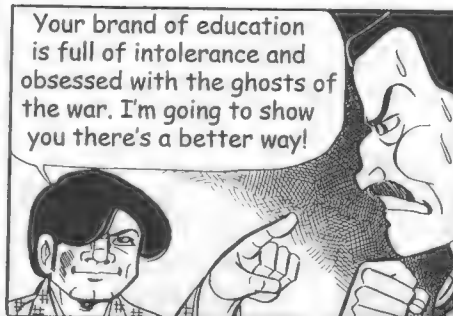
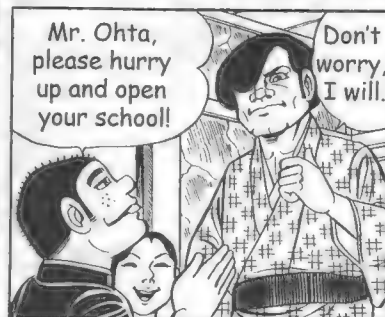
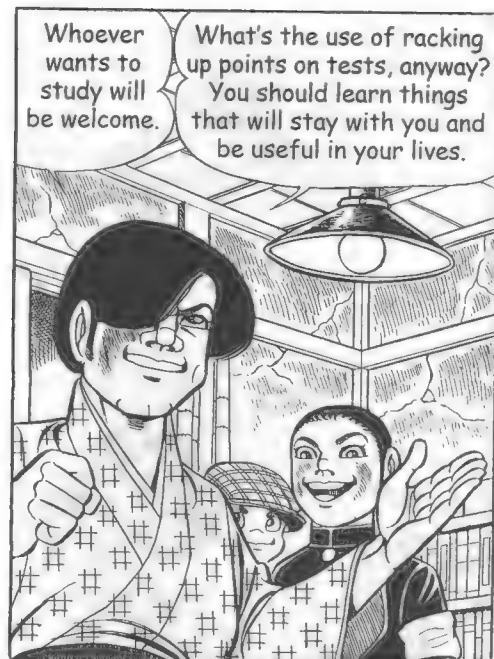
Me too!

Same here!



Mr. Ohta, will the entrance exam be very difficult?

We won't need any entrance exams!





Moan

Groan



Ha ha ha!
You musta
been in a
real hurry!

You fell
downstairs
and got all
mussed
up.



Serves
you
right!

D-damn
you!



You're saying all
kinds of grand
things, Mr. Ohta,
but are you really
speaking from
your heart?

If you're
not, I'm
gonna beat
you up too!



Ryuta, don't
talk like that
to Mr. Ohta.

Gen, I don't
trust people
who say fine
things they
don't mean.



Because of the
bomb... that
atomic bomb...
we were left all
alone.



Mr. Ohta,
we're all
counting on
you to do
your best!

Yeah, Mr.
Ohta, you
gotta go
for it! Don't
give up!

Thank
you,
every-
one.



I won't let
them
defeat me.

I won't give in
to American
pressure.

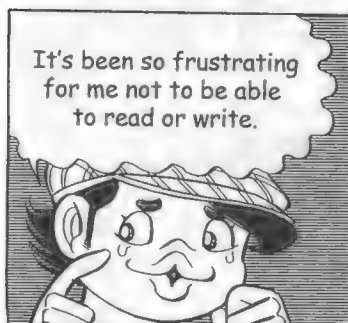
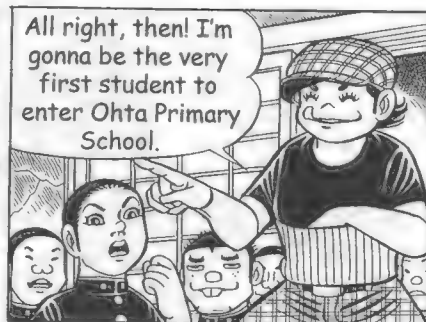
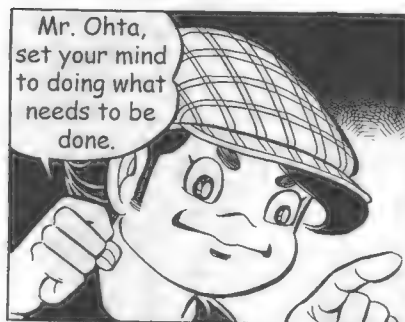
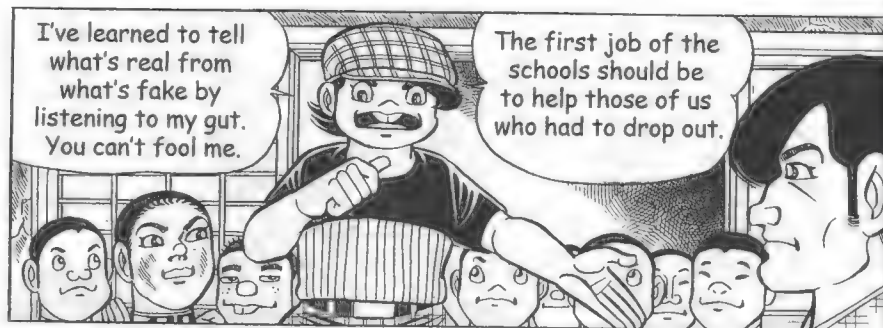
I won't let the
U.S. turn Japan
into its puppet.

I won't let Japan
get dragged into
war again.



We wandered around
in the ruins of our city.
We couldn't go to
school. It took all our
strength just to stay
alive...

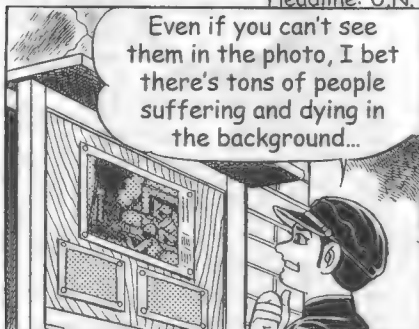
Those people who
make all those
hifalutin speeches --
did they ever lift a
hand to help us?



Sign: Uokane Fresh Fish



Headline: U.N. Forces Launch Fierce Counterattack in Korea

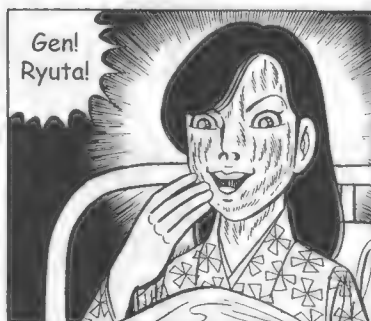




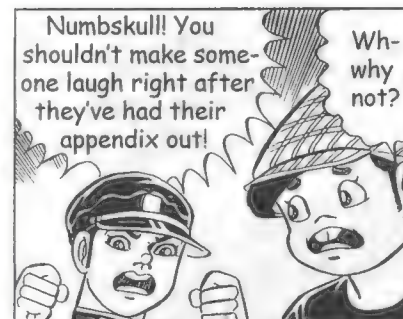
Sign: Yamanaka Hospital



Boo!



Gen!
Ryuta!



Numbskull! You shouldn't make someone laugh right after they've had their appendix out!

Wh-why not?



'Cuz when they laugh, it makes their stitches hurt.

Oops, sorry, sorry!



So you should be able to go home soon, right, Natsue?

Katsuko misses you. Come home quick, okay?

.....



How are you feeling, Natsue? We thought we'd pay you a visit.

Heh heh! Appendicitis isn't such a big deal, is it!

Y-yeah. Thanks for coming.



Won't you buy my flowers, la-la-la...!*



Giggle!



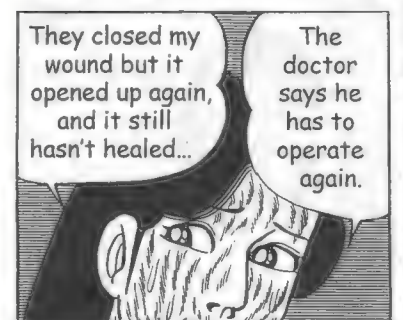
It doesn't look like I'll be able to leave the hospital yet, Gen...

Wh-why not?



What? Another operation?!

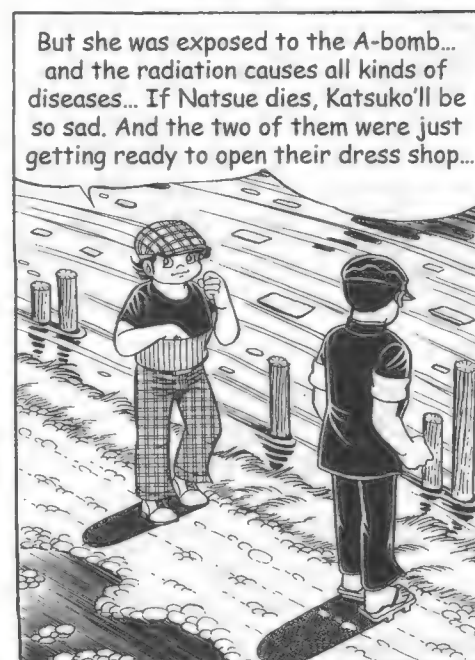
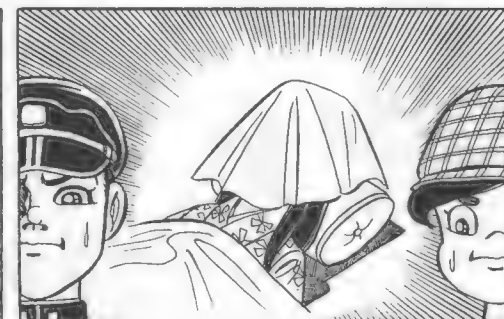
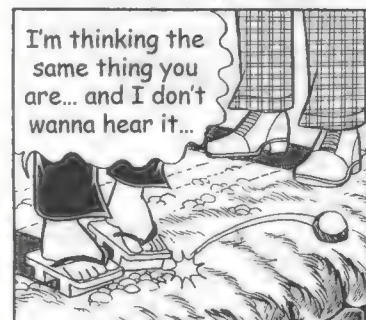
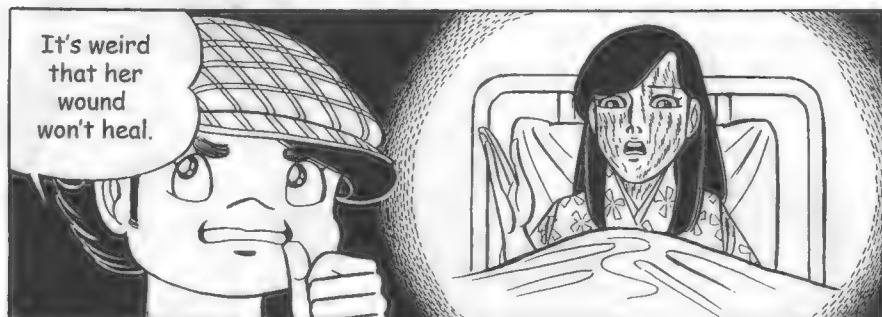
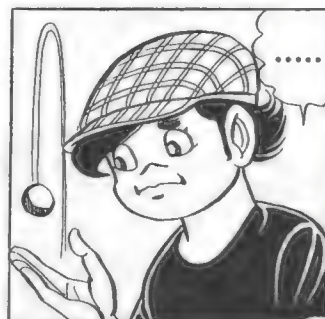
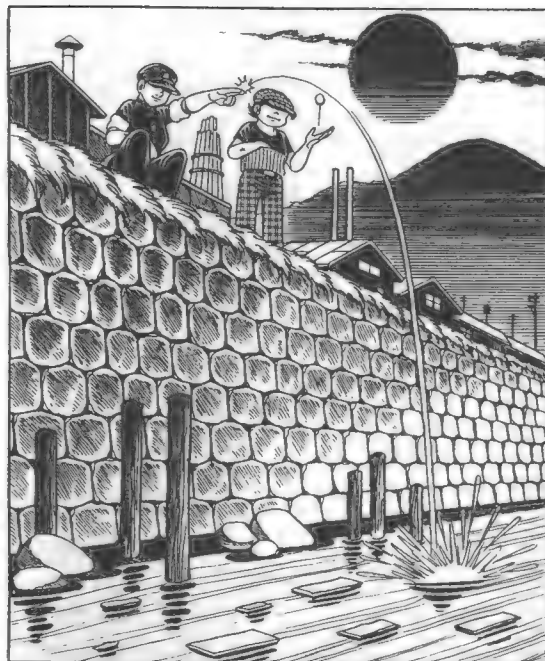
Gen, I'm scared. I don't know what's going to happen...

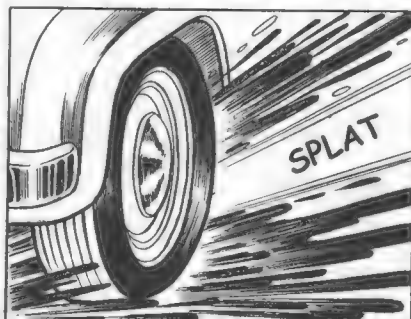


They closed my wound but it opened up again, and it still hasn't healed...

The doctor says he has to operate again.









Signpost: Hondori Shopping District



Hee hee! Go ahead and eat up, Gen. Eat your fill!



The only way to chase away the blues is to eat good food!

Whoa, Ryuta! Are you sure you can afford this?



We're eating real expensive food in a real fancy place...

I don't have any money, you know.



Relax, relax. I'm good at business and I'm making money!

Y-you sure? If you come up short, you're on your own!



CHOMP



Ha ha ha! Well, if we really have to, we could always skip out without paying.



FWAH!



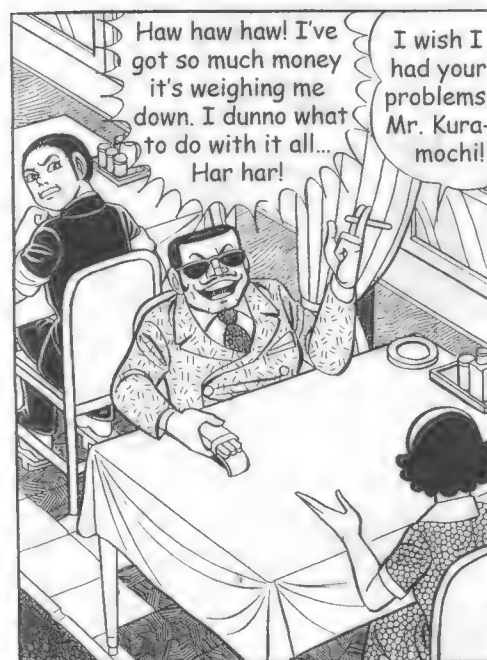
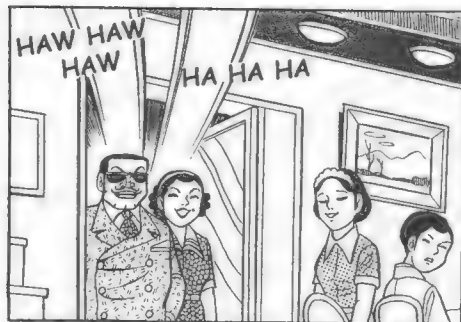
S-skip out?!

Hee hee! Joke, joke!



Look, I've got lotsa cash. Relax, Gen!

Don't scare me like that!





Ha ha ha!
My time
has come
at last!

I feel great!
Ha ha ha!



Eh?

Oh!



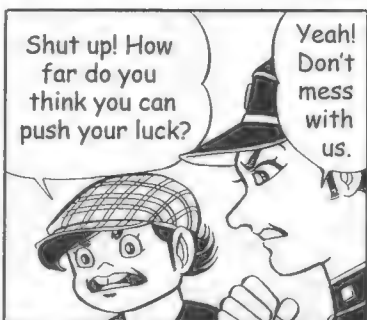
Hey, you old fart.
We don't feel
great at all.
We feel mad.

You weren't
very nice to
us back
there.



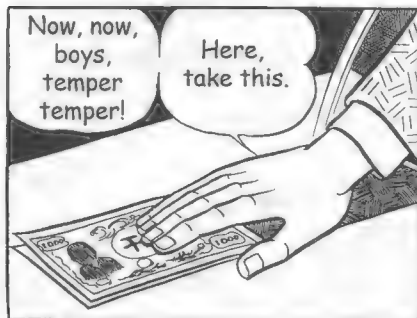
Ha ha!
Aren't you
those sewer
rats we ran
into a little
while ago?

Hey,
there's
no need
to be
upset.



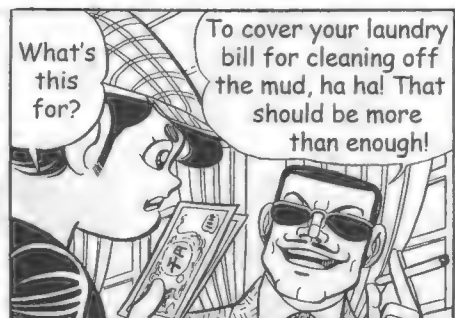
Shut up! How
far do you
think you can
push your luck?

Yeah!
Don't
mess
with
us.



Now, now,
boys,
temper
temper!

Here,
take this.

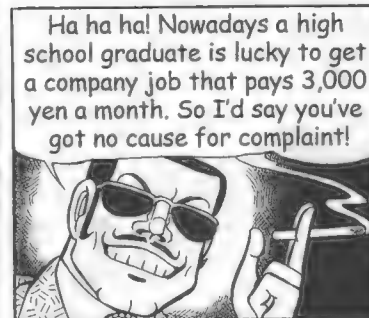


What's
this
for?

To cover your laundry
bill for cleaning off
the mud, ha ha! That
should be more
than enough!



Whoa,
2,000
yen?!



Ha ha ha! Nowadays a high
school graduate is lucky to get
a company job that pays 3,000
yen a month. So I'd say you've
got no cause for complaint!



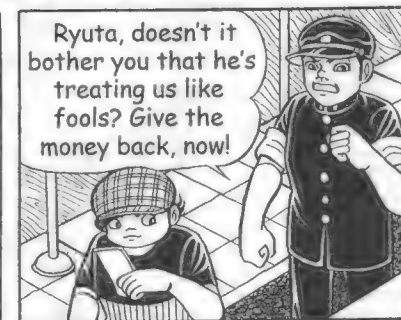
My, my!
2,000,
eh?



Heh heh! Look, Gen,
we made some easy
money! I say we
let bygones be
bygones!

You idiot!
Give that
money
back!

Are you still
whining? Go on,
get out of my
sight. You're
spoiling my view.



Ryuta, doesn't it
bother you that he's
treating us like
fools? Give the
money back, now!



I hate people who
try to have their
way by waving
money around.

Easy,
easy!



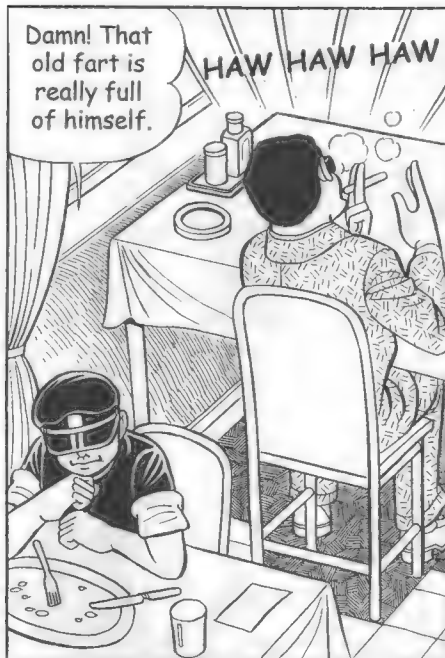
Don't be
so hard-
headed,
Gen.

What's
ours is
ours, and
what's his
is ours,
too!



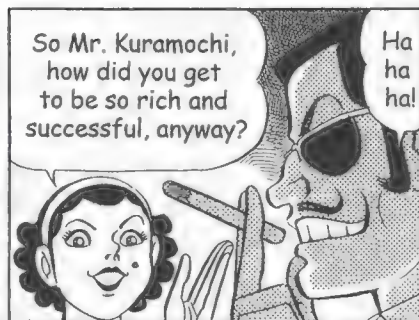
We're better
off if we just
use this to
order more
tasty food.

Y-you
idiot...



Damn! That old fart is really full of himself.

HAW HAW HAW



So Mr. Kuramochi, how did you get to be so rich and successful, anyway?

Ha ha ha!



.....

.....



Ho ho ho! I owe it all to the war!

The war?



Yeah. Right next door in Korea, they've got a full-throttle, bang-up war going on as we speak, right?

So?



So where d'you think America buys the bullets and weapons and equipment it uses in that war? Right here in Japan!

And when those orders pour in, so does the money...



They couldn't have started the Korean War at a better time. I was sitting on a pile of scrap iron...



Once the war started, that scrap iron started fetching prices dozens of times higher than before. It takes a lot of iron to make weapons.



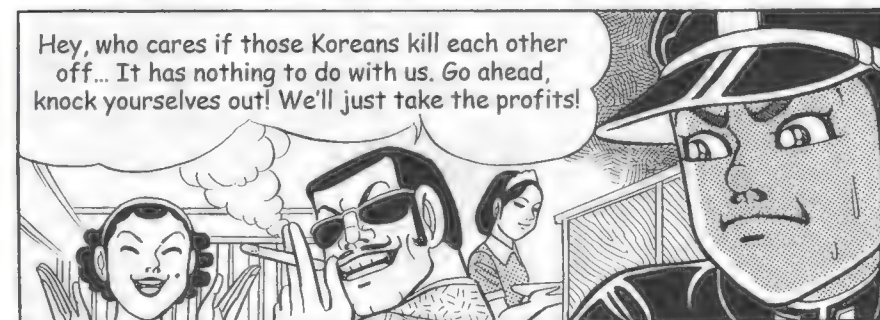
When iron supplies got tight in Japan, I was able to sell my hoard for a very pretty price!

So that's how you did it!

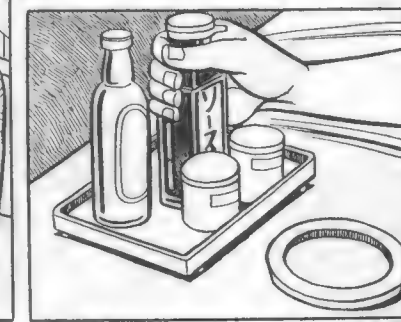
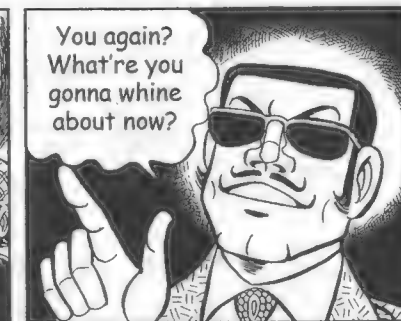
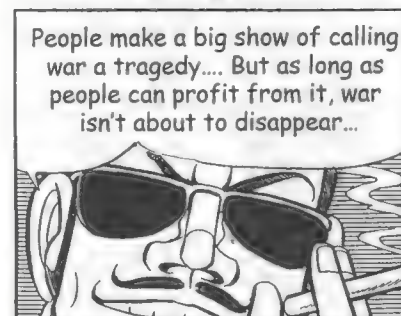


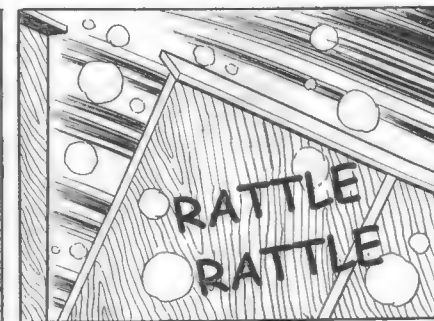
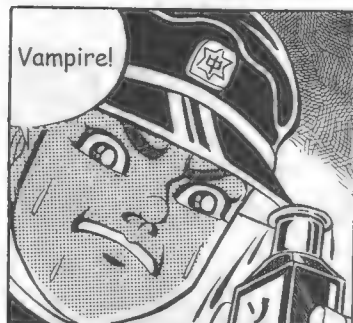
Yep, the Korean War has been a blessing for me. And not only me. It's helped people all over Japan.

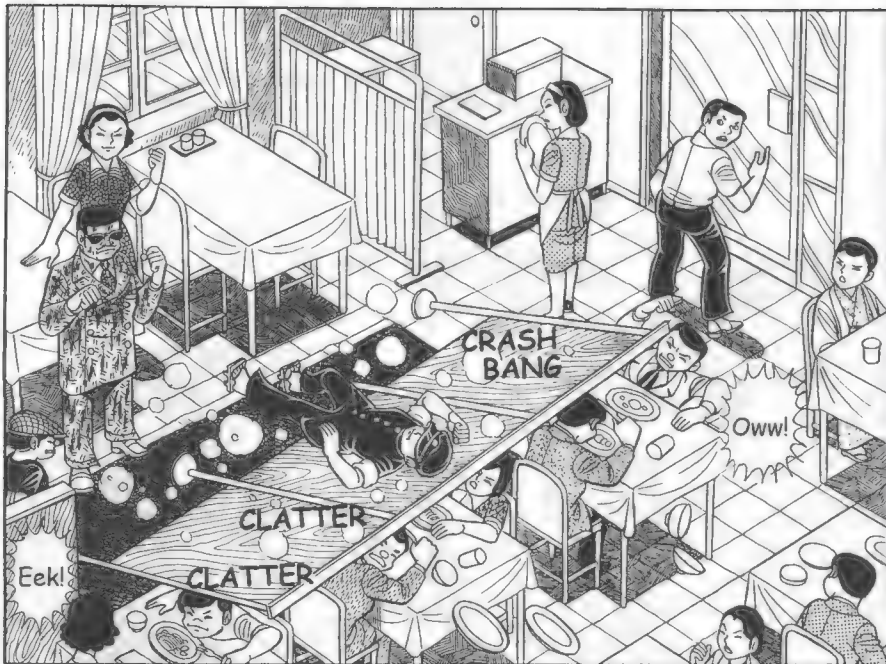
People who had no job can get work at munitions factories now. All kinds of industries saw business pick up. Everyone's raking it in...



Hey, who cares if those Koreans kill each other off... It has nothing to do with us. Go ahead, knock yourselves out! We'll just take the profits!







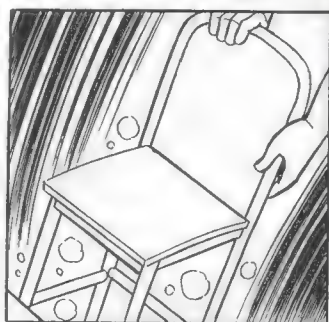


Take that, punk! And that!

BIFF BAM



G-Gen!!



You swine! Who said you could hurt my friend?!

WHOMP

Ack!!



Come on, Mr. Kuramochi! You can't let a little kid beat you up!



Shut up! Quit your screeching!

You gold-digging sleaze-bag!

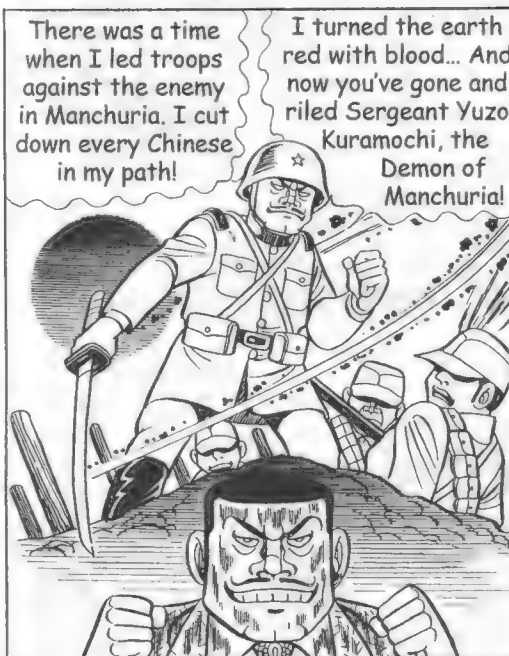
Eek!



Urkl!



Grrrr! Now you've made me mad.



There was a time when I led troops against the enemy in Manchuria. I cut down every Chinese in my path!

I turned the earth red with blood... And now you've gone and riled Sergeant Yuzo Kuramochi, the Demon of Manchuria!



This is what happens when you do that...

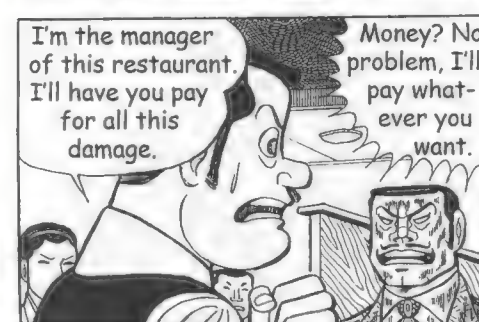
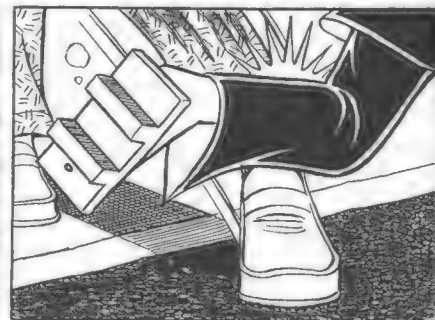
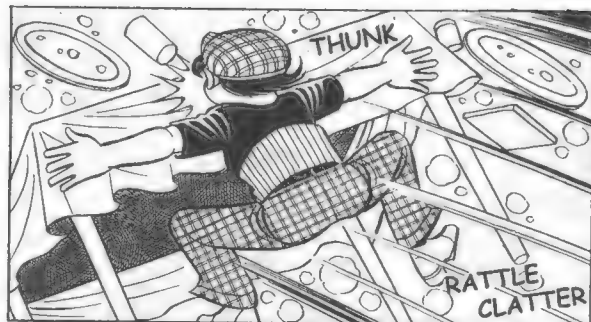


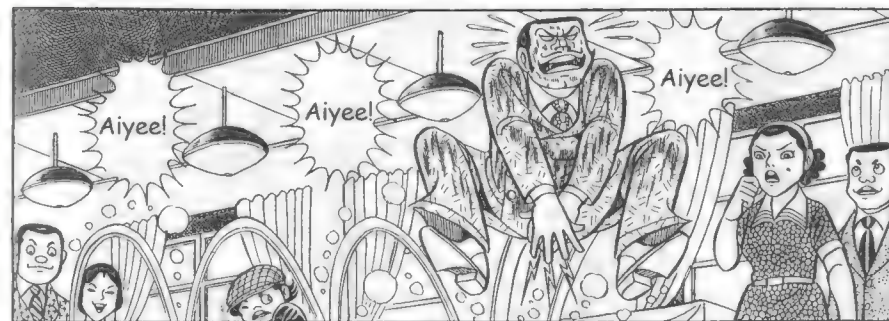
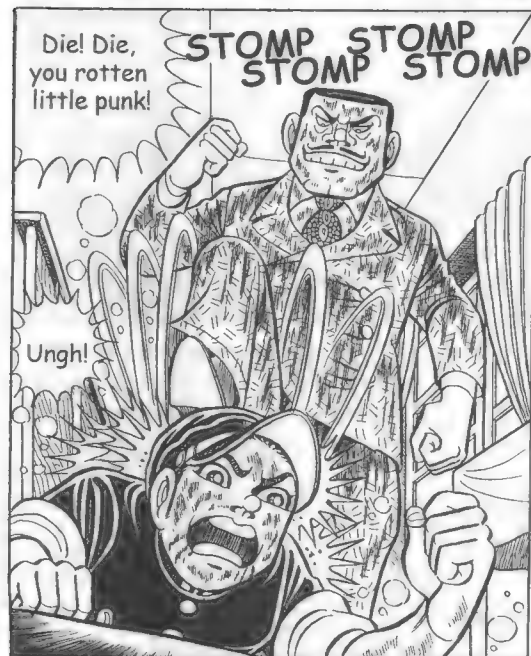
Gasp!

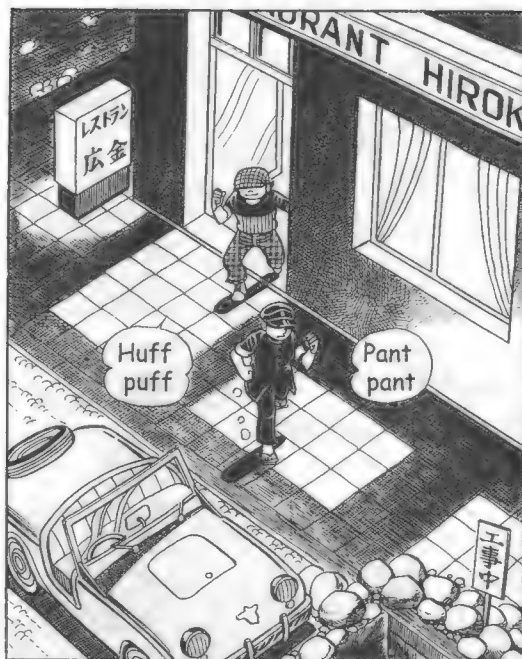


WHIRL

SPIN

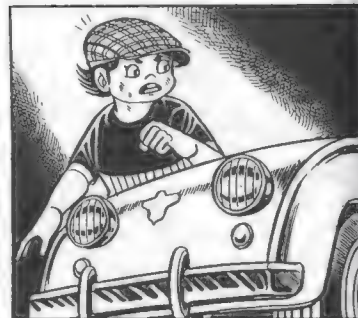






Huff
puff

Pant
pant



Hey, this is
that scumbag's
foreign car!



Sign over rocks: Under Construction

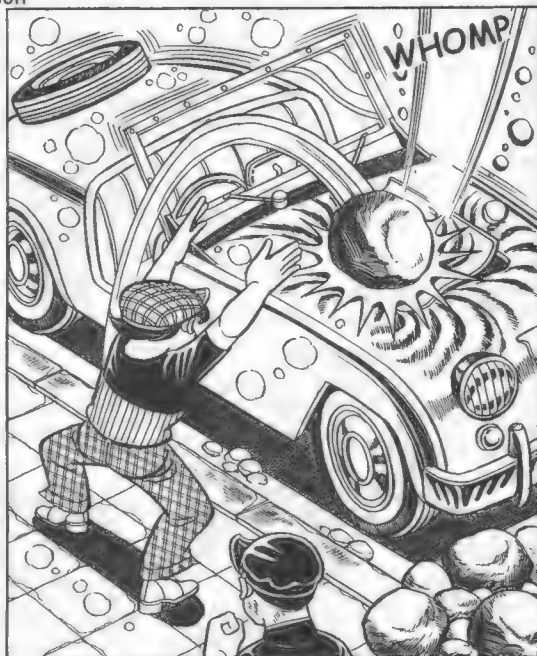


Might as
well even
up the
score...



OOF!

GRUNT



WHOMP



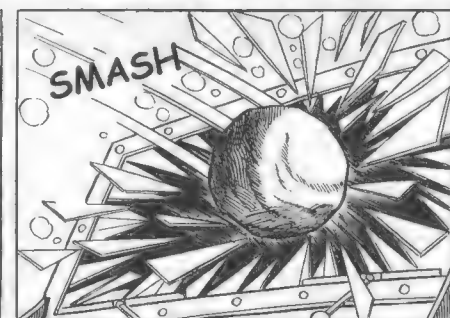
Ha ha ha!
That'll
teach you!



Your
turn,
Gen!



You
fool!



SMASH



Idiot!

WHAM
CRUNCH

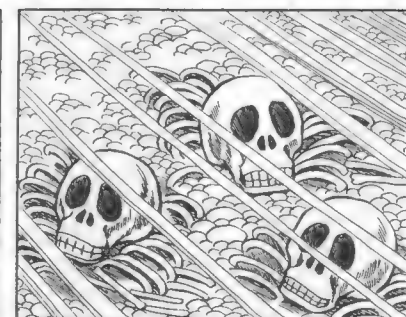
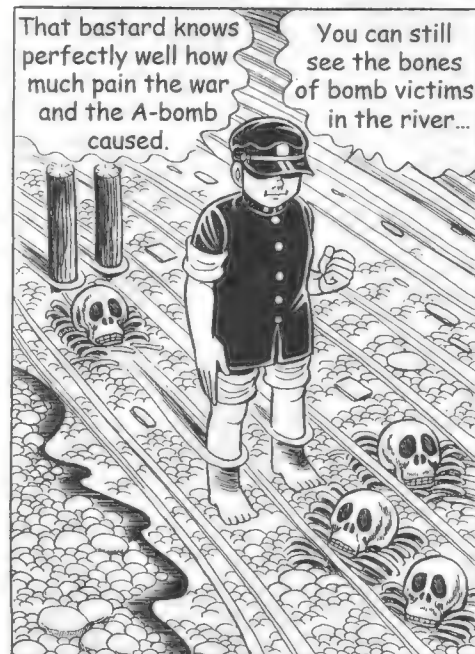
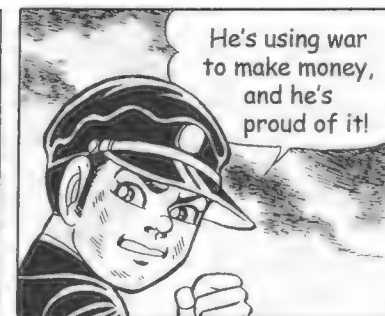
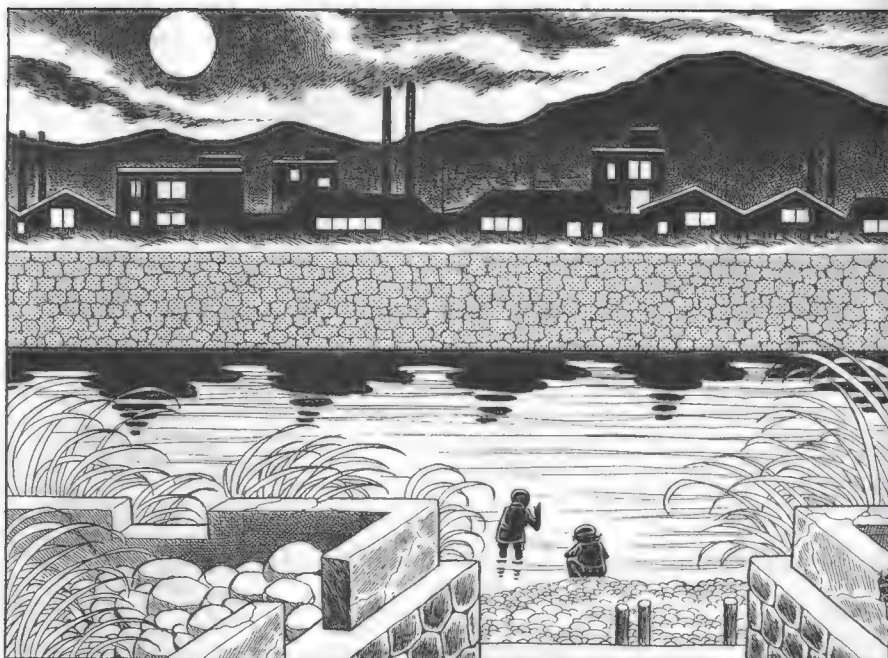


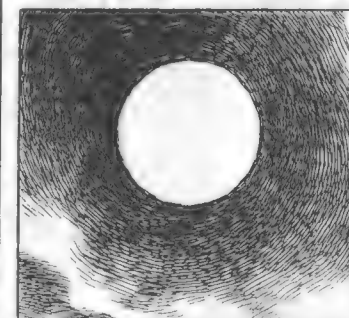
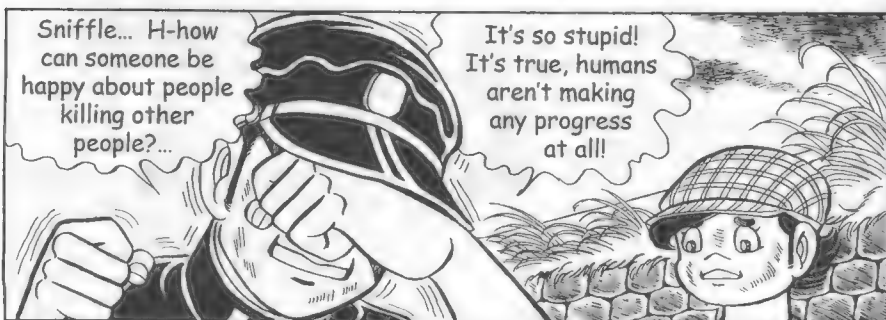
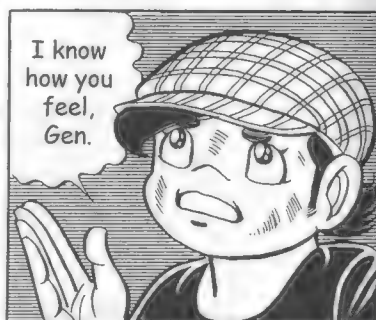
Pant
pant...

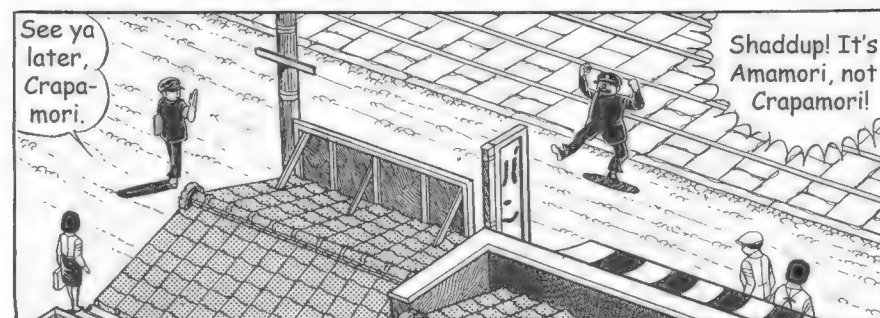
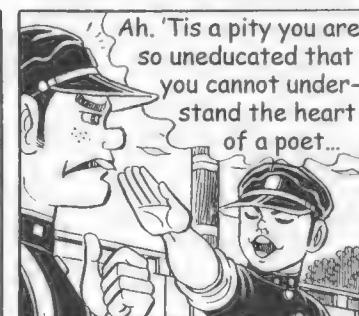
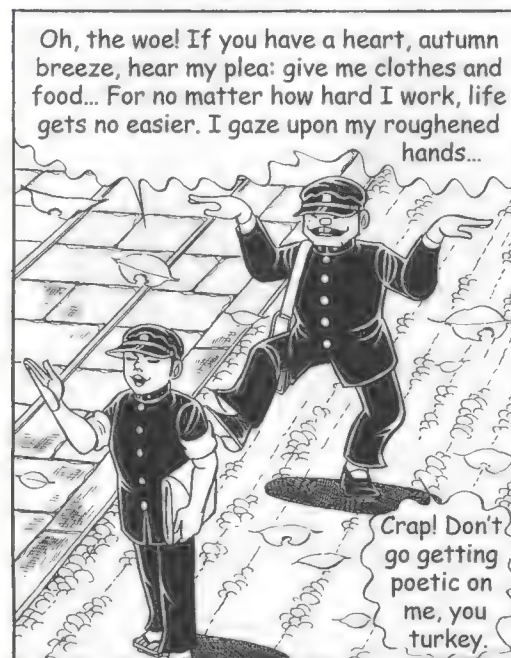
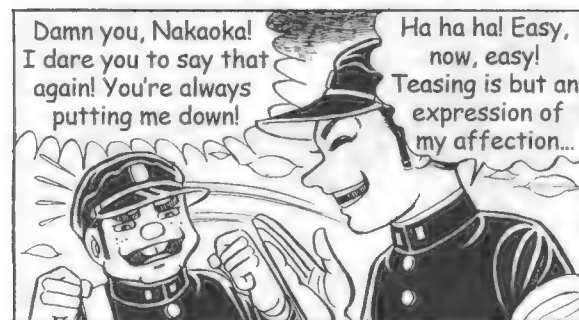
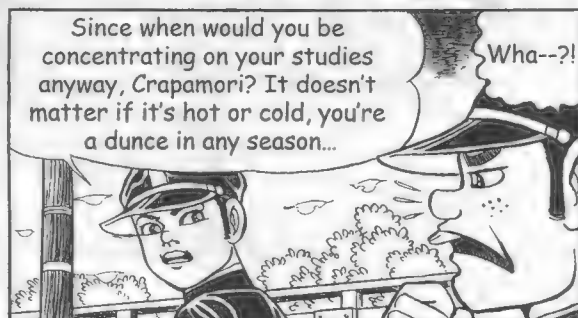
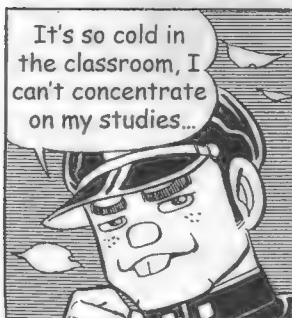
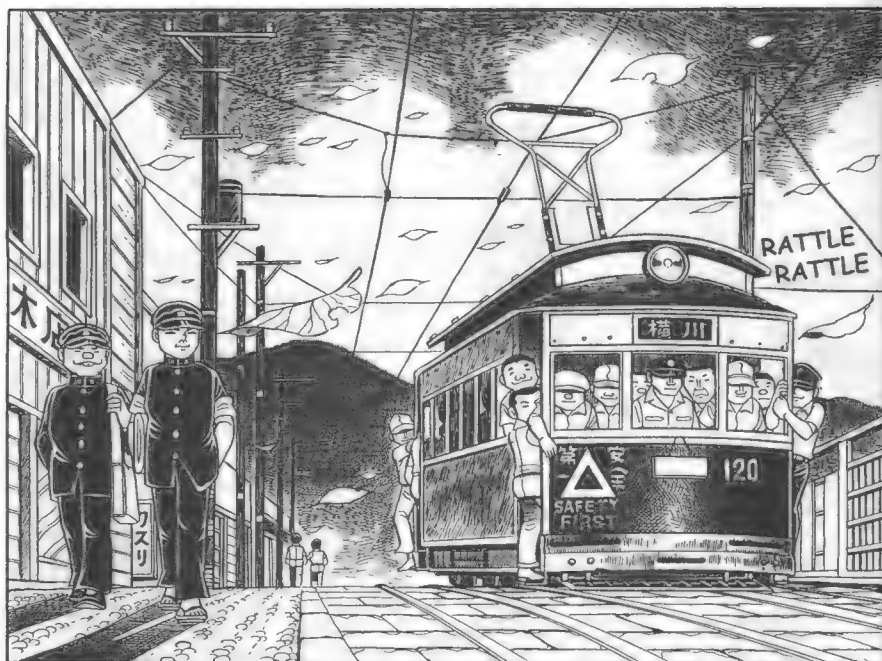
Good
job,
good
job!

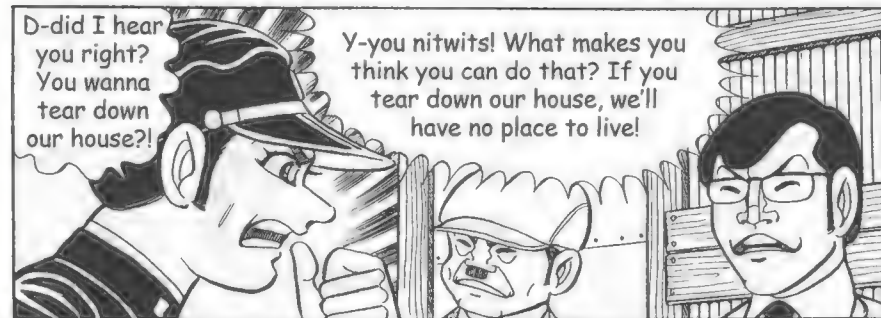
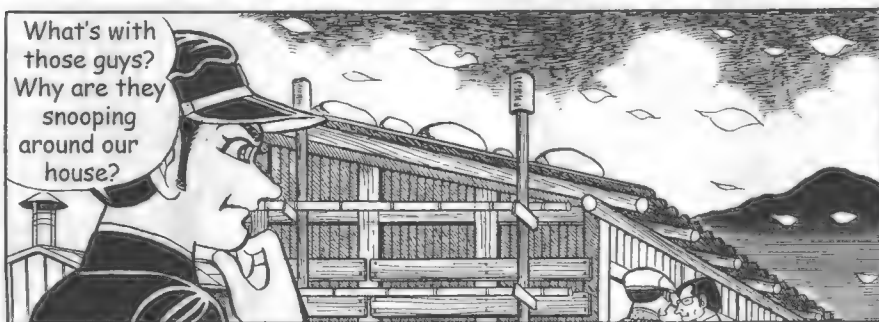


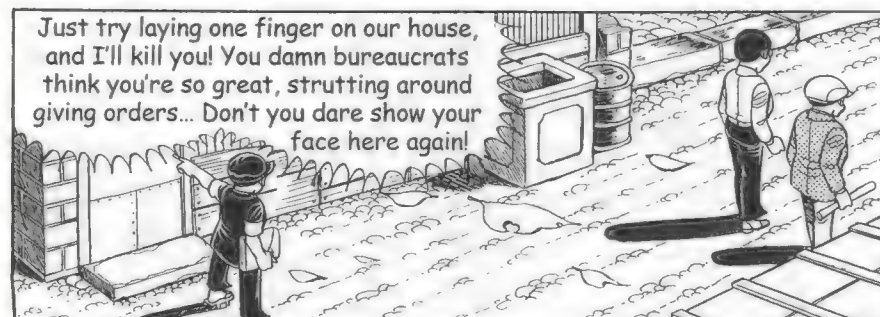
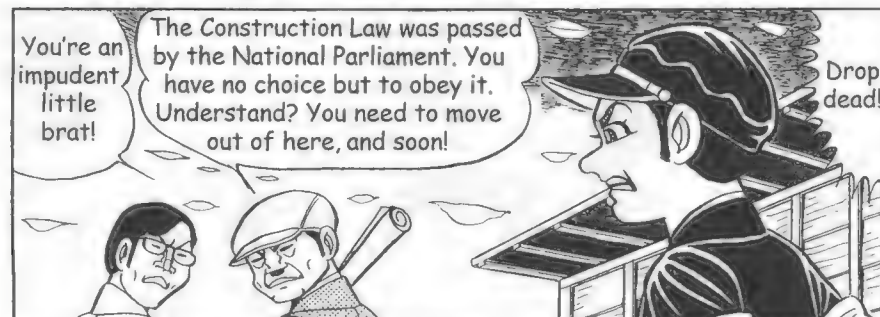
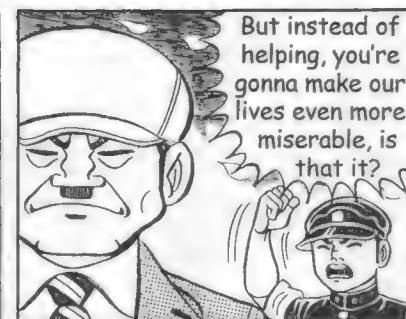
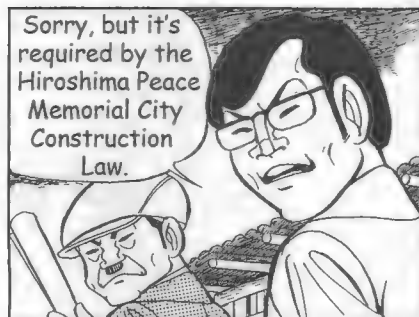
Now let's
get outta
here.
C'mon!

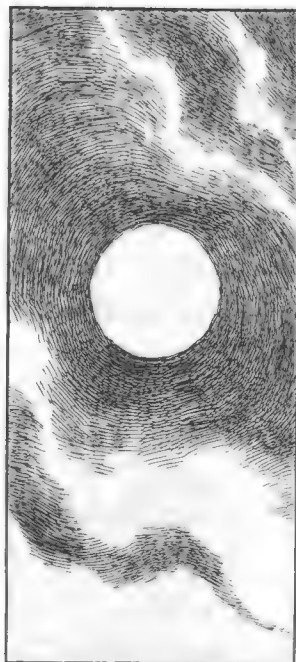




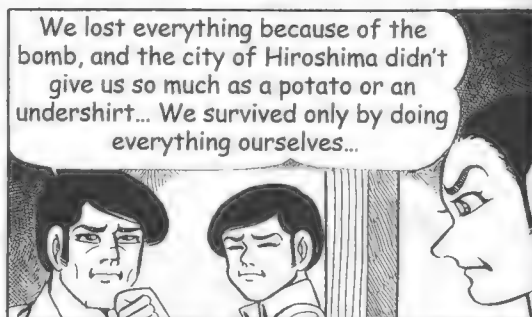








So we have to move out in a month, eh...



We lost everything because of the bomb, and the city of Hiroshima didn't give us so much as a potato or an undershirt... We survived only by doing everything ourselves...

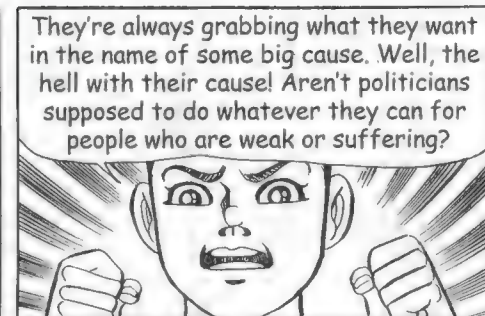


And now they even want to take our house...

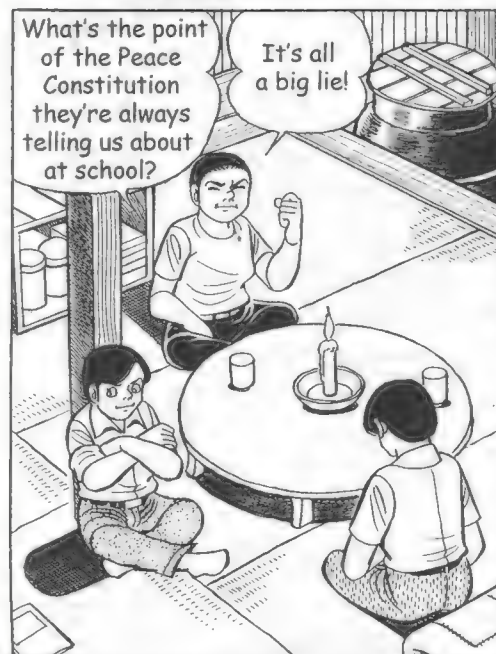
We've already been hit so hard by the bomb and now they want to hit us again?! This is too much...



I'm gonna fight this, Koji. I'm not gonna just roll over and cry myself to sleep!



They're always grabbing what they want in the name of some big cause. Well, the hell with their cause! Aren't politicians supposed to do whatever they can for people who are weak or suffering?

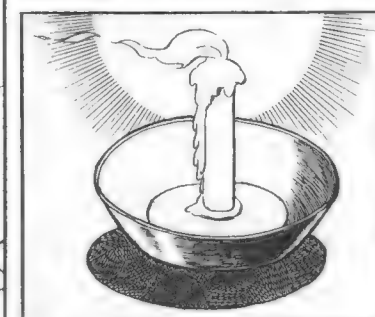


What's the point of the Peace Constitution they're always telling us about at school?

It's all a big lie!



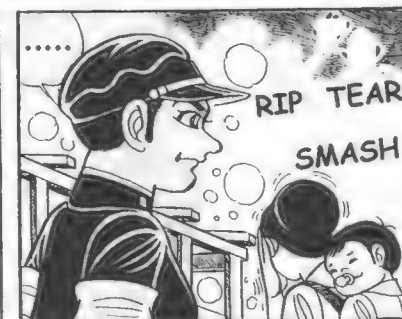
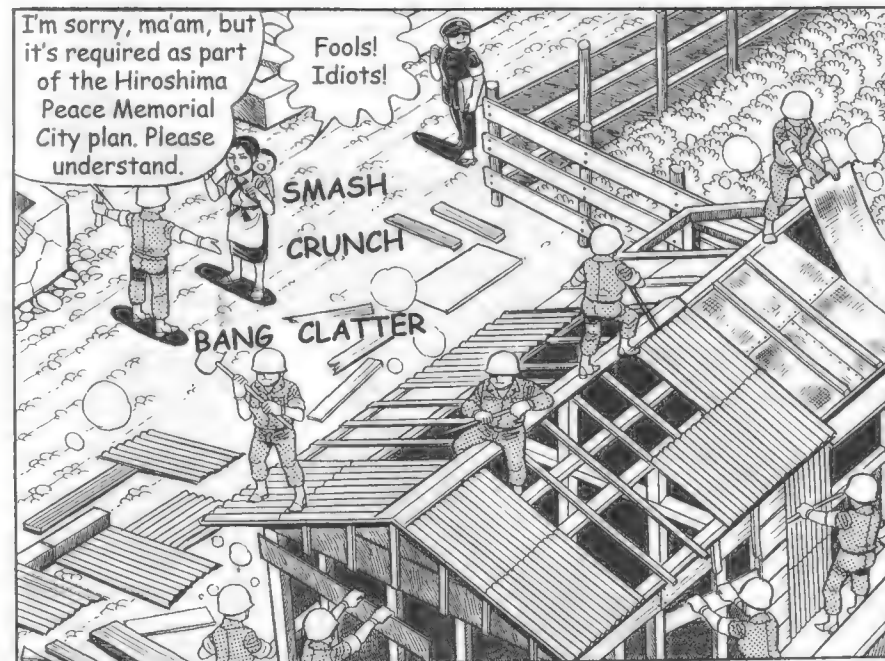
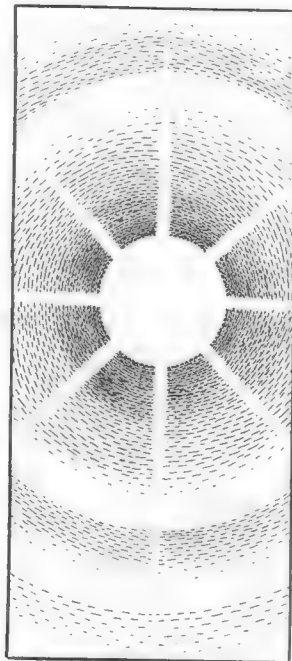
Well, I'll go down to City Hall and find out exactly what's going on...

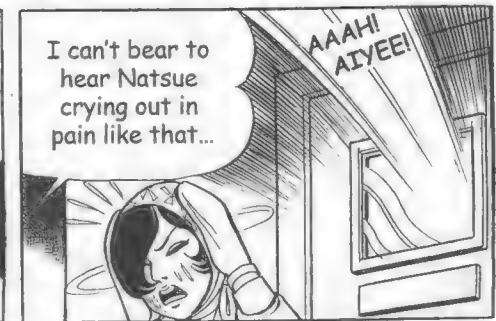
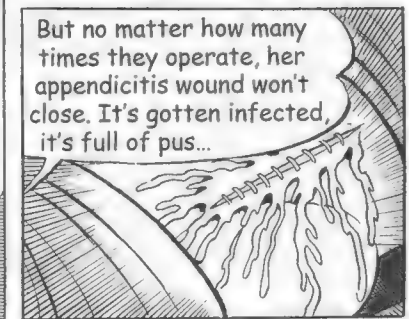
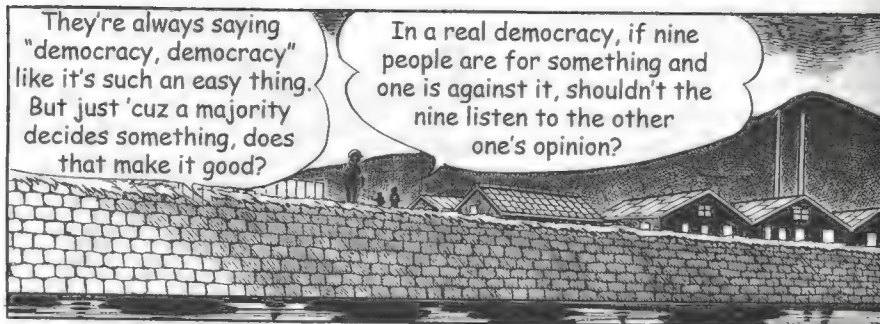


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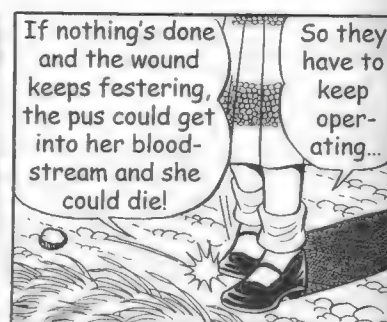
.....







Gen, the radiation from the bomb destroyed Natsue's white blood cells. That's why her wound won't close, no matter how often they operate.



If nothing's done and the wound keeps festering, the pus could get into her bloodstream and she could die!

So they have to keep operating...



But surgery without anesthesia is unspeakably painful...



Natsue is enduring a living hell.



Gen... Isn't there something they can do to stop her suffering? Can't they heal her wound faster?



I really didn't think appendicitis was such a big deal... I never imagined she'd suffer like this...



How much more pain does the A-bomb have to cause before it's satisfied?!

It makes me so mad...



If I could take Natsue's place, I'd gladly switch places with her.

Poor thing! I feel so sorry for her!



I know... I'd trade places with her if I could, too.



I'm gonna go get Ryuta and we'll visit Natsue... We've gotta keep her spirits up.



Ryuta's working near Tokaichi, right?

Uh-huh...

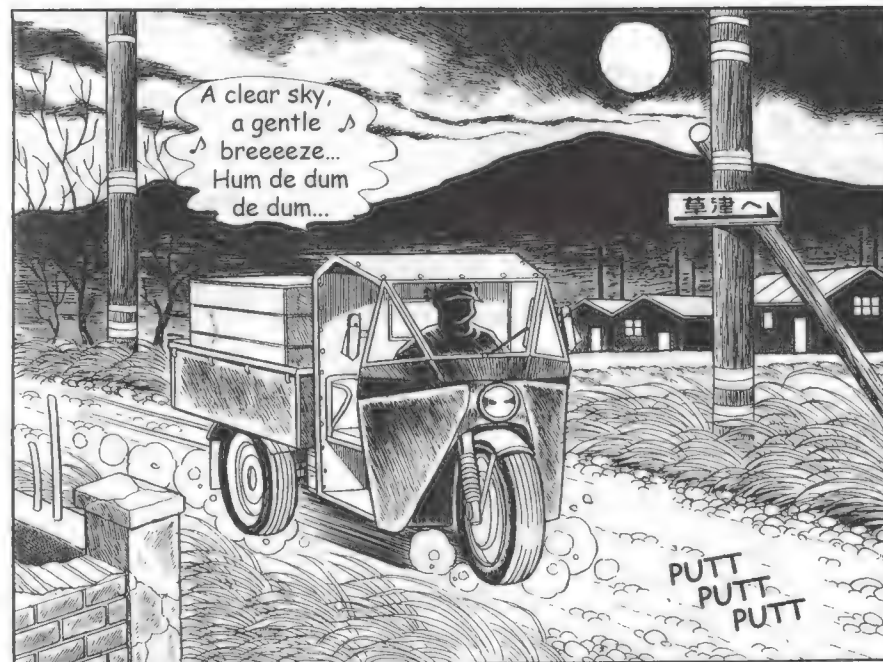


See you, Katsuko!

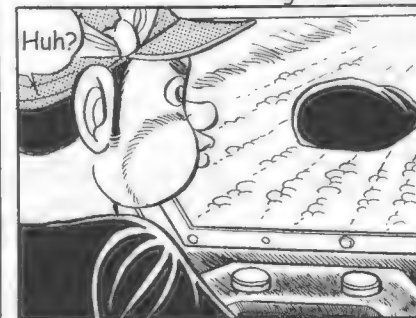
Bye...

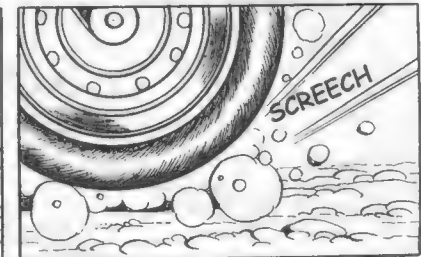
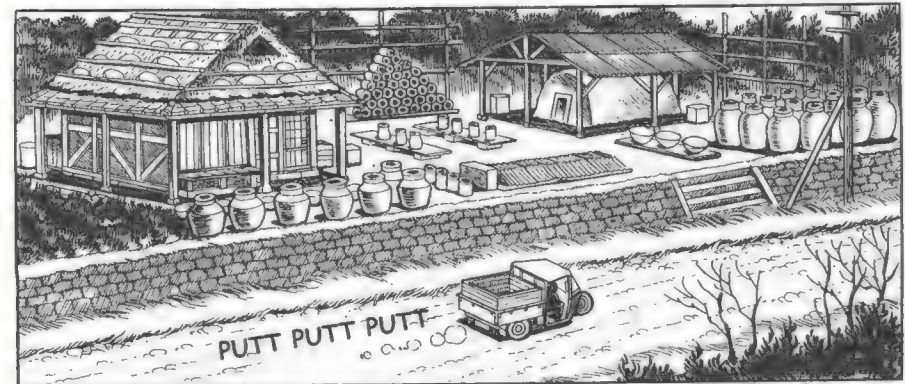
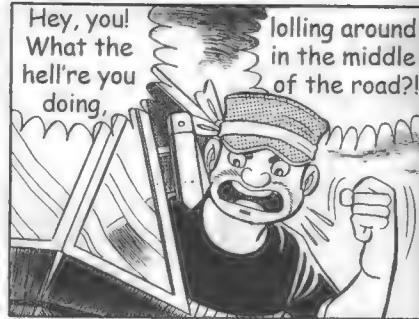
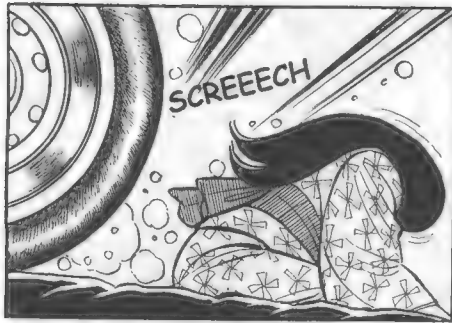


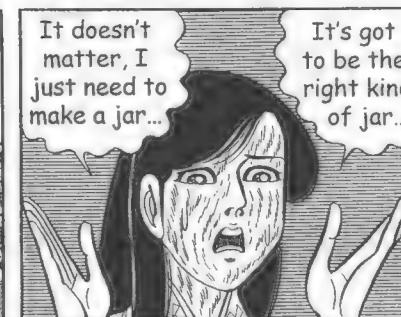
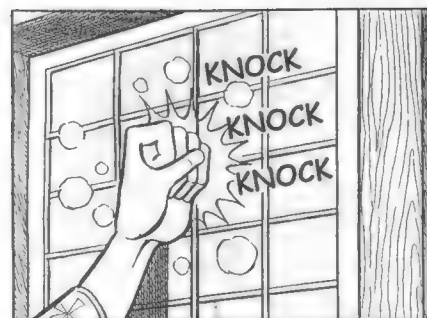
Sign: Yamanaka Hospital

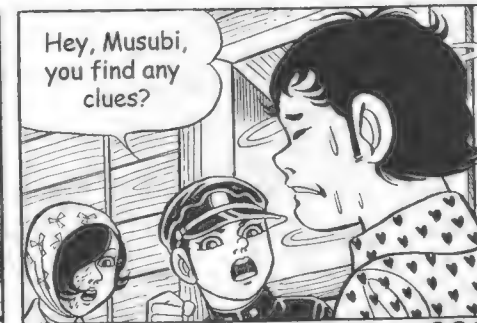
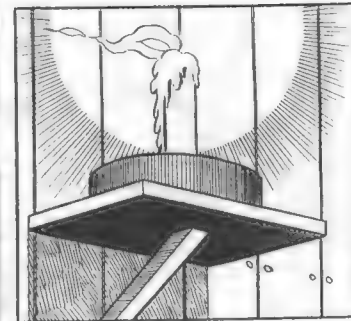
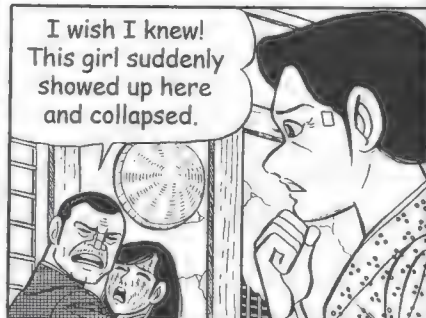


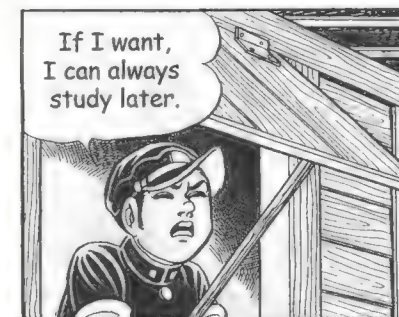
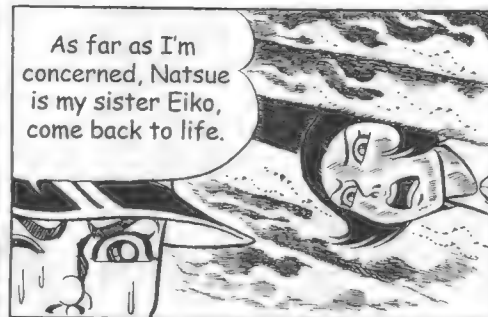
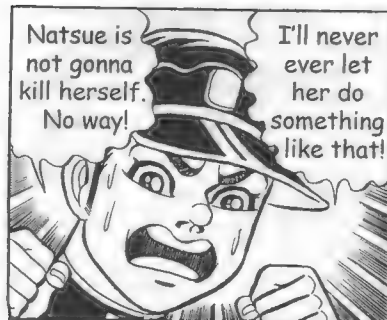
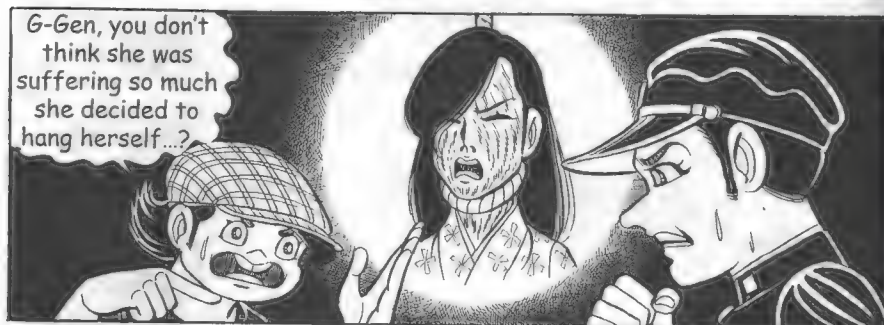
Sign: To Kusatsu

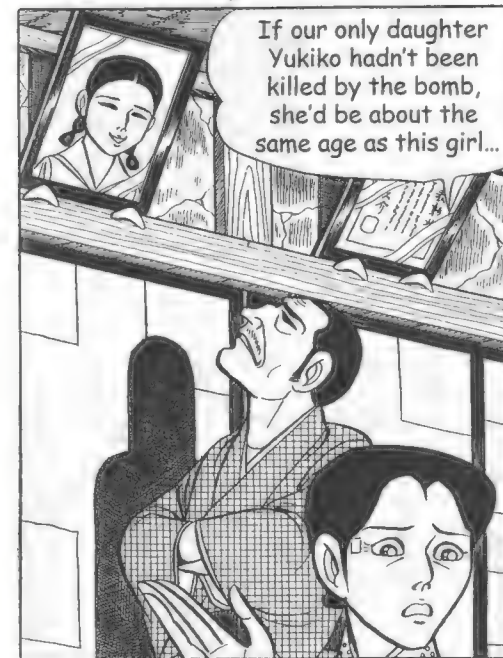
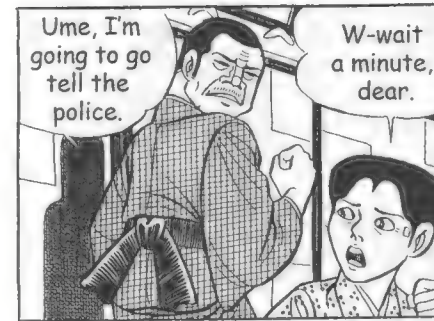
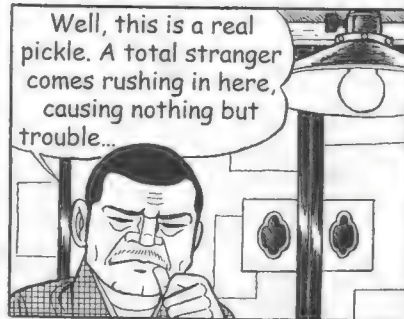
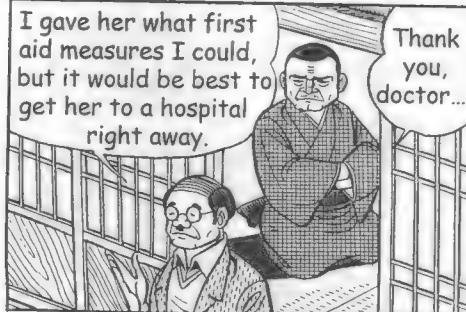
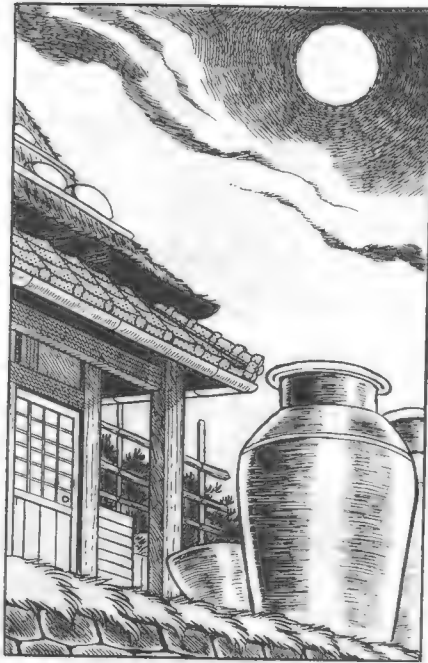


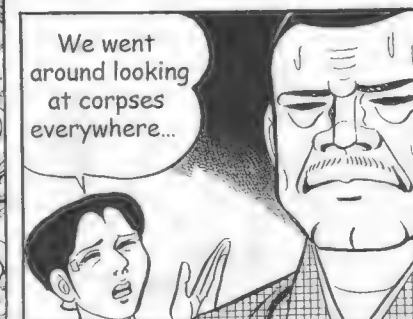
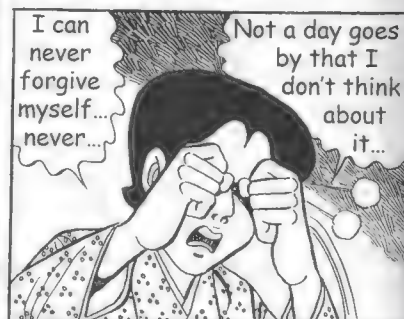
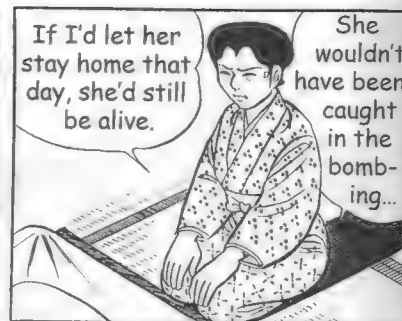


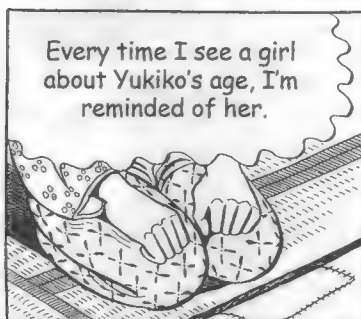
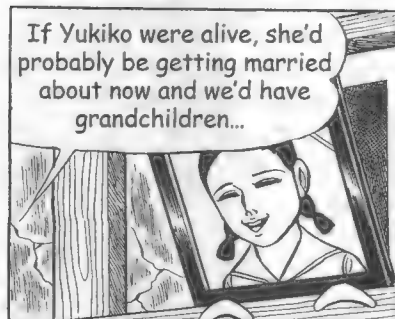
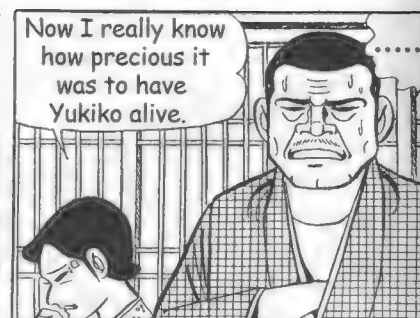
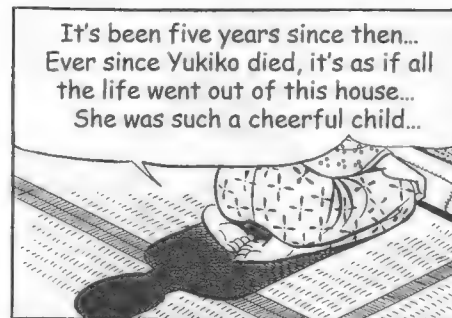














Step right up! Step right up and take a peek! It's the latest look for autumn!

Come on, now. Buy a dress and see how it looks on you!

Wearing this dress will transform even the ugliest cow into a breathtaking, show-stopping beauty. Step right up!



Hey, you! Buy this dress. It's perfect for an ugly girl like you!



Wow, you're really gonna buy one? Great!

CLICK
CLICK



Bring your face closer.

What? You gotta pay, you know.



Don't worry, just bring your face closer.

That's a weird request, but...



Okay, how's this?

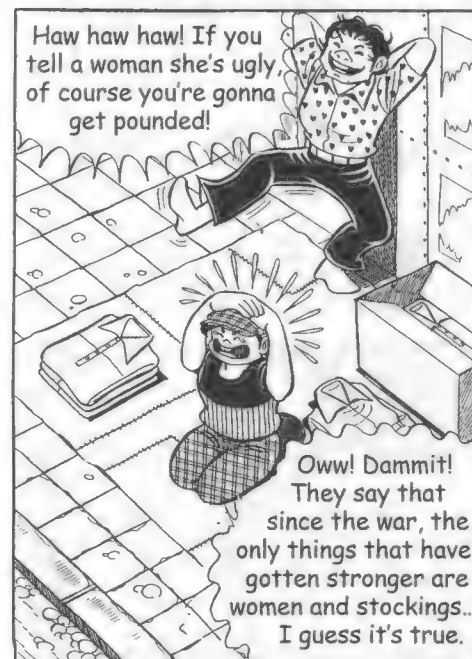


BONK!



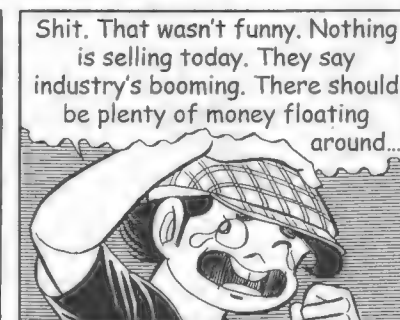
Drop dead, you little jerk!

YEOW! AITYI! OWCHI!

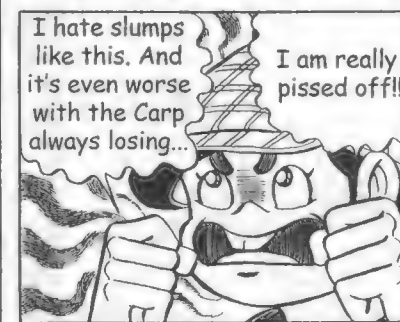


Haw haw haw! If you tell a woman she's ugly, of course you're gonna get pounded!

Oww! Dammit! They say that since the war, the only things that have gotten stronger are women and stockings... I guess it's true.



Shit. That wasn't funny. Nothing is selling today. They say industry's booming. There should be plenty of money floating around...



I hate slumps like this. And it's even worse with the Carp always losing...

I am really pissed off!!

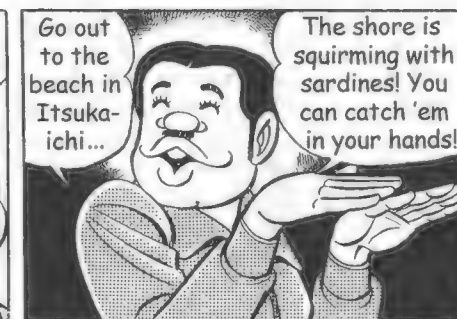
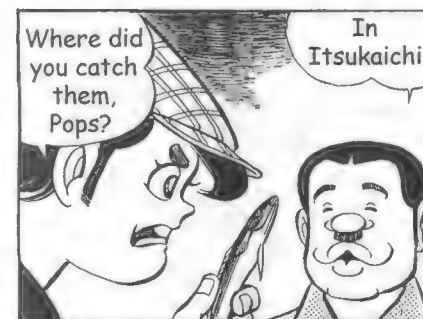
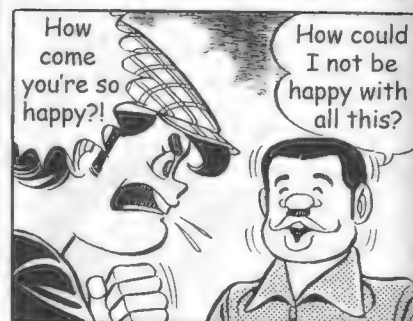
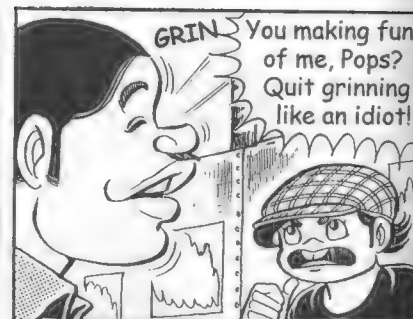


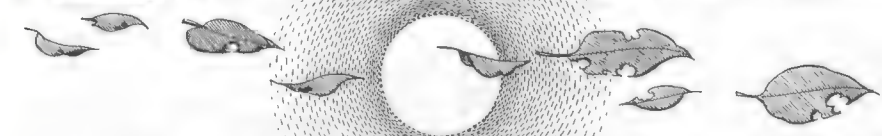
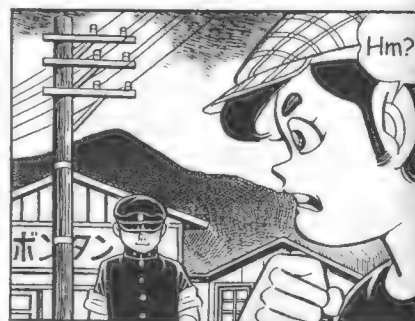
You hear me?! This is not one bit funny!

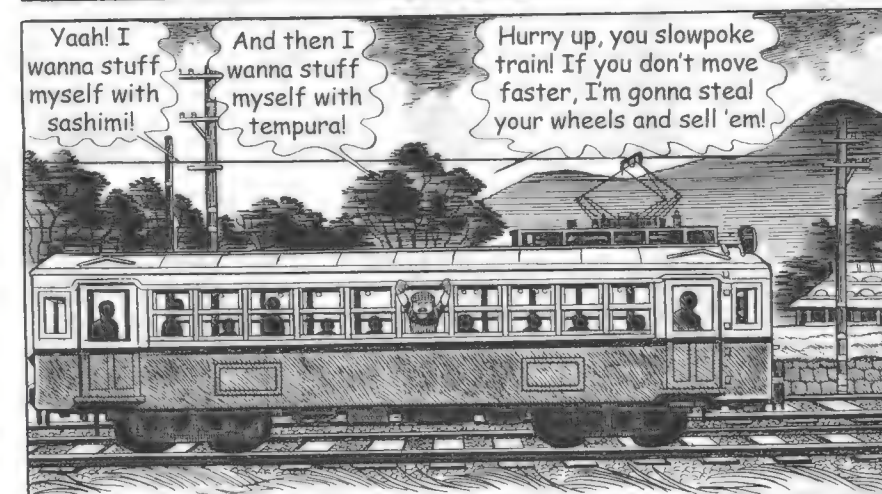
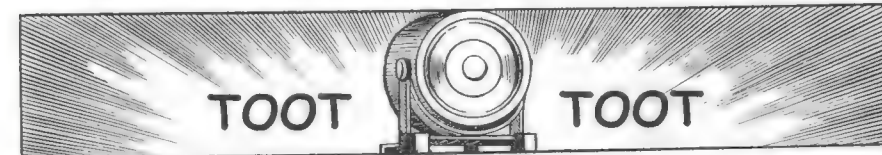
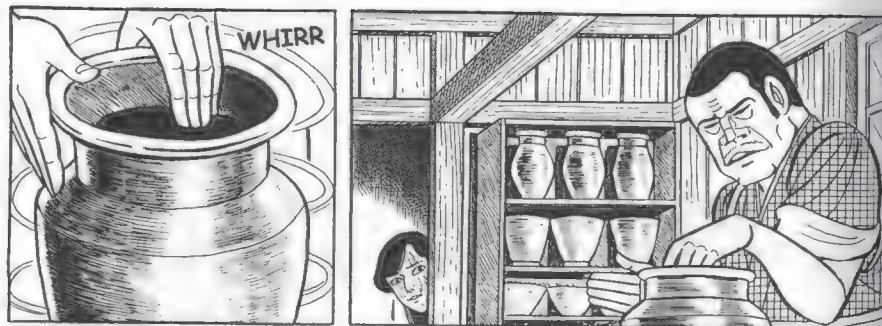


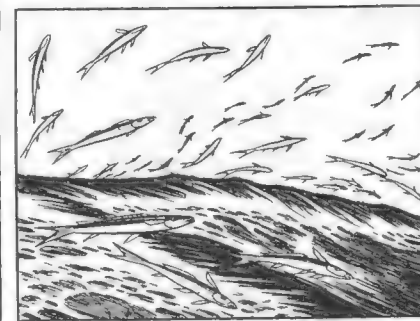
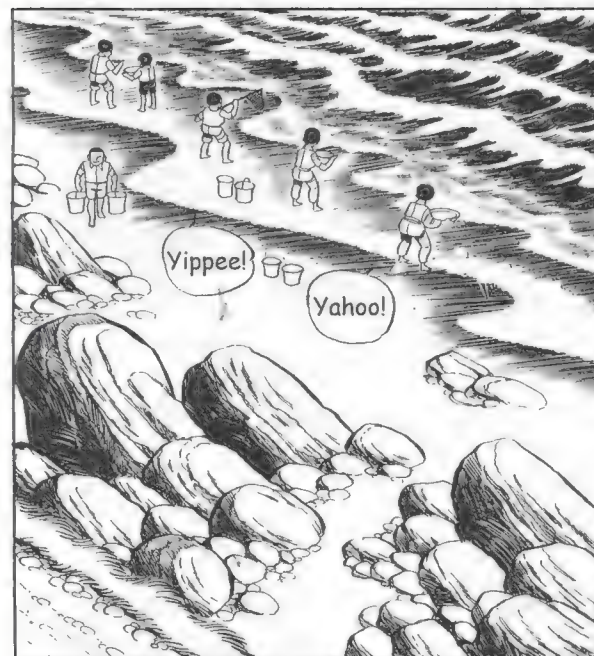
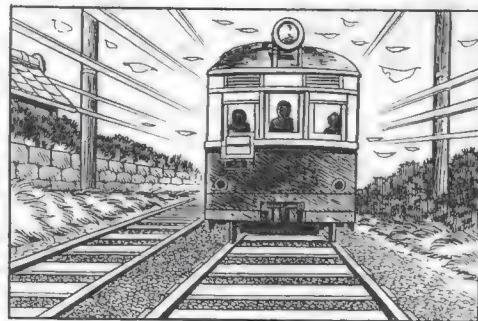
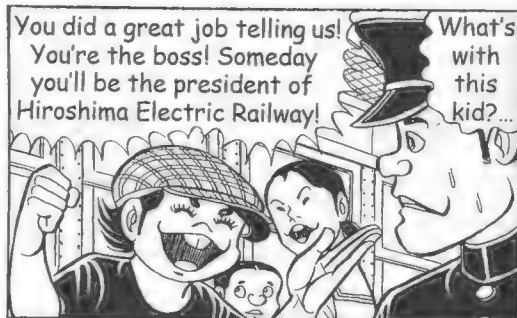
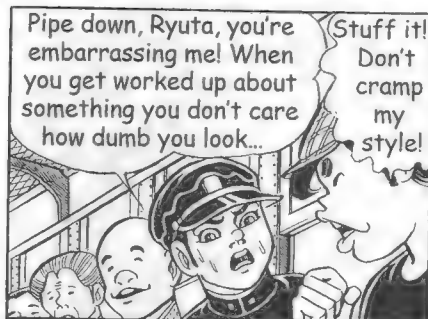
Uh-oh! I hope Ryuta's Carp mania doesn't push him over the edge again...

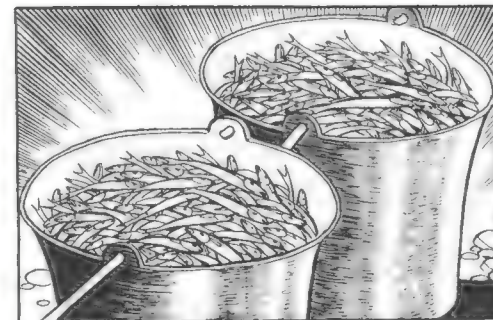
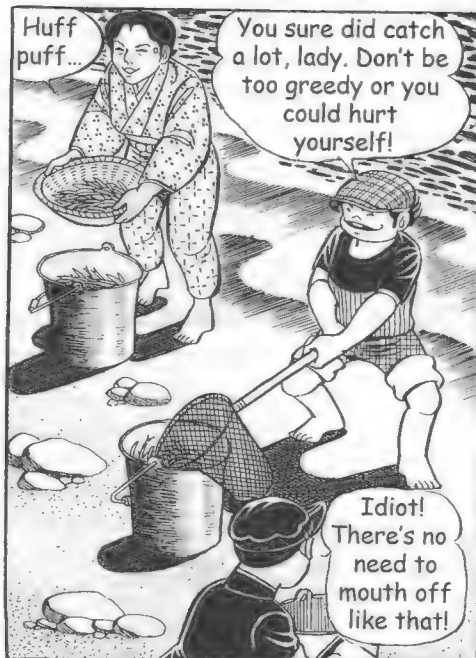
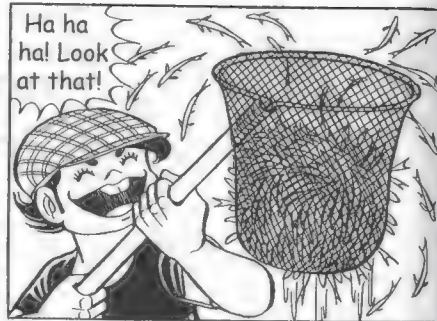
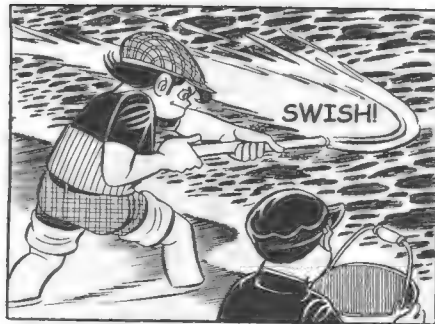
Every time the Carp lose, he starts picking fights with anybody and everybody...

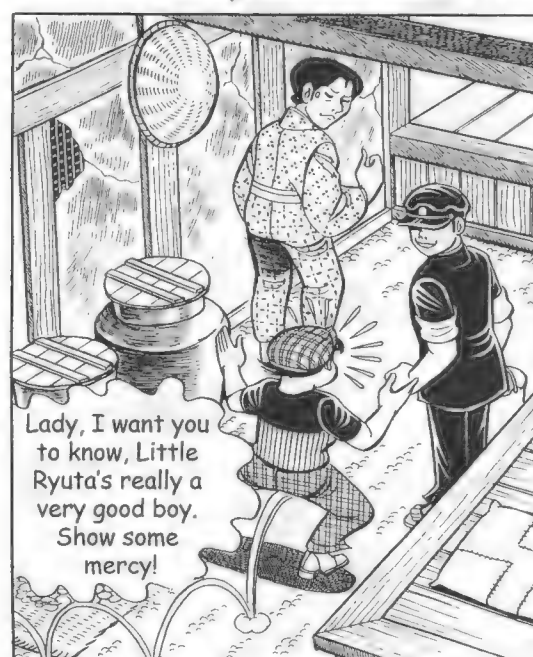
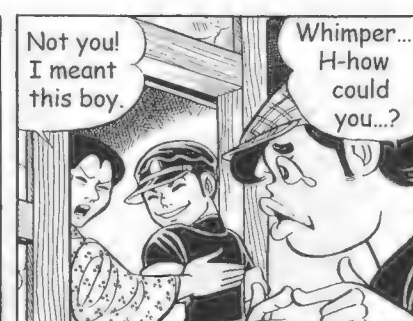
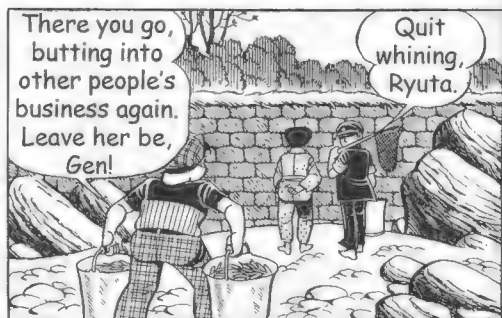
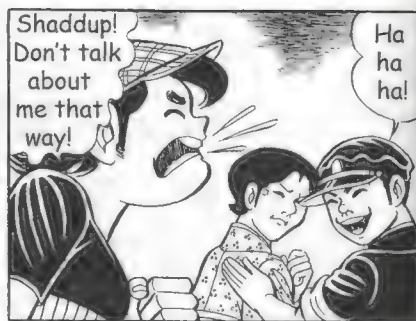








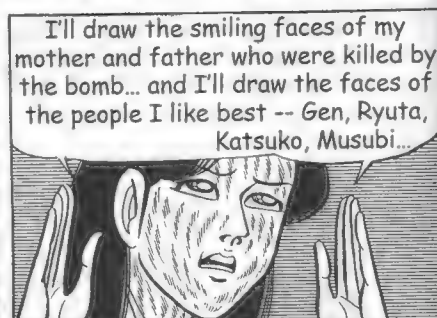
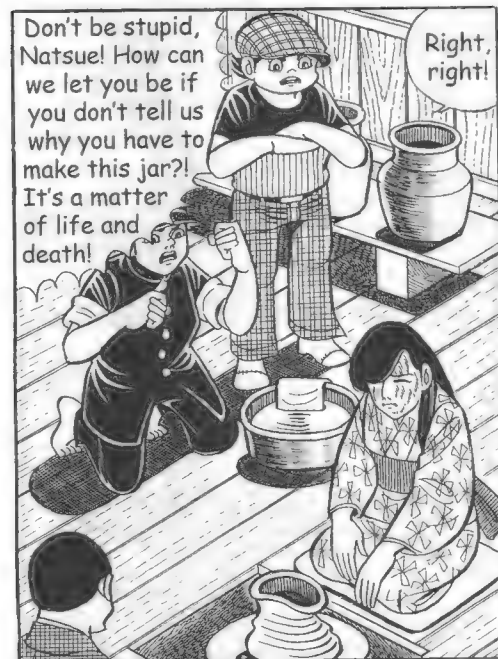


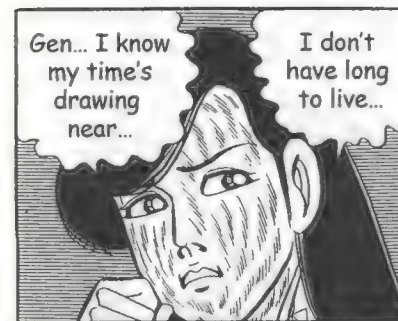
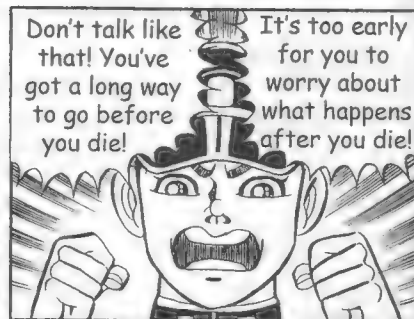




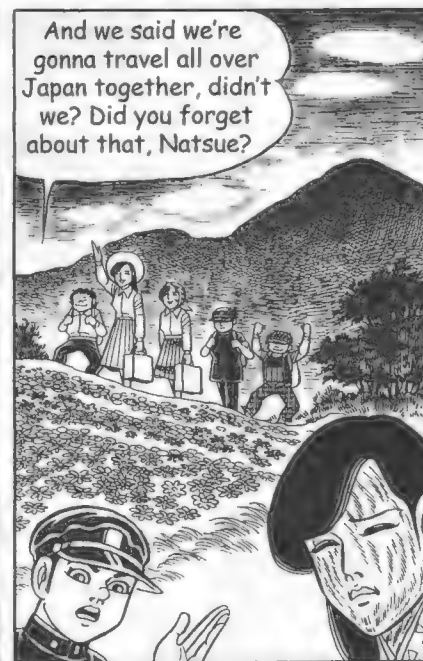


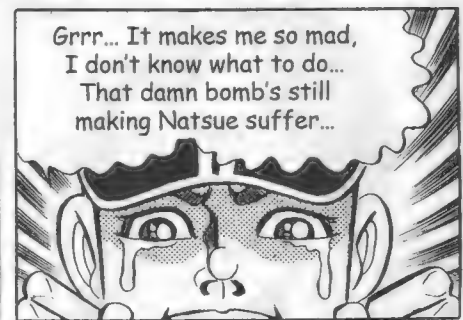
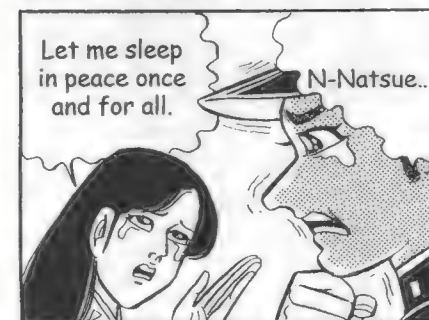
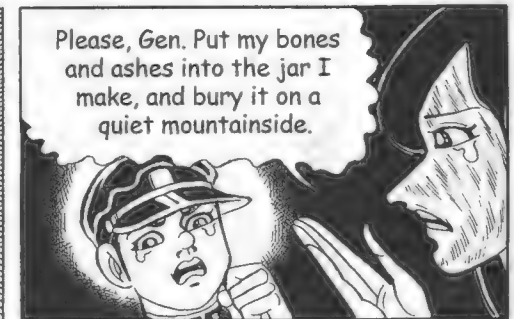
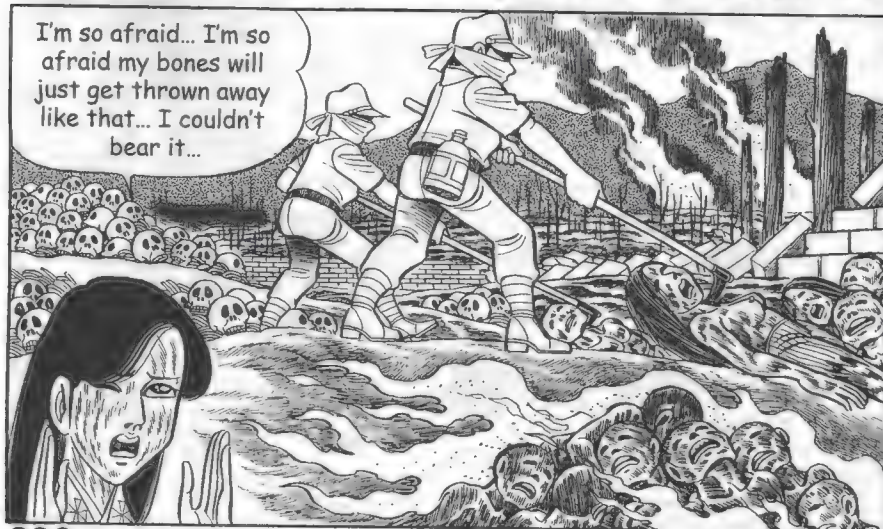
It's no use asking her. I've asked her more than once, but she won't say.



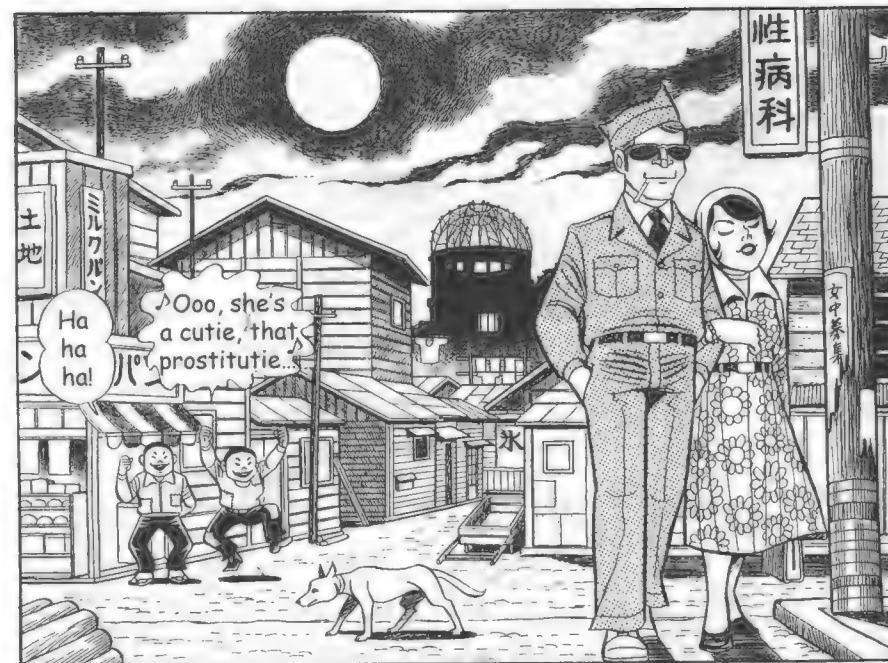
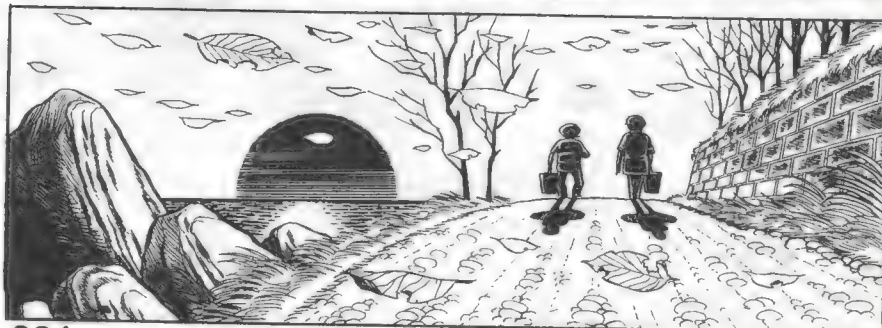
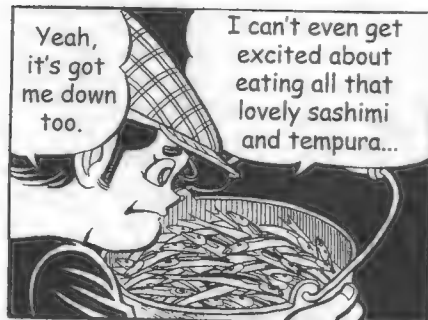
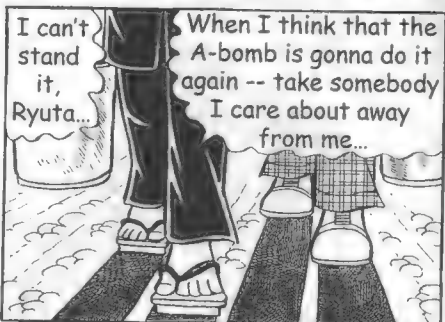


Sign: Red Robin Dress Shop

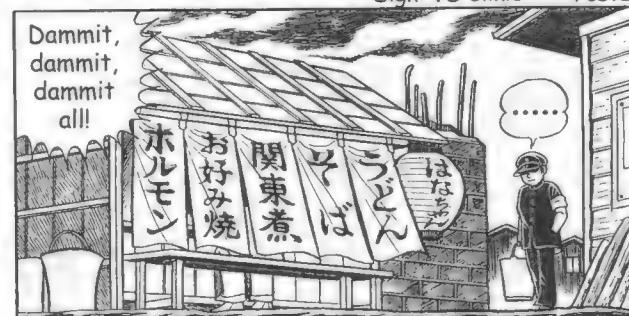








Sign: VD Clinic Poster: Domestic Help Wanted



Curtains: Noodles, Kanto Stew, Barbecue





What's going on? Why are you drunk?



Snort! It's so disgusting I couldn't take it if I wasn't drunk...

What happened?



I'm so pissed off. The war and the bomb stripped us bare...

Then, just when we finally thought we were rebuilding our lives...



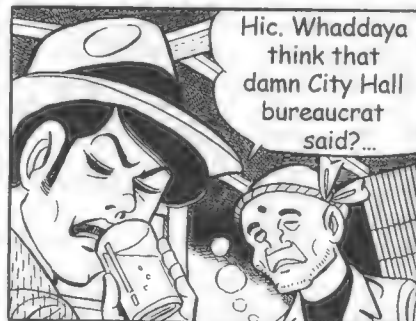
This time the great cause they're foisting on us is this "peace memorial city"...

and that's their excuse for snatching our home away from us...



I went to City Hall today...

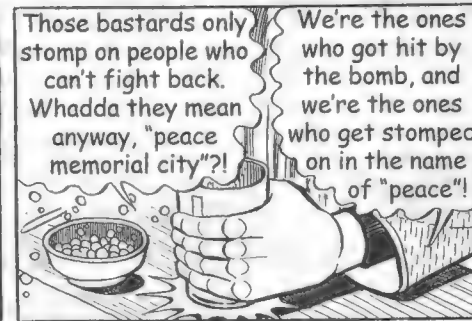
to ask 'em not to tear down our house...



Hic. Whaddaya think that damn City Hall bureaucrat said?...



What the hell are we supposed to do when we have no place to live anymore?!



Those bastards only stomp on people who can't fight back. Whadda they mean anyway, "peace memorial city"?!

We're the ones who got hit by the bomb, and we're the ones who get stomped on in the name of "peace"!

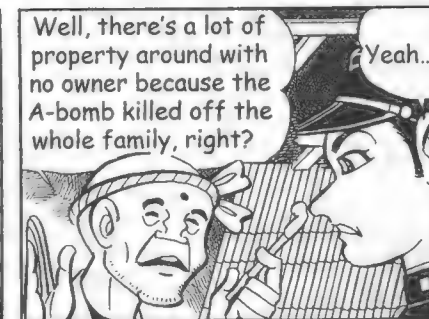


He said my request wouldn't fly here in Japan, if I want to have my say I should go to America.

He said he didn't care how much of a hardship it was for us to have our house destroyed, we should just clear out by the deadline...



Some people are raking in lots of money grabbing land to build that peace city, y'know.



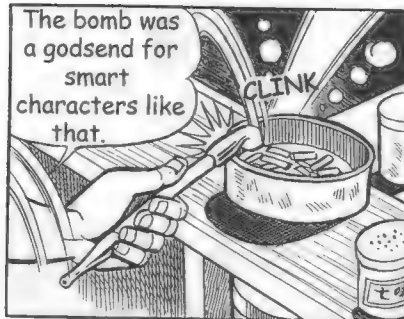
Well, there's a lot of property around with no owner because the A-bomb killed off the whole family, right?

Yeah...



So they just go ahead and register the land in their own name, then sell it for a high price. They're in tight with the politicians. It's all under the table.

How's that, mister?



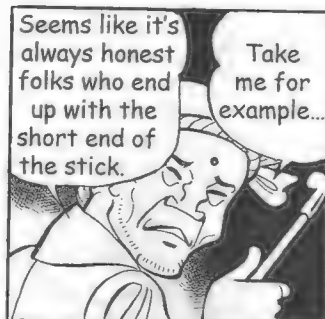
The bomb was a godsend for smart characters like that.

CLINK



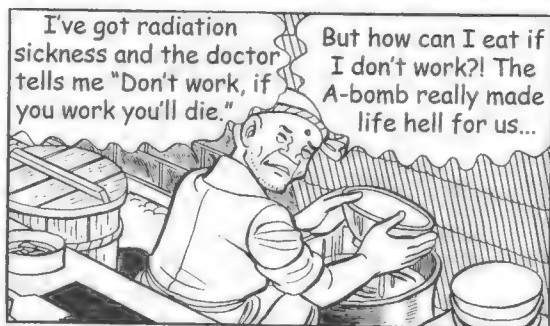
While some people like you get their houses torn down...

other people just keep getting richer and fatter.



Seems like it's always honest folks who end up with the short end of the stick.

Take me for example...

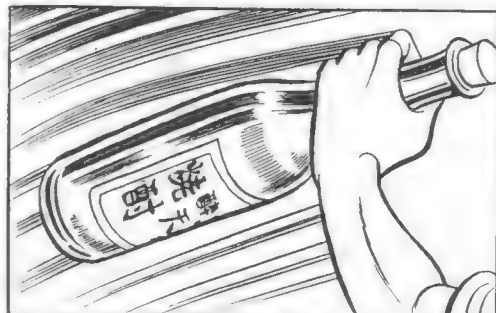


I've got radiation sickness and the doctor tells me "Don't work, if you work you'll die."

But how can I eat if I don't work?! The A-bomb really made life hell for us...



D-dammit!



Bottle: Shochu Liquor



GLUG GLUG

H-hey there, sonny! What do you think you're doing?



Shut up! If I don't drink, I'll go crazy!



I'm so pissed off today it's driving me nuts!



GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB

Hey Gen, take it easy!



Hic!



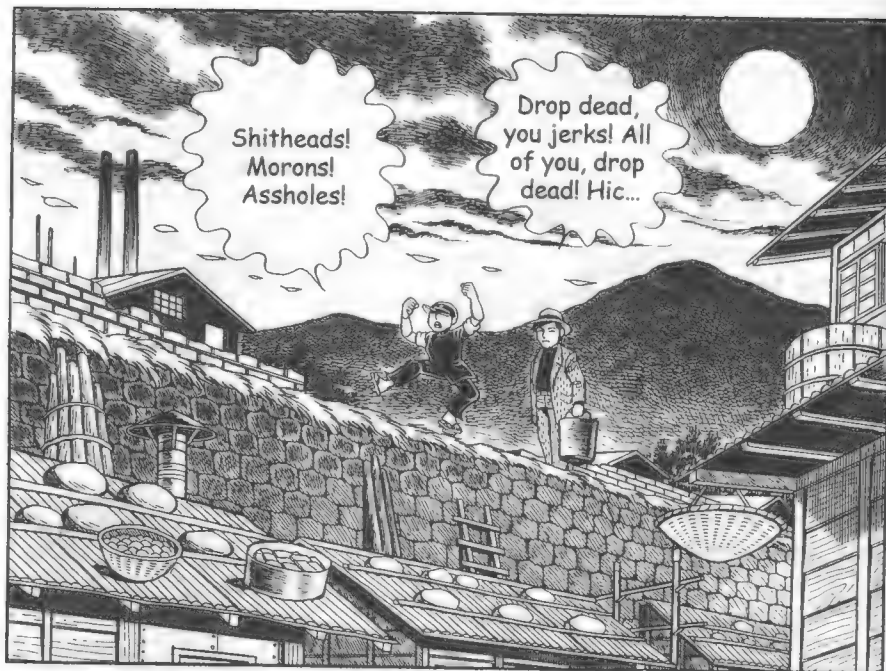
Are you all right, Gen?!

Hic! Get a grip, Koji! You can't just complain! You gotta get mad! Real mad!

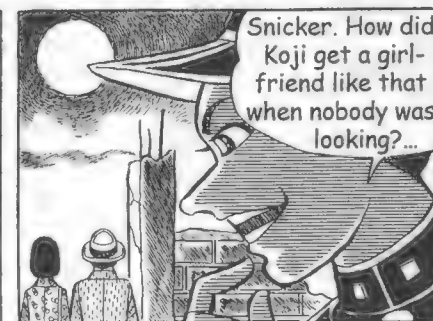
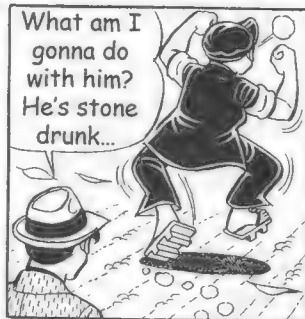


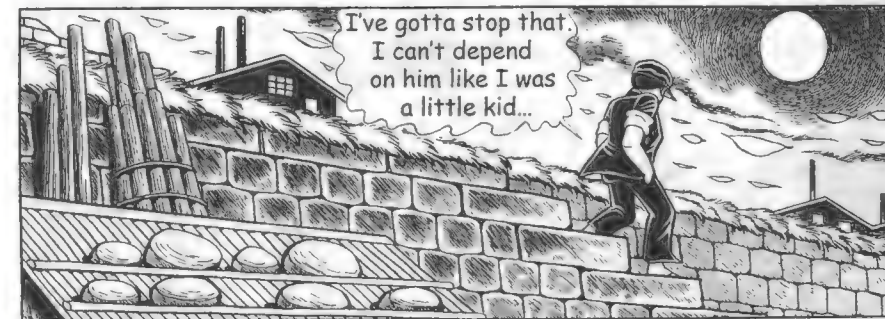
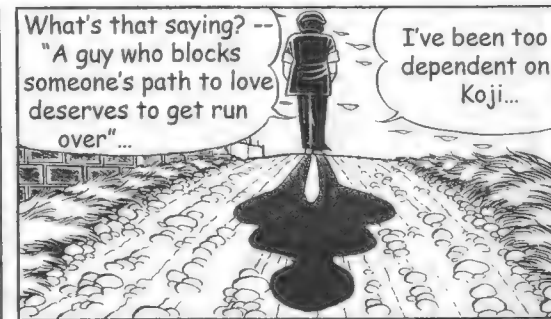
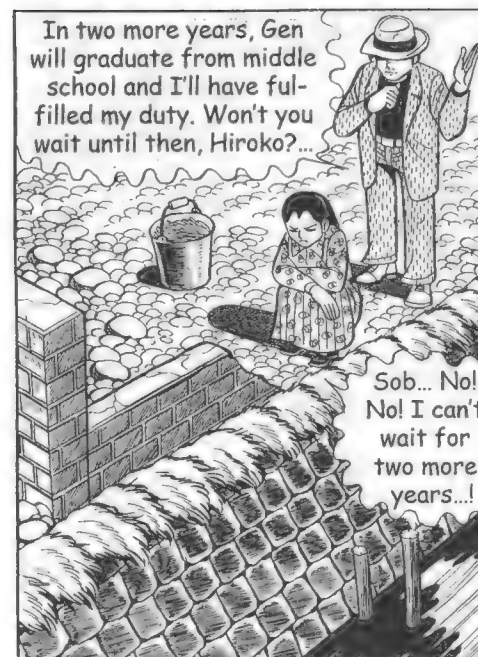
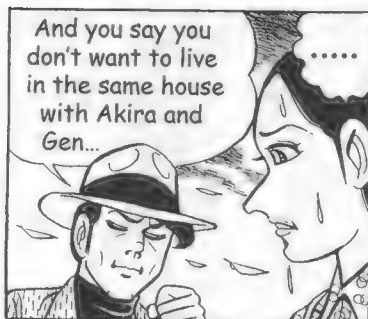
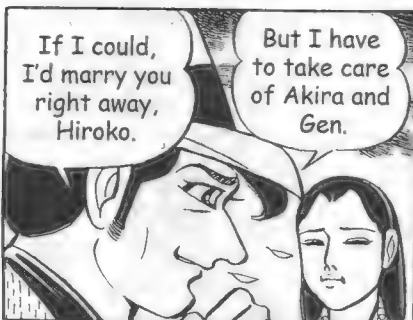
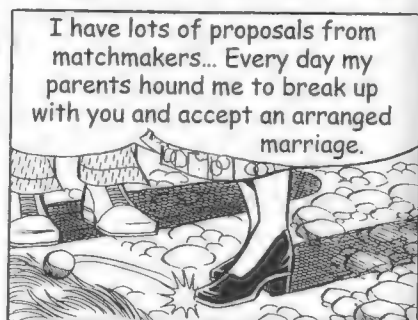
The world shouldn't be this way, with hard-working, honest people shedding all the tears!

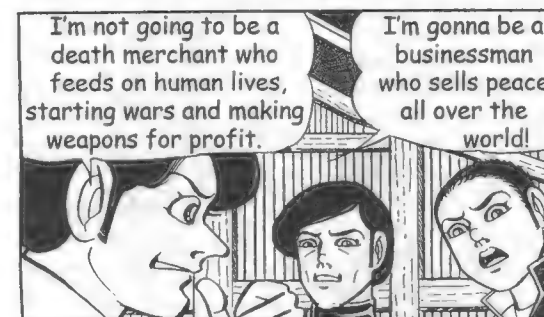
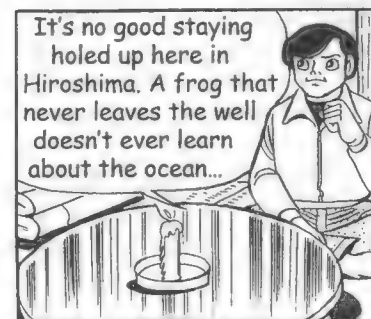
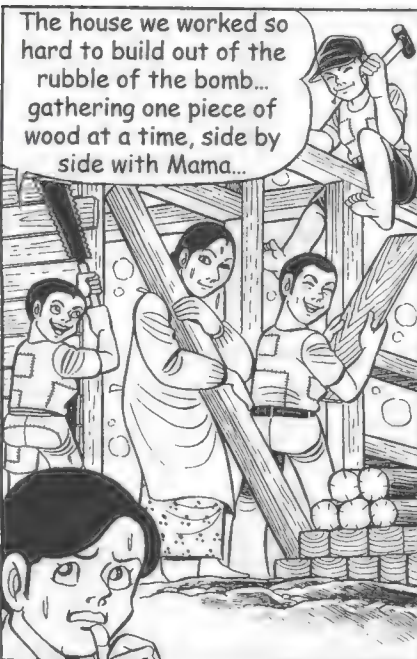
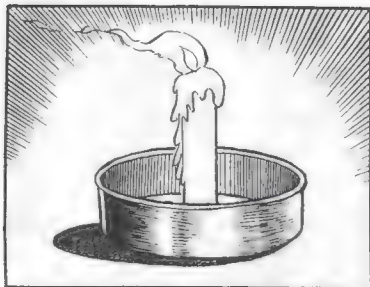
We gotta change things around here so those clever bastards can't have everything their own way! Those people who start wars and profit from them!



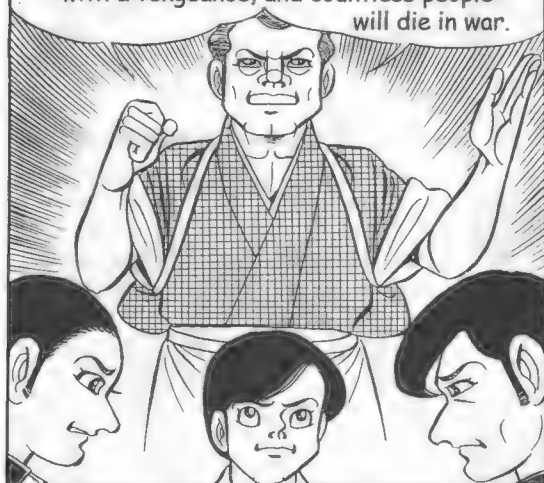
Stuff it, Koji! Hic.



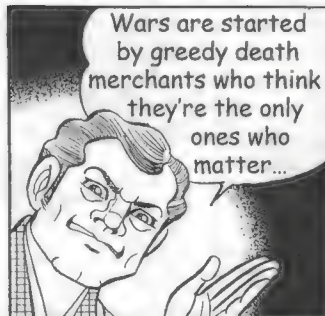




Japan has no natural resources, so the only way we can survive is by getting along with other countries and trading with them. If we try to grab resources from other countries by force, it'll come back on us with a vengeance, and countless people will die in war.



Wars are started by greedy death merchants who think they're the only ones who matter...



And he was exactly right. Japan was burned to the ground... and Hiroshima was destroyed in a flash by the A-bomb...

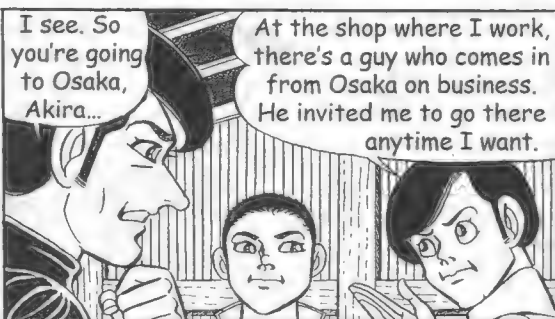


I'm going to be a peace merchant!



I'm not going to let Papa's death be for nothing!

I see. So you're going to Osaka, Akira...



At the shop where I work, there's a guy who comes in from Osaka on business. He invited me to go there anytime I want.

Go for it, Akira! Go to Osaka and show your stuff!



Thanks...

So, Koji, I want you to do something for me...



What is it, Gen?

I want you to stop worrying about me. Go ahead and marry Hiroko...



y-you were listening to us?!...

I made up my mind.



There's no way I'm gonna keep holding you back...

W-what are you going to do?



Don't worry. If this house gets torn down, I'll go to Ryuta's place and get by on my own...

So Koji, hurry up and create a happy home with Hiroko. Promise!



Gen...

I've survived the atomic bomb.



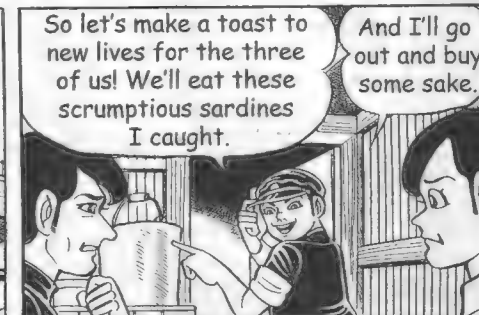
Nothing can scare me now.

No matter what kind of trouble comes my way, it's not gonna faze me.

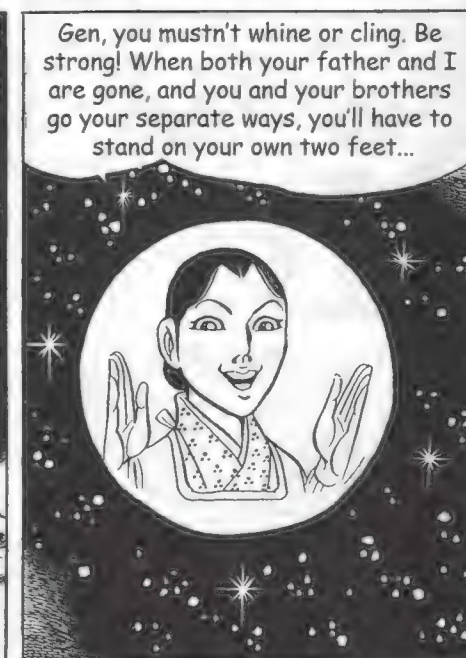


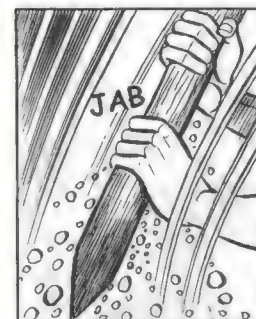
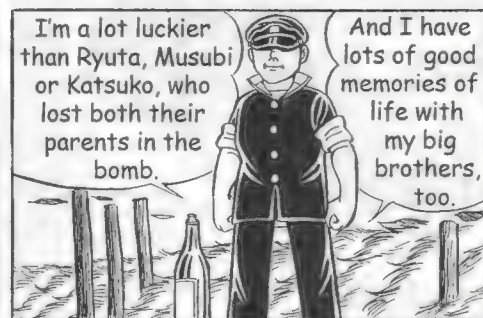
I'll live through it and I'll do it in style!

So let's make a toast to new lives for the three of us! We'll eat these scrumptious sardines I caught.



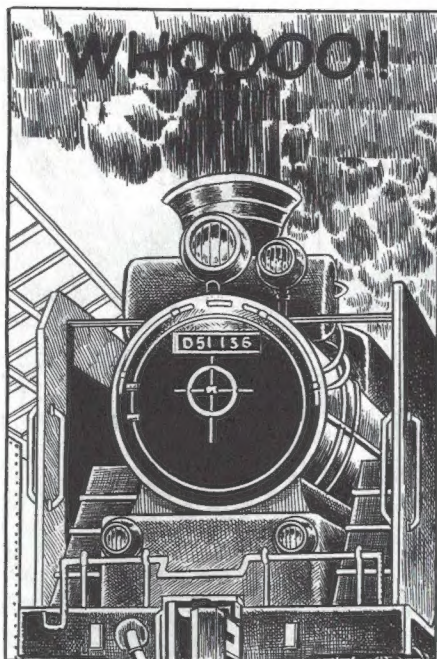
And I'll go out and buy some sake.



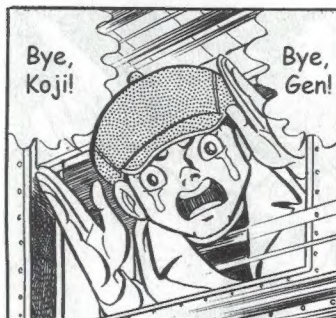


JI-RITSU: Self-Reliance





Sign: For Osaka





October 1950: War continued to escalate on the Korean Peninsula... It began to look as if the threat of nuclear weapons would only keep growing...

Poster: Korean War News -- Battle on the 38th Parallel



About Project Gen

Namie Asazuma
Coordinator, Project Gen

In the pages of *Barefoot Gen*, Keiji Nakazawa brings to life a tragedy unlike any that had ever befallen the human race before. He does not simply depict the destructive horror of nuclear weapons, but tells of the cruel fate they visited upon victims and survivors in the years to come. Yet Gen, the young hero of this story, somehow manages to overcome one hardship after another, always with courage and humor. *Barefoot Gen's* tale of hope and human triumph in the face of nuclear holocaust has inspired volunteer translators around the world, as well as people working in a variety of other media. Over the years *Gen* has been made into a three-part live-action film, a feature-length animation film, an opera, and a musical.

The first effort to translate *Barefoot Gen* from the original Japanese into other languages began in 1976, when Japanese peace activists Masahiro Oshima and Yukio Aki walked across the United States as part of that year's Transcontinental Walk for Peace and Social Justice. Their fellow walkers frequently asked them about the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, and one of them happened to have a copy of *Hadashi no Gen* in his backpack. The Americans on the walk, astonished that an atomic bomb survivor had written about it in cartoon form, urged their Japanese friends to translate it into English. Upon returning to Japan, Oshima and Aki founded Project Gen, a non-profit, all-volunteer group of young Japanese and Americans living in Tokyo, to do just that. Project Gen went on to translate the first four volumes of *Barefoot Gen* into English. One or more of these volumes have also been published in French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Swedish, Norwegian, Indonesian, Tagalog, and Esperanto.

By the 1990s Project Gen was no longer active. In the meantime, author Keiji Nakazawa had gone on to complete ten volumes of *Gen*, and expressed his wish to see the entire story made available to non-Japanese readers. Parts of the first four volumes had also been abridged in translation. A new generation of volunteers responded by reviving Project Gen and producing a new, complete and unabridged translation of the entire *Gen* series.

The second incarnation of Project Gen got its start in Moscow in 1994, when a Japanese student, Minako Tanabe, launched "Project Gen in Russia" to translate *Gen* into Russian. After pub-

lishing the first three volumes in Moscow, the project relocated to Kanazawa, Japan, where volunteers Yulia Tachino and Namie Asazuma had become acquainted with *Gen* while translating a story about Hiroshima into Russian. The Kanazawa volunteers, together with Takako Kanekura in Russia, completed Russian volumes 4 through 10 between 1999 and 2001.

In the spring of 2000, the Kanazawa group formally established a new Project Gen in Japan. Nine volunteers spent the next three years translating all ten volumes of *Gen* into English. The translators are Kazuko Futakuchi, Michael Gordon, Kyoko Honda, Yukari Kimura, Nobutoshi Kohara, Kiyoko Nishita, George Stenson, Michiko Tanaka, and Kazuko Yamada.

In 2002, author Keiji Nakazawa put the Kanazawa team in contact with Alan Gleason, a member of the first Project Gen, who introduced them to Last Gasp of San Francisco, publisher of the original English translation of *Gen*. Last Gasp agreed to publish the new, unabridged translation of all ten volumes, of which this book is one.

In the hope that humanity will never repeat the terrible tragedy of the atomic bombing, the volunteers of Project Gen want children and adults all over the world to hear *Gen's* story. Through translations like this one, we want to help *Gen* speak to people in different countries in their own languages. Our prayer is that *Barefoot Gen* will contribute in some small way to the abolition of nuclear weapons before this new century is over.

Write to Project Gen c/o Asazuma, Nagasaka 3-10-20, Kanazawa 921-8112, Japan



Keiji Nakazawa lives with his wife in the suburbs of Tokyo, and remains actively involved in the work of the Project Gen volunteers. Now retired from cartooning, his most recent project was a live action film he wrote and directed about young people growing up in postwar Hiroshima. He is currently working on another film scenario.